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THE
CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE

AND

Friend of the People.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO AGED MINISTERS.

VOL. IV.—NEW SERIES.



LONDON:

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1868.



PREFACE.

AGAIN, through the ability of our contributors and the kindness of our readers, we have to report progress. We earnestly ask for their continued and enlarged support. Arrangements are being made by which we hope to secure greater interest and higher efficiency for our Magazine. Will our friends again help us? A New Year is approaching: we appeal for a New Year's welcome!

FREDERICK SMEETON WILLIAMS.

THE CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTE,
NOTTINGHAM.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The River's Rise	1
"Take my hand, Papa"	4
On Turning over a New Leaf. By the Rev. George Smith, D.D.	
Our School and its Scholars	7
Little Shoes	11
Andrew Marvel, the Incorruptible.....	14
Thomas Wilson, the Chapel Builder. By the late Rev. C.	
Williams	17
The Martyred Blind Boy.....	22
Church News of the Month	23,
52, 80, 107, 137, 166, 193, 220, 248, 276, 303,	326
Seen and Hated	28
Down the Thames	29
From Hart's Weir to Ensham	57
Godstow	85
Oxford	113
Near Oxford	141
Nuneham Courtenay	169
Abingdon	197
Pangbourne and Mapledurham	225
Medmenham and Bisham	253
Cookham to Laleham	281
Windsor—Old and New	309

	PAGE
"Only a Cobbler." By the late Rev. Charles Williams	31
Our School: its Resources	36
A Good Teacher	40
Isaac Watts. By the Rev. J. Spencer Pearsall	41
The late Rev. James Hamilton	46
The Walking Doll	50
The Best for Christ	59
Christian Conscience	61
The Queen's Journal	63
"The Patriot Cobbler." By the late Rev. Charles Williams ...	67
John Bunyan. By the Rev. William F. Clarkson, B.A.	70
National Education—not Denominational. By the Rev. J. B. Paton, M.A.	76
The Infidel's Test	79
A Word in Season, how good is it!	79
National Education—not Governmental. By the Rev. J. B. Paton, M.A.	88
Little Johnny	91
Orphan Charities	94
Mr. Coleridge on Ritualism	96
The Rauhe Haus at Horn	98
The Established Church, and the Church Catholic	103
My Lessons on Providence	118
"The Sacred Rail"	121
The First Teacher	125
The Irish Church Debate	130
Robert Annan	142
The Church—Within. By Rev. Henry T. Robjohns, B.A.	148
A Watch of the Night	153
The Jordan	155
Words of Wise Men	157
Congregationalism in Nottinghamshire	159
Parentage	165
A Chat about Ministers	170
The Widow's Revenge	174
Memories of Arnsby. By the late Rev. Charles Williams	174

	PAGE
Calvinism—What is it ?	179
The Prayers of Luther and Knox	180
"Tabor's Glorious Heights"	182
"I heard Singing to-night"	183
Mr. Spurgeon's Grandfather	185
"I cannot Repeat it"	187
Our May-Meeting Week	188
Our School	198
The Converted Soldier	202
The Feast of Ingathering	205
Empty Pews. By a Suburban Pastor	206
Quietness of Spirit	209
Mount Horeb.....	210
The Bishop of Calcutta	213
Words of Wise Men	213
The New Congregational Institute, Nottingham.....	215
The Mother's Touch	227
On Hearing. By the Rev. Josiah Miller, M.A.	230
Mother's Meetings	233
An Apt Answer	237
Ministerial Changes.....	237
Mount Hor.....	238
Misquoted Texts	239
"Let us go Forth"	245
The "Horn" of the East	247
Sunday-school Teaching in relation to the Controversies of the Day. By the Rev. Clement Clemance, B.A.	255
Love and Forgiveness	259
The Church—Without. By the Rev. H. T. Robjohns, B.A.....	260
A Highland Fisherman	264
Askelon	266
The Accepted Time	267
Amen !	270
Not another Drop.....	271
Church and State.....	275
Begin To-day.....	275

	PAGE
A Brahmin	276
St. Bernard, the Crusader	283
Religion in Business	287
"Mortality swallowed up"	288
A Veteran	289
Happy Nancy; or, the Secret	290
Illuminated Text	291
Lebanon	294
The Coming Election	295
Self-recommended	297
The Secret Disciple	300
A Sad Tragedy. By the Rev. W. M. Statham	311
Edmund	313
The Sure Foundation	315
Progress in Madagascar	316
A Lesson of Trust	317
The Coming Triumph	318
The Critics and the Bible	319
Who's to see?	319
In Memory of John Rutter. By the Rev. Alfred Tyler	320
Notes on the Union Meetings	322
Tempting the Tempter	325
Priestly Rule	326
Hervey's Death-bed	326

THE RIVER'S RISE.

In a lonely dell, where there is no dwelling near, and with a pathway through the meadows seldom trodden, there rises in summer a little rill, and in winter a bubbling stream, which, swelling as it flows, runs on, now a brawling brook, anon a widening river on which navies float, and by which cities and kingdoms are enriched. Once upon a time that river's rise was enclosed within a wall of stone: now the stones have fallen,



THE FIRST MILL ON THE THAMES.

the well is nearly filled, and the wayfarer might pass it by unnoticed. Yet that spot is "Thames Head"—the source of the "most loved of all the ocean's sons;" and well that spot deserves a visit.

A few yards away is the Hoar Stone, used for centuries as a horse-

block, or "upping stock," and which has doubtless stood there since the days of Æthelstan. A stroll along the meadow brings us to the great Bath road, under which there is a tunnel formed to give passage to the Thames, when "its waters are out," and in winter days the stream roars through as swiftly as it may, or spreads itself on the fields around.

Half a mile further on, and "the burns begin to gather into a common channel; little trickling rills, clear as crystal, rippling by hedge sides, make their way among sedges; the water-plants appear, and the Thames assumes the aspect of a perennial stream" until it reaches the village of Kemble. Near this spot once stood two cemeteries of our Saxon fathers; and spear-heads and fragments of shields, hair-pins, brooches, and rings have been found, all worn by lord and lady; while here and there a Latin coin reminds us, too, how Rome once held here her high dominion.

Over the river's banks the water-foliage grows profusely. The large white flowers of the water crowfoot sparkle above the surface, the leaves



WATER CROWFOOT.

now floating, and now submerged, and changing as the stream flows more deep and swift, until both stems and leaves are drawn by the current into mere bundles of shreds. At length we reach the first bridge. It leads from Kemble to Ewen, and the river flows beneath through three arches. Here the footpath by the river is lost, and the visitor must find the course of the stream as best he can. "A delicious walk it was," says one, "to us beside the river, pleasure being augmented by difficulties in the

way; the birds were singing blithely in small wood-tufts, the chirp of the grasshopper was gleeful in the meadows; cattle ruminated, standing knee-deep in adjacent pools; the bee was busy among the clover, and ever and anon darted across the stream the rapid king-fisher, the sun gleaming upon his garb of brilliant hues."



THE FIRST BRIDGE ON THE THAMES.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings."

Before long we leave the valley in which the Thames was cradled, and the waters now flow on—a river. On its surface the sunlight is basking; beneath, the fish are glancing; while over its banks the flowers are clustering, and the children are peering with wistful gaze. Anon its stately flow is interrupted. Beauty is changed to usefulness; it must wait on industry and wealth, for there before us is the old rude mill, the first we have come to, the first on the Thames, and as the busy wheel goes round, the food is made for many a hungry home.

And such is life! At first a tiny streamlet, gathering volume as it goes; flowing now by the homes of the living and the graves of the dead; crossed by the feet of wayfarers; now sheltered beneath overhanging and gloomy banks, now decked with sunny smiles and flowers of beauty; until at length the once babbling brook turns the humming water-wheel, and the waters grind our bread.

So at least we have thought, and thought it perhaps the more readily because of this season of the year. With happy childhood life is but just begun. With some the days of labour have yet to come. With some the busy hum of industry is ever in the ear. With some the river of life grows broad and calm as it draws near the ocean of eternity.

God grant, dear reader, that this year may be to thee a thing of beauty, a joy for ever, and as benign and useful as beautiful.

"TAKE MY HAND, PAPA."

In the dead of night I am frequently awakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry, "Please take my hand, papa." Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped his fears vanish, and soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence he falls asleep again. We commend this simple lesson of filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing ones, that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourner, although you may be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your pathway; and that very act will reveal the presence of a loving, compassionate Father, and give you the peace that passeth all understanding. The darkness may not pass away at once, and night may enfold you in its cold embrace; but its terrors will be dissipated, its gloom and sadness will flee away; and in the simple grasp of the Father's hand sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely, knowing that the morning cometh.—*Jameson*.

ON TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

BY THE REV. GEORGE SMITH, D.D.

WE have just reached, in the providence of God, a chronological period decisively marked by the transition from the old to the new year, in which it may emphatically be said we are turning over a new leaf. Human life has been aptly compared to a volume, written with imperishable letters from beginning to end. It is gradually filling up from the moment of birth to the hour of death. Whether we are willing or unwilling, day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year, we turn over its leaves, and continue the narrative of our actions and our lives on the newly-opened page. We cannot, on the present occasion, part with the records of the past without various emotions of

joy and grief. Many of the leaves of the volume are covered with inscriptions commemorative of providential care and redeeming love, the outpourings of gratitude, and the resolves of penitential feeling. Others of the leaves are discoloured with tears, and deformed with defective erasures and awkward blots. The table of contents, so far as it is filled up, when revised by the light of conscience, brings out to view deeds of ignorance and guilt which cover us with confusion and shame. Yet there is a provision of mercy which can remove the deformity of the characters, and make the pages fair and beautiful to look on. The blood of Jesus Christ sprinkled over the darkened letters of the gloomiest folio can remove all their defilement, and give dignity and grace to records which would be otherwise contemptible and mean. The illuminations of the most splendid manuscripts are but tinsel ornaments when compared to the lustre of Immanuel's graces, shining amidst the black writing which contains the faithful record of a poor sinful life. Let us then as we turn this leaf, which embodies the latest notice of the parting year, to begin the journal of the new-born period of time, entreat the forgiving love of God to blot out all the disfigurements and condemnatory records of the past. Without this we can turn no new leaf to advantage, and without it we shall find a faithful transcript of all the foregoing pages of life in that book of remembrance now written before the Lord, and which is to be opened and published in the final judgment. Let us then address our Heavenly Father in prayer, and say:—

“From all the guilt of former years
May mercy set us free;
And may the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.”

The new leaf thus turned will furnish a favourable opportunity of effecting changes in our habits and character which will have the most beneficial influence on our state and destiny. Let new *resolves* mark the new period of time. You have often, perhaps, purposed to serve God, and entered into solemn resolutions to devote yourselves to His service. These intentions have been turned aside, and your goodness, like the morning cloud and early dew, has speedily departed. In the hour of temptation your engagements have been like tow touched with the fire, and you are in danger now of giving up effort and hope. Do not, I beseech you! Make one fresh resolve, not in your own might, but in that of Jesus. Go forth in this path as aforetime, but say, with the Psalmist, “I will go in the strength of the Lord God.” Without Christ you can do nothing. Through His might you can do all things. The faint desire, the trembling resolve should be encouraged, as indicating

the dawn of a gracious day. Hold fast the beginning of your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. Who hath despised the day of small things?

The change indicated by the popular phrase of turning over a new leaf, may well refer to new *habits*. Many of those in which we have lived have become powerful, and are difficult to abandon, though they are clearly injurious. Yet they must be parted with if we would enter into life. Is not the present hour favourable to their abandonment? Let the carnal be exchanged for the spiritual, the image of the earthly for the image of the heavenly. Indolence, self-indulgence, sensuality, covetousness, extortion, and pride—put ye off all these, and be adorned with their opposites—things that are lovely, and of good report. Put off the old man, and put on the new. In a word, if you are conscious of indulging any habit, a knowledge of which if imparted to others would cover you with confusion, forsake it at once, and cultivate some counter-acting grace of the Spirit, to the glory of Christ. The habit of indolence is natural to the carnal mind. Men are content to live without God. Hours and days elapse when He is not in all their thoughts. In this respect there is room for reproof and improvement in us all. Repeated acts constitute a habit, and by continuous endeavour we may become increasingly spiritual. One thought may run through every other thought, one desire may pervade every other desire, and that thought and desire be fixed on the Lord and the remembrance of His name. Then give yourself to prayer. Have you neglected the daily reading of the Scriptures? Is your closet a forsaken spot? Is your heart habitually far from God? Oh, be persuaded at once to return to Him, and by frequent continuous communion with heaven, find the true repose of your intellect and your heart. “In returning and rest ye shall be saved.”

The purposes of amendment we form should respect our future *efforts*. Nothing in nature lives for itself. The clouds, the heat, the wind, the light, all exist for the advantage of others. No Christian man should live to himself. Yet many professors of religion are very indifferent to the welfare of their fellow men. Is this your case, dear reader? Then turn over a new leaf. As the head of a family, labour for the salvation of its members. Set up an altar for domestic worship, and let your household be one in which Jesus and His Father may dwell. Are you capable of teaching others? Become an instructor of babes, and in the Sabbath-school help the lambs to feed after their manner. You have, perhaps, long held an undecided position in relation to the Church. No longer halt between two opinions. Enter into communion with the

people of God; and having given your heart to Him, give yourself to them, according to His will. If you have looked coldly on evangelizing efforts, and stood aloof from those religious organizations which aim at the salvation of men, do so no more. Henceforth let the glory of Jehovah be your supreme and constant aim.

This improvement in turning over another leaf of life's history may apply not only to great and commanding things, but to the minutiae of personal feeling and conduct. In word, in temper, in spirit, it may be carried out to our personal comfort and the comfort of others. In all the relationships of social life alterations may be suggested with advantage. There are few families in which some reformatations are not greatly needed. More consideration and forbearance on the part of masters and parents, and a greater readiness to submit and oblige on the part of servants and children are demanded, and should be aimed at. Improvements in the conduct of business and in the disbursements of charitable contributions will readily suggest themselves to every candid mind as desirable to be carried into effect. The alterations called for in our personal behaviour, in conversation, in the use of our time, and the employment of our influence, are numerous. Let all these, whether of the major or minor order, be attempted without delay. Do not defer them to a more convenient opportunity, but enter on them resolutely and promptly, relying on the mighty supplies of divine grace. Thus beginning the year, and inscribing at the top of the page, "The Lord being my helper," you will be able to write on its latest line, "Old things are passed away: all things have become new. By the grace of God I am what I am."

OUR SCHOOL AND ITS SCHOLARS.

THE HOMES OF OUR SCHOLARS.

THERE were no Fenians—though many Irish—in the little encampment of our school, in that north-western city. "Our Queen," or sometimes, "Our dear Queen," were Her Majesty's titles among the boys, and many questions were asked when her name was mentioned, as to her looks, her dress, her children, and so forth. One day the royal train bearing her homewards passed the station, which was, as usual, only to be entered by ticket; but on the bridge which crossed the line, a little further on, were grouped many of our scholars. One little lad, seven or eight years old, in his eagerness to catch a glimpse of the Queen as the train passed under the bridge, fell over the parapet on to the line below. Happily he escaped with no further injury than a badly sprained

ankle. His companions carried him home, and hearing of his accident we were soon beside him.

"Well, Tom, my boy," said one of us, "you have paid dearly for your peep at the Queen."

"True for ye, taycher, but I wouldn't have missed seeing her for more than that."

"What made you wish to see her so much?" I asked, smiling at his earnestness. "Did you expect to see her in her grand crown?"

"Not a bit of all that, taycher. I minded what you told us—that we would only see a quiet kind-looking lady in a bonnet."

"What was it, then?"

"Sure, thin, 'twas because I love her!"

"Hear that, now!" said his mother. "The little lad's clane lost his bits o' senses wid the Quane. Is it the Quane, honey? Sorra a bit she knows there's such a boy in the world itself."

"An' sorra a bit she needs to, mother," returned the child. "What should I be to her at all? but sure she's something to me!"

And true to his text, during the wearisome days that passed before he could run about again, little Tom cheered the hours by singing alternately—

"There is a happy land,"

and

"God save the Queen."

We did not attempt to pry into the family concerns of our scholars, but inadvertently we sometimes stumbled upon unwelcome truths. For instance: a child in his Wednesday's spelling lesson came to the word "gin, a snare." Thinking the explanation as obscure as the word itself, I asked if he knew its meaning. "Oh, yes, teacher," (he was an English boy) "we has lots on 'em at home."

"Lots of them at home?" I repeated, mystified in my turn.

"Whay, yes, to be sure. Faither catches hares in 'em."

I may add that if it was our duty to report this, I can only say we didn't!

On another occasion the father of three of our best boys was not at home when we called; and as this happened more than once, we ventured to inquire if he were working at a distance. His wife burst into tears, and told us that he was in gaol. Poor fellow! His was a pitiful story. It seemed that, returning from work one night (he was a field labourer), he had found a donkey's foal dead by the roadside, and, tempted by the pressing needs of his household, had carried it home for food. It lasted the whole family about a week, "faring sumptuously every day;" but before they could finish it, it became rather "high,"

the health officials were made aware of his putrid possessions, and poor Michael got into trouble. He had no money to pay the fine, so was sent to gaol.

It was rather an ignominious charge, and as such was kept alive by the mischievous among his neighbours. One day, as we were passing, we heard the woman who lived next door abusing Michael's wife for something at which she had taken offence. She was herself the wife of a burglar, who had been transported not long before.

"But what better could one expect at all," she said, "from a man who could demane himself to bring home carrion to the children? the ould raven! It's thankful I am that none o' *my* people did iver such a dhirty thing as that!"

"Thrue for ye, ma'am," returned the other, with a low curtsy. "Leastway, I wouldn't be afther makin' so bould as to say the like's o' *that* to yer honour! For none o' *my* people was iver so grand as to have his passage paid for him all acress the says by the very Quane herself (the heavens be her bed!) and just for the love of him intirely!"

This sally vanquished the convict's wife, and, I believe, settled the donkey question.

Another acquaintance of ours at this time was an old schoolmaster, who mourned the degeneracy of the age, and tried to teach his ragamuffin pupils Latin! I guess he spoke it with a brogue! My friend engaged him to teach her Celtic, but the gutturals distanced her. "Rougher! rougher! my lady," he would say. "Turn the silver aff ou' yer tongue, *avourneen!*" His kindly behaviour towards us injured his school, and consequently his income, and in the end obliged him to leave the city. Poor old man! It was very grievous to us that he should suffer on our account, but there was no remedy within our reach. On St. Patrick's eve, knowing that to our good old friend the next day was a high festival, and that he had small means of observing it as such, we took him a joint of beef and a basket of potatoes. We found him seated by his schoolroom fire, conning his Douay Bible, and he rose to receive us with the pleasure of a child, mingled (as it always was with him) with the courtesy of a gentleman. We made our present, and sat talking awhile of Saint Patrick and his celebrated sermon. Do you remember it, my reader? The Irish saint, it is said, was trying to teach the heathen Celts who thronged around him that there are three Persons in the Godhead, and that these three are one.

"It cannot be," they shouted. "How can three be one? How can three be one?"

"See, my children!" was the reply. "See how the great God con-

descendsto teach you!" And he gathered a shamrock leaf from among the grass, and held it up before them. "Behold! cannot one be three? Cannot three be one?" "And they bowed their heads," says the sweet old legend, "and worshipped."

We spoke of this; and our old friend rose and placed on the table a little flower pot, which contained a cherished shamrock growing in it, and he remarked:—

"Sure, and doesn't He tache us still?"

"Your shamrock does not seem to thrive, Mr. Cassidy," said one of us presently.

"Indeed then it does not," he returned. "It has its own earth, too, for 'twould live in no other; and 'tis well tended—that I will say. But it doesn't flourish—and how should it? So far from home!" In words but little more pathetic has Byron sung of the palms of Judæa:—

"They cannot quit their place of birth,
They cannot live in other earth."

Then, with the kindly grace which distinguished this quaint old school-master, he gathered for us the two finest sprays his sickly plant could boast, and begged us to honour him by wearing them on the morrow. And wear them we did, with much pride and pleasure, to the great gratification of many warm Irish hearts. Our sympathy in their national feelings and customs was on our part the natural outcome of our deep interest in and affection for our scholars and their families; but, looking at it from this distance, it appears to explain our success in gaining an entrance to their homes, and an influence over their hearts.

We had, however, some less agreeable folks to deal with. The aboriginal inhabitants of our cottage were numerous and mighty. Very Anakims! Our books required shaking before they could be used, and when the children knelt at prayer time, every crevice in floor and skirting sent forth its denizens to the attack. One could almost fancy them chanting with the old Spanish tyrant—

"Our thousands thirst with a burning thirst,
And rivers of blood they need.
Oh! how shall they quench their burning thirst!
Oh! where are the hosts to bleed."

It took us no little trouble to get rid of them, but we entirely succeeded; nor did a single straggler ever find its way to our homes. Other households, however, we found did not share our happy immunity. One day I had been reading by the bedside of Michael's wife, who was ill, and as I glanced at her from time to time, I was struck with the neat

appearance of the sheets, which were very clean, and seemed to be made of a very small-patterned print. At that time this material was very cheap, and I admired the good woman's contrivance. Of course this was the thought of a moment, though it takes longer to write; and as I finished the chapter, I rose and laid the Bible on the bed, when away skipped the pattern, leaving *white* sheets behind. The "pattern" was alive! But though there was no cure for these calamities in the houses without burning down the whole neighbourhood, of our children we could not complain. Hands, faces, and hair were all well scoured to be ready for school, and clothes, though often sadly tattered, were not dirty.

Calling one day upon one of our little girls, a voice answered, "Come in," and I opened the door, but could see no one. I concluded that I had mistaken some other sound for my answer, the rather that I now saw the mother under a shed near, busy washing. So I was closing the door, when some one cried, "Oh, taycher, you're never going away?" "Is that you, Mary?" I said. "Where are you?" "In bed, taycher." "Are you ill, my child?" "Oh no, taycher! Sure it's because mōther's washing my things." Poor child! She had a comfortless home. The house consisted of two *rooms*—the outer one, six or seven feet square, with a tiny window not made to open—the inner room smaller still, with no window, was entirely filled by the bed into which the mother and her four children crawled through the doorway.

Little Mary was a pretty girl, and after a childhood of much privation, married early, pawning her only shawl to raise funds wherewith her husband (to be) might purchase the wedding ring! After a year or so he left her with a young baby to find support for it and for herself as best she could. Alas! poor little Mary!

M. I. K. C.

LITTLE SHOES.*

Yes!—put them away carefully—they will not be wanted now; for the little feet that used to patter about in them so merrily are lying very cold and still under the churchyard grass. They will not greet you any more with those busy steps that were the sweetest music your ears had ever heard. How you listen for the tiny footfall, O mourning mother, till you are forced to press your hand upon your heart to quiet its dull heavy throbbing, and your eyes grow hot and dim, with tears that *will*

* From *The Mothers' Treasury*, published monthly, by the Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row, E.C.

fall! So you wander through the house—how strange and still it seems!—till at last your eyes rest upon the little shoes, lying just where they were carelessly thrown when they had been taken off for the last time. Then came the fever, or the croup, or the fit, that took your darling home to arms more tender than *yours*, mother; for it was Christ's messenger to call the little child to Himself. But although you believe this, you take them up with a pang that is very sharp, and you can hardly see to put them away in the drawer that holds so many relics of the lost one. Yes! lay them safely by, with the little frocks and toys, and the curl of golden hair so soft and bright. There, turn the key in the lock, and then kneel down and pray; for you cannot do without God's comfort now.

A young mother said to me a little while ago, speaking of her angel-boy, whose hair she was showing me in a locket, "My prayer for him always was, that he might be kept 'unspotted from the world,' and *God has answered it.*" Yes; He had answered, by taking him where he would be safe for ever from sin's pollution, even to His own presence, to "go no more out!" If you have prayed for your child, reader, you cannot murmur, though the same answer has been given to you. It was not what you asked, but God has given you *more*.

"A child of thine, a child of bliss!

Why shouldst thou weep for joy like this?"

One, at least, of your little flock, is safe in the Good Shepherd's fold. The others you may follow with prayers and tears, as they go out into the world, with its temptations and its cares, and many a night you may be kept sleepless by anxiety on their behalf; but for *this* one there need be no more doubt, no more misgiving. This one is beyond the reach of evil, beyond the touch of sorrow. This one is with Jesus; and what can even a mother's love wish for more?

"Weep not when ye tell the story

Of the dead;

'Tis a sunbeam joined in glory

Overhead.

For of such sweet babes is heaven,

Jesus said."

Your darling is not lost, poor mother. It has only gone home first, to welcome your coming. A few more years, even at the longest, and you shall be together once more, in the quiet of that endless rest, where there shall be no more empty places, or silent voices, or aching hearts.

But, is it really so? Is this comfort indeed yours, or, is the child

safe and the mother still in danger? One in the world of the redeemed above, and the other walking the broad road that leadeth to destruction? *I cannot tell*; for no human being can read the secrets of another's heart. But one thing I do know, that if you have not sought the forgiveness of your sins, through Christ's most precious blood, and the renewing of your heart by His Holy Spirit, there can be no heavenly rest for you, no happy meeting with the dear one who is gone. *It was taken before it was old enough to be responsible for its actions. It could not understand, and therefore could not neglect the message of a Saviour's mercy; and the evil nature which it inherited, as we all do, from sinful parents, was cleansed and forgiven for that Saviour's sake. But you have added to the guilt of this sinful nature the sins of a whole life. You have heard the good news of Christ's love in dying upon the cross for sinners; or, if you have not heard, you might have heard in the house of God, and in the reading of His Word. And if you have neglected all these things, then, surely, you are not fit to join your angel-baby in the presence of a holy God. Do not flatter yourself with the hope of doing so when you are not ready. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," before you indulge that vague dreamy hope of "going to heaven when you die," which is the ruin of so many souls. Then, and then only, may you look for rest in His presence, when this earthly life, with all its cares and joys, has passed away for ever.*

It may be for this very reason that God has taken your baby away. He knows how great a trial it is for you. He knows how sadly you miss the merry crowing laugh, the gentle wistful eyes, and all the sweet ways that made your child so dear. But He has done it all in love, because He saw that so long as He continued to you this precious gift, you would forget the Giver. And so He withdrew it; that He might give you Himself instead. Only let Him draw near and comfort you in your grief, and He will fill your heart with His own love and peace, and teach you even to *give Him thanks* for the sorrow which brought you to His feet.

And so your baby will be a little link to heaven. It is not lost to you, for it is yours still—only folded in safer shielding than your weak arms could ever give. By-and-by you will be able to take the comfort of this thought, if you cannot do so yet. By-and-by you will look at the little shoes through tears of quiet joy instead of sorrow—joy for your child, that it has escaped for ever the rough waves of this troublesome world—joy for yourself, that Christ is leading you by His grace to the same blessed home.

ANDREW MARVEL—THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

A FEW months ago, says Mrs. S. C. Hall, we had been strolling about Palace Yard, and instinctively paused at No. 19, York Street, Westminster. It was evening; the lamplighters were running from post to post, but we could still see that the house was a plain house to look at, differing little from its associate dwellings—a common house, a house you would pass without a thought, unless the remembrance of thoughts that had been given to you from within the shelter of those plain ordinary walls, caused you to reflect; ay, and to thank God, who has left with you the memories and sympathies which elevate human nature. Here, while Latin secretary to the Protector, was John Milton to be found “at home;” and in his society, at times, were met all the men who, with their great originator, Cromwell, astonished Europe. Just think of those who entered that portal; think of them all if you can—statesmen and warriors; or, if you are really of a gentle spirit, think of two—but two, either of whom has left enough to engross your thoughts and fill your hearts. Think of John Milton and Andrew Marvel! Think of the Protector of England with two such secretaries!

The house where Marvel lived on Highgate Hill is an unostentatious home, with simple gables and plain windows, and is but a storey high. In front are some old trees, and a convenient porch to the door in which to sit and look forth upon the road a few paces in advance of it. The front is of plaster, but the windows are modernised, and there are other alterations which the exigencies of tenancy have made necessary since Marvel's days.

When we approached the house, we found the curtains in the deep windows as white as they were when we visited it some years previous to the visit concerning which we now write, and the garden as neat as when in those days we asked permission to see the house, and were answered by an elderly servant, who took in our message; and an old gentleman came into the hall, invited us in, and presented us to his wife, a lady of more than middle age, and of that species of beauty depending upon expression, which it is not in the power of time to wither, because it is of the spirit rather than the flesh; and we also remembered a green parrot, in a fine cage, that talked a great deal, and was the only thing which seemed out of place in the house. We had been treated with much courtesy, and, emboldened by the memory of that kindness, we now ascended the stone steps, unlatched the little gate, and knocked.

Again we were received courteously and kindly by the lady we had



FRONT OF ANDREW MARVEL'S HOUSE.



BACK OF ANDREW MARVEL'S HOUSE.

formerly seen, and again she blandly offered to show us the house. We went up a little winding stair, and into several neat clean bedrooms, where everything was so old-fashioned that you could fancy Andrew Marvel himself was still its master.

"Look out here," said the old lady; "here's a view! They say this was Andrew Marvel's writing closet when he wrote *sense*, but when he wrote *poetry* he used to sit below in his garden. I have heard there is a private way under the road to Cromwell House opposite; but surely that could not be necessary. So good a man would not want to work in the dark; for he was a true lover of his country, and a brave man."

The garden seems in nothing changed; in fact, the entire appearance of the place is what it was in those glorious days when inhabited by the truest genius and the most unflinching patriot that ever sprung from the sterling stuff that Englishmen were made of in those wonder-working times. The genius of Andrew Marvel was as varied as it was remarkable; not only was he a tender and an exquisite poet, but entitled to stand *facile princeps* as an incorruptible patriot, the best of controversialists, and the leading prose wit of England.

We close our eyes upon this peaceful dwelling of the heroic senator, and imagine ourselves in the reign of the second Charles, threading our way into that "court off the Strand" where Marvel ended his days. We enter the house, and climbing the stairs, even to the second floor, perceive the object of our warmest admiration. He is not alone, though there is no possibility of confounding the poet with the courtier. Andrew Marvel is plainly dressed, his figure is strong, and about the middle size, his countenance open, and his complexion of a ruddy cast; his eyes are of a soft hazel colour, mild and steady; his eyebrows straight, and so flexible as to mould without an effort into a satirical curve, if such be the mind's desire; his mouth is close, and indicative of firmness; and his brown hair falls gracefully back from a full and noble forehead. He sits in an upright and determined manner upon an uneasy-looking high-backed chair. A somewhat long table intervenes between him and his visitor; one end of it is covered with a white cloth, and a dish of cold meat is flanked by a loaf of bread and a dark earthenware jug. On the opposite end is placed a bag of gold, beside which lies the richly-embroidered glove which the cavalier with whom he is conversing has flung off. There is a strange contrast in the attitude of the two men. Lord Danby lounges, with the ease of a courtier, and the grace of a gentleman, upon a chair of as stiff and uncomfortable an appearance as that which is occupied after so upright a fashion by Andrew Marvel.

"I have answered you, my lord," said the patriot, "already. Me-thinks there need be no further parley on the subject; it is not my first temptation, though I most fervently desire it may be the last."

The nobleman took up his glove, and drew it on. "I again pray you to consider," he said, "whether, if with us, the very usefulness you so much prize would not have a more extensive sphere. You would have larger means of being useful."

"My lord, I should certainly have the means of tempting usefulness to forsake duty."

The cavalier rose, but the displeasure that flushed his countenance soon faded before the serene and holy expression of Milton's friend.

"And are you so determined?" said his lordship, sorrowfully; "are you really so determined? A thousand English pounds are there, and thrice the sum, nay, anything you ask——"

"My lord! my lord!" interrupted Marvel, indignantly, "this perseverance borders upon insult. Nay, my good lord, you do not so intend it, but your master does not understand me. Pray you note this: two days ago that meat was hot, it has remained cold since, and there is enough still for to-morrow, and I am well content. A man so easily satisfied is not likely to exchange an approving conscience for dross like that!"

THOMAS WILSON—THE CHAPEL BUILDER.

BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

It is now more than forty years ago since I had the pleasure of a first interview with Mr. Wilson. He had been apprised by a friend that I was thinking of entering the ministry, and had kindly sent me an invitation to breakfast on a certain Monday morning, at his house in Highbury-place, that we might talk the matter over.

Well do I still remember that morning. Mr. Wilson was at that time in the prime of life—a Christian of no common type; nor less, certainly, a thorough man of business; simple and unaffected in manners, blending kindness with gentleness; readily yielding, with a cordial laugh, to the quaint and humorous; and promptly replying by sallies of his own. In efforts for Christ's cause he was generous, energetic, and persevering, beyond any man of his time, and it is concerning some of the ways in which he showed this that I have to speak.

In early life Mr. Wilson had been led to believe with George Herbert, that—

"Wealth is the conjuror's devil,
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him;
Gold thou mayest safely touch, but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick."

So deeply sensible, indeed, was Mr. Wilson of the truth of these words, that verses of Scripture, and wise sayings of good men on the dangers of wealth, and the importance of laying up treasure in heaven, copied again and again by his own hand, were kept constantly before his eyes. And he had not reached thirty-four years of age when he entirely withdrew from business, that he might devote himself to the promotion of Christ's gospel; convinced, to use his own words, that "we must *stretch every faculty* in the service of our Lord."

Mr. Wilson adopted the principle of the Rev. Henry Vaughan, that it is wrong *first* to form our own plan of life, and *then* see what we can give to the cause of God; he believed that the first inquiry should be, How useful can we be, and how shall our course of life be subordinated to this end? In illustration of this I may mention the following characteristic fact. One day Mr. Wilson showed Dr. Philip—then on a visit from South Africa—Sir Thomas Abney's mansion and grounds, at Stoke Newington, which were for sale, mentioned that there Dr. Watts had passed thirty-six years of his honoured and useful life, and pointed out the study where he composed most of his invaluable works, the chamber in which he slept, and the turret on the roof, where he used to enjoy the fresh air and contemplate the scenery around. Dr. Philip—struck by the beauty of the spot—exclaimed: "I am surprised that *you* do not purchase this place, and come and live in it." Mr. Wilson replied, "I might purchase this place and live in it, but the establishment it would require would consume all my income, and no worldly establishment would be a compensation to me for the pleasure I have in living *within my income*, that I may serve God with *the surplus*."

Chosen to succeed his father as treasurer of the Societas Evangelica, for the spread of the Gospel at home, Mr. Wilson was one of the founders of the London Missionary, Tract, and Bible Societies; he was also deeply interested in Sunday schools, and general measures for popular education. But he gave his utmost energies to the institution first called the Hoxton Academy; for, as he afterwards said, he "considered the education of pious devoted young men for the Christian ministry the most useful work in which we can be engaged, as lying at the foundation of all other means of usefulness."

When eligible candidates applied for admission to Hoxton it was common for the probationer to be placed, for a longer or shorter time,

under the private charge of some minister, who forwarded reports of the progress of his pupil to Mr. Wilson. Admitted to Hoxton he passed a further candidature of three months, during which Mr. Wilson sometimes became one of his hearers at the workhouses he visited, at the prayer-meeting at Hoxton Academy Chapel, where perhaps he had to deliver an address; at the services on the week evenings, which were conducted by students in rotation who had passed through their first year's class; and often was the youthful labourer greatly aided by the friendly and valuable counsel of the treasurer.

Mr. Wilson was also accustomed to present to each student a pamphlet which he had prepared, entitled "Hints to Students," in which he suggested much that is important in connection with Christian life and labour, as well as on the amenities of Christian society. The points of practical godliness which he pressed were a Christian temper and spirit, love, meekness, humility, prudence, self-denial, affability, and cheerfulness, combined with seriousness and gravity. "Read the Word of God," he said, "regularly through, at least once in the year. All other books are cisterns, which can hold no more than what is put into them, and in which you find only standing water; this is a spring of living water. Why should you be satisfying your thirst from the stream, whilst the fountain is free of access? Become *thoroughly acquainted* with the Bible; and let me beseech you never to read the Scriptures without previous fervent prayer to the Holy Spirit, to open your understanding to receive them."

But the chief topic of this pamphlet, as it was when Mr. Wilson conversed with students, was *preaching*. Whitefield, who had been an honoured guest of his parents, was, in his estimation, "a prince among preachers."

"Mind, dear sir, you preach the three R's—Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration,"—was the almost dying advice of good Mr. Berridge, the vicar of Everton; and this was a frequent exhortation of Mr. Wilson's. With all who did so he had an affectionate sympathy, whether they were Episcopalians or Nonconformists. The term "earnestness" had not then come into use as it has done since, or Mr. Wilson would have adopted it as more nearly expressing his invariable feeling; but he never failed to urge "interest" and "animation" as absolutely indispensable to a preacher's success.

Mr. Wilson had been accustomed for some years to give to the chapel "cases" presented to him from various parts of the country; but he was not very sanguine in his expectations of much spiritual fruit from these promiscuous contributions. In 1796, however, he commenced

a new career. An outbuilding, or the premises belonging to Hoxton Academy, became through his generous efforts a chapel, to which, after repeated enlargements in the course of years, a large building succeeded. From this beginning he started on a course of Christian action, in which in his day, and probably in any day, he has had no equal. Desirous to "build the old wastes, to repair the ruined places, and to plant that which was desolate," he gave new life to the Presbyterian meetings at Lynn, Guildford, Epsom, and Tewkesbury; and to one which had been avowedly Unitarian, at Rochford. By his aid new chapels arose at Brentwood, Reigate, Peterborough, Dudley, Hastings, Liskeard, Upminster, Dorking, Clare, Chalfont, Dawlish, Ilfracombe, Dereham, Wells, Salford, Norwich, Stanford Rivers, Wisbeach, Long Sutton, Boston, Louth, Horncastle, Lincoln, Spalding, Melton Mowbray, Market Raisin, Grantham, Newark, Bristol, Manchester, Leeds, Cheltenham, Coventry, Thame, Matlock Bath, Fakenham, Macclesfield, Bromsgrove, Oxford, Windsor, Leek, Halstead, Leamington, March, Chatteris, Stroud, Diss, Reading, Leatherhead, Richmond, Finchley, Dover, Herne Bay, Portsmouth, Ambleside, Derby, Ellesmere, Sleaford, Arundel, Fareham, Brecon, Sudbury, Needham Market, Colchester, Burton-on-Trent, Northampton, Carlisle, Gateshead, Warminster, Totness, Topsham, Wigton, Farringdon, and Halesworth.

Accustomed to ride on horseback in the neighbourhood of London, and to observe the large populations spreading over districts which he had known as fields, he built Tonbridge, Paddington, and Claremont Chapels. He seized the opportunity of a site presented by the opening of Carnaby Market, Oxford-street, and built Craven Chapel; three large chapels being reared almost entirely at his own expense, in less than ten years, at a cost of upwards of £25,000. Then Kentish Town, Holloway, Kennington, Walworth, the Kent-road, Jewry-street, Aldgate, Bishopsgate-street, Frederick-street, near the Regent's-park; the York-road, Lambeth; Westminster, Stoke Newington, Mile-end-road, and Bow, were all greatly indebted for their chapels to his advice, encouragement, and generosity.

It is easy to say, "Let a chapel be built," or, if we are wealthy, to write a cheque in aid of the work; but with Mr. Wilson, the efforts he put forth were *the business of his life*; involving constant and careful thought, a large correspondence, and ceaseless appeals to his purse.

Mr. Wilson, too, though so largely devoted to chapel building, was also, as Dr. Leifchild has well remarked, eminently the friend and father of ministers, and the provider of pastors for our Churches. "Thomas Wilson," said Dr. Philip, "was, among private Christians,

what Howard was among philanthropists; and his example being more within the reach of the bulk of mankind, in the Church of Christ especially, it may be attended with a deeper, wider, and more powerful influence than mere commiseration for the sufferings of any portion of afflicted humanity could inspire." "Our whole denomination," says the Rev. J. A. James, "owe him a debt of gratitude, which they can discharge only by an intelligent, zealous, and liberal, yet candid and characteristic support of that cause which was dear to his heart."

Mr. Wilson was greatly interested in the prosperity of Ireland, and in the efforts of the Hibernian and Irish Evangelical Society, and did much for the welfare of York-street Chapel, Dublin. Heartily also did he espouse the cause of the Continental Society, little imagining that not long after his death *seventy millions* of immortal beings would be open, as they now are, to the establishment of schools, the circulation of the Scriptures, and the preaching of the Gospel of Christ; and although he became treasurer of the London Missionary Society, he, unlike many in his day, extended his generous and constant sympathies to the spiritually necessitous in all lands.

He snatched, too, from seasons of relaxation and repose, time to write out, with his own hand, the three hundred and eighty-three hymns which he published as a "Selection for the use of Hoxton Academy Chapel," but which was afterwards adopted by other congregations. He preached, once in the month, to the women of the London Female Penitentiary; occasionally addressed congregations during his visits to the country, and greatly rejoiced over the usefulness that attended his labours, and converts he was permitted to know. The conversion of the ungodly, the increase of the Church, the glory of the Divine Redeemer, were the great objects that attracted his affections in early life; for them he lived, laboured, prayed, contributed, during a prolonged and honoured career, and never were they so precious to his soul as during his declining days. A faithful servant, remarking on the last Lord's day Mr. Wilson lived, that many prayers would then be offered up for him, he replied, "Yes, probably there will—it is very kind of them to think of me, for I am most unworthy to be remembered in their prayers. By the grace of God I am what I am." Much affected, he immediately after repeated, with great feeling, the verse expressive of his dying experience that Christ is all:—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

His prayer was answered; shortly after midnight, June 17th, 1848, he quietly fell asleep on the bosom of his Saviour. He rested from his labours, and his works follow him.

THE MARTYRED BLIND BOY.

IN the reign of "Bloody Mary," of England, when the good Bishop Hooper was about to be burned to death, a blind boy, by much opportunity, prevailed on the guard to bring him to the bishop. This boy had lately suffered imprisonment in Gloucester for confessing the truth. After the bishop had examined him concerning his faith and the cause of his imprisonment, he looked on him steadfastly, tears standing in his eyes, and said, "Ah, poor boy, God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what reason He best knoweth; but He hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto Him, that thou lose not that sight, for thou shouldst then be blind both in body and soul."

The boy's name was Thomas Dowry. How often or how long he had endured imprisonment for the truth's sake is not known; but on his final examination he was brought before Dr. Williams, Chancellor of Gloucester, sitting judicially with the register of the diocese in the consistory, near the south door of the cathedral church, who administered the usual articles, chiefly urging that on transubstantiation, and saying:—

"Dost thou not believe that after the words of consecration, spoken by the priest, there remaineth the very real body of Christ in the sacrament of the altar?"

"No," answered the blind boy; "that I do not."

"Then," said the chancellor, "thou art an heretic, and shalt be burned. But who taught you this heresy?"

"You, Master Chancellor."

"Where, I pray thee?"

"Even in yonder place," replied the boy, turning and pointing with his hand towards where the pulpit stood. The chancellor again inquired, "When did I teach thee so?"

Dowry answered, "When you preached there (naming a day) a sermon to all men as well as to me upon the sacrament. You said the sacrament was to be received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally and

really, as the Papists have heretofore taught. The shameless apostate answered:—

“Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live, as I do, and escape burning.” The blind boy said:—

“Though you can so easily dispense with yourself, and mock God, the world, and your conscience, yet will I not do so.”

“Then God have mercy upon thee,” rejoined the chancellor; “for I will read the condemnation sentence against thee.”

“God’s will be fulfilled!” answered the young martyr.

Hereupon the register, being moved with the scene, stood up, and said to the chancellor:—

“Fie, for shame, man! will you read the sentence against him, and condemn yourself? Away, away, and substitute some other to give sentence and judgment.”

“No, register,” said the fearfully hardened man; “I will obey the law, and give sentence myself according to my office.” He did so; delivered him to the secular power, who on the very same day led the blind boy to the place of execution at Gloucester, together with one Thomas Croker, a poor bricklayer, condemned also for the like testimony of the truth; when both, in one fire, most constantly and joyfully yielded their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus.—*English Martyrology.*

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

A MEETING of Churchmen, “to deprecate any change in the law of the Church of England relative to ceremony,” has been held. St. James’s Hall, London, was crowded. At the commencement of the proceedings the attempts of two gentlemen to address the chairman, with a view of ascertaining whether questions might be put, were resisted, and a scene of the “wildest confusion” ensued; in the midst of which a policeman was sent for, who did not arrive. Archdeacon Denison, who was the principal speaker on the occasion, moved the adoption of a memorial to the Commissioners on Ritual. The memorial insisted that the use of high ceremonial was part of the common and statute law of the Church of England; that its adoption, though long in abeyance, was held by many of the clergy and laity to be the proper outward expression of the Church’s doctrine, a help to devotion, and the means of teaching. The principal point on which the Archdeacon in his remarks insisted was, that there should be no interference with what he called their “lawful rights.” He claimed

liberty for the party of which he was the mouthpiece ; liberty to follow their own course, to teach their own doctrines of sacramental efficacy, and to indulge in their own practices of high ceremonial. He warned the meeting against any narrowing of the basis of the Church, which meant any reduction of the parties within its pale. "Take heed," he said, "how you put your hand to anything which shall narrow the basis of the Church of England as established by law, lest you bring not the Church, but the Establishment, and with it the crown down to the ground." "Lawful liberty" is desired, and if the Archdeacon and his party do not get it, the crown will be in danger. "From whom, we should like to know?" asks the "English Independent." "Will the Archdeacon and his friends turn Fenians, if, for example, Lord Shaftesbury's Vestment Bill be passed?"

The English Church Union has held a meeting for much the same purpose as that held at St. James's Hall. Dr. Pusey strongly advocated the propriety of having the good will of the congregation as to the introduction of Ritual. He thought it would damage the Union very greatly if it went forth that it despised such an influence. But that Dr. Pusey's deference to the opinion or good will of the congregation was not genuine, may be seen in the fact that he did not advise that where a congregation was opposed to the introduction of Ritual it should not be attempted. The Doctor's policy is a wise one for the success of his own cause. He suggests that a high ritual should be introduced at the services attended by those who appreciate it, and that there should still be the old-fashioned service, at the old hour, for the old-fashioned people ; a policy which aims at keeping old-fashioned people who cannot suddenly take to a new-fashioned religion for a more gradual conversion to Ritualism.

Dissent is the great *ogre* which Churchmen everywhere fear, which preys upon the children of the Church, and keeps Church pastors in wakeful anxiety when otherwise they might be enjoying rest of body and quiet of mind. Dr. Claughton, Bishop of Rochester, in a sermon recently preached at Colchester, describes the baneful influence which Dissent has upon the souls of the people. In the sermon which was preached on behalf of the building fund of a new church, the bishop said that in a vast number of instances the way in which Dissent gained ground was by building a small chapel near the dwellings of the people, and thus drawing them away from their own church and pastor ; and when once there they would argue, "We are all going the same way, and it does not after all matter much." "The people," he said, "thus lost the idea of a pastor divinely appointed to minister to them in spiritual

things, and this had been to thousands the beginning of a gradual *estrangement* from God." It would seem that the bishop identifies estrangement from God with estrangement from the Church of England!

The doctor said he had often asked the sick, "Is it your own desire to see your minister about your soul?" And the answer has often been, "Sir, I am glad of either you or any other good man to say a prayer for me." A very fearful thing the bishop thought it, that sick people should speak as if other good men were on a level with their lawfully-appointed ministers, and that there was no one to whom they could look as ordained of God to communicate to them the blessings of the Gospel, and to seal them by a divinely appointed ordinance. But, as if he had not fully described the hurtful influence of Dissent upon the minds of the people, the bishop goes still further, and declares that "he had scarcely found one person taught by Dissenting ministers who truly desired better things, or who seemed to him to have any real brokenness of spirit, which he had seen in many who have drawn near to their end after a constant resort to their parish church." Of course such remarks deserve only a smile of compassion.

The Bishop of Salisbury, in a charge lately delivered, claims the right to confer on all whom he fully ordains, the power by certain words and actions to produce the presence of Christ's body and of Christ's blood in every celebration of the Lord's Supper; in other words, by priestly power to cause the *real presence* of Christ's body and blood in the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper. Such teaching is, even in these days, too grossly Popish to be listened to in silence; and a petition, signed by over three thousand of the inhabitants of the diocese, has been presented to the House of Lords, complaining of the bishop's doctrines as being opposed to the teaching of the Church of England, and praying their lordships to supply them with some effectual remedy, by devising a tribunal which shall afford a speedy and inexpensive means of settling all cases of controverted doctrine and practice. Among those who signed the memorial were clergymen, landowners, churchwardens, justices of the peace, and tradesmen. On the presentation of the memorial by Lord Portman, the bishop made a speech, in which he re-affirmed the teachings of his charge, stating that he did not withdraw one single statement he had made in it. He was, he said, a "very High Churchman;" and in all he had done he had sought to be true to his principles. Thus bishops and beneficed clergy in the Church of England may preach what doctrines they please, they may introduce what changes they please, and there seems no power to hinder. The remedy is so cumbrous, so expensive, and so uncertain, that it is not worth resorting to. The

"Nonconformist" asks, "But what can they do, or what are the Lords likely to do for them? Provide a speedy and inexpensive means of settling all cases of controverted doctrine and practice? Well, we shall see. For our part we have no such expectation. Any readily available machinery for *settling* what is now unsettled in the National Church, instead of strengthening its position, would inevitably rend it in pieces, unless, indeed, it were to establish as a conclusion what has for some time past been tacitly acted upon, that bishops and clergy in the law-established Church can teach no error and do no wrong."

The Evangelical leaders are not agreed as to the propriety of uniting with Nonconformists to put down Ritualism. Dr. M'Neile proposed to form for this purpose a Protestant Union. Dr. Close, Dean of Carlisle, strongly objects to this proposal. He thinks that if they had to contend with the old and open enemy—Popery proper—such a combination of all who are truly Protestant, and who abjure Popery, might be beneficial in many respects; but as such is not the case, he thinks the proposed Union would be impossible, unmanageable, and a thing "born out of due time." The conflict, the Dean is of opinion, must be of a peculiar character, and one in which many conscientious Dissenters could not join. He adds that the fact ought to be pondered that the great bulk of our Nonconformist brethren believe the union of Church and State to be a great evil, and they would feel bound to promote their severance.

In order to inform and interest young men with respect to questions relating to Nonconformity, the Liberation Society has arranged for a series of conferences in London, the third of which has been held.

The Mayor of Stafford has rendered himself famous by strict and unbending adherence to his religious principles under circumstances of a very testing nature. It was known previous to his election that Mr. Silvester, who is a deacon of the Congregational Church, if elected to the mayoralty, would go in state to his usual place of worship. The knowledge of this fact caused many friends and supporters to desert him, but in spite of this that gentleman was chosen mayor, and the procession to the chapel duly took place, in which a great portion of the magistrates and corporation joined. The clergyman of the parish church headed the procession, in company with the Independent minister, and walked with it a considerable way, then turning aside to attend to his own duties.

"An Indignant Churchwarden," writing to the "Standard," says: "If what I witnessed in a Ritualist church of a high type in Brighton yesterday is to be taken as a specimen of what is going on elsewhere, then it seems to me that the Church of England is no longer dis-

tinguished by her uniformity; that her Book of Common Prayer, which we have all been taught to venerate, is flung to the winds, and that her services in her different churches are a heterogeneous mass of contradiction. I will say nothing of the ceremonial generally, or of the omission of the Litany, but I must confess my extreme surprise at the omission of the Prayer for the Sovereign and for the Houses of Parliament. The sermon was simply an exhortation to pray for the souls of the departed, with a constant allusion, which could not be mistaken, to the unhappy men who died on the scaffold at Manchester on the previous day, and as the congregation retired the organist played the "Dead March in Saul." What would be the astonishment of the old Church and King men to find *High Churchmanship identifying itself with Fenianism!*

A numerous and influential gathering of the Evangelical Church party, in connection with the Church Association, has been held, extending over two days. Very decided opinions were expressed in opposition to High Church views and practices. Dr. Miller, referring to the Lord's Supper, said he denied and abhorred every approach to the notion that the elements are anything more than the simple bread and wine. The Rev. J. C. Ryle denounced the Ritualistic vestments as Popish. Dr. Cowan desired that they should give the world to understand that there was a body of men who were prepared to stand to the death in defence of the principles of Protestantism. It was resolved that a guarantee fund of no less than £50,000 be raised to pay expenses of appeals to law courts in points involving Romanising doctrines or Ritualistic practices.

An unknown donor, a lady, has sent £1,000 to Mr. Spurgeon towards the orphanage now being erected. An aggregate meeting of the Congregational Churches in Liverpool has been held, admission by ticket. The object of the meeting was to hear reports from the several Churches as to their position, and the Christian work in which they were engaged. A meeting has been held in the school-room of the Bar Church, Scarborough, to give a public reception and welcome home to the pastor, Rev. R. Balgarnie.

It is announced that Mr. Henry Gaze, of Southampton, is making arrangements to conduct a party to visit Egypt and the Holy Land. The party is to be under the guidance also of Dr. Bannister, whose name is well known in connection with the literature of the East. The expense will be £150, and the journey will occupy about ten weeks. Mr. Gaze is a much respected deacon of Albion Church, Southampton, and a more competent and reliable *chaperone* could scarcely be found.

The Rev. J. C. Geikie has been recognised as pastor of the Congregational Church at Islington Chapel; the Rev. J. Watson, late of Cork, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Mere; the Rev. W. Cowan, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Wells; the Rev. S. St. N. Dobson, B.A., late of Pendleton, Manchester, as pastor of York-street Independent Church, Dublin; the Rev. J. J. Thornton, late of Crewe, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Whitchurch, Salop; the Rev. E. Jukes, as pastor of the Church in Providence Chapel, Uxbridge; the Rev. S. Slocombe, as pastor of the Congregational Church at North Petherton; and the Rev. J. W. Blore, late of Norwich, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Poyle.

The Rev. Patrick Thomson has resigned the pastorate of the Castle-green Congregational Church, Bristol. A present of £350 has been made to our honoured brother by many appreciative friends in Bristol and at a distance. The Rev. J. B. Schofield has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Burslem.

Mr. J. Ritche, Airedale College, has accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Woodhouse, near Sheffield; the Rev. T. E. M. Edwards, that of the Church at Castle-street, Launceston; Mr. W. Spurgeon, Cotton-end College, that of the Church at Nether Stowey; the Rev. H. Gee, of the London Missionary Society, that of the Independent Church, Chatteris; and Mr. J. Brignal Walton, of Lancashire Independent College, that of the congregation worshipping in the Old Hall School, Dukinfield.

The Rev. R. Williams has resigned his pastorate at Bethesda, and accepted the invitation of the Welsh Congregational Church, Fetter-lane, London; the Rev. J. H. J. Taylor has removed from Newnham, Gloucestershire, to Colne, Lancashire; the Rev. W. Philips, from Brent, Devon, to Looe, Cornwall.

"SEEN AND HATED."

(John xv. 24.)

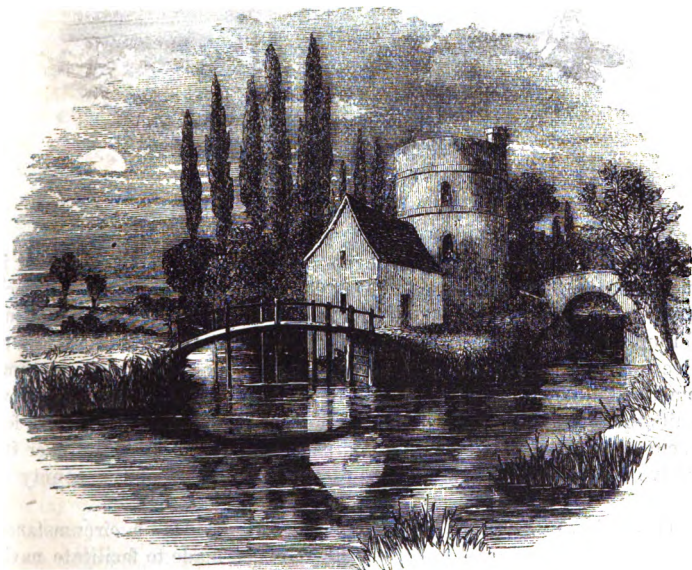
SEEN, and yet hated Thee! they did not see,
They saw Thee not, that saw and hated Thee,
No, no, they saw Thee not, O Life, O Love,
Who saw aught in Thee that their hate could move.

Richard Crashaw

DOWN THE THAMES.

TEN miles distant from the source of the Thames is the ancient market town of Cricklade, in Wiltshire. In this county the brook becomes a perennial stream; but ere long it resumes its course in Gloucestershire, whence it took its rise. Here it washes the foundations of Kempsford, and a palace of the Plantagenets—the outlines of which may yet be traced, and the battlements of which are in some places unbroken.

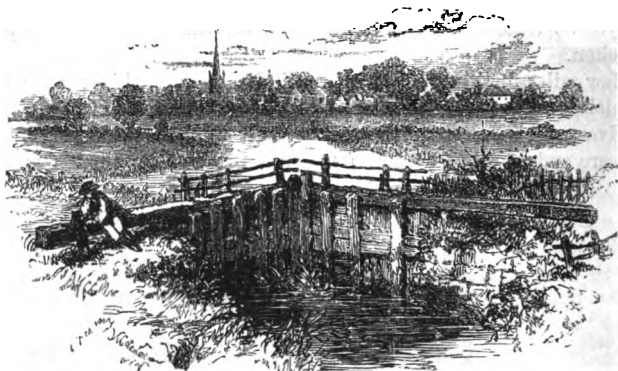
A few miles further and we approach Lechlade, within a mile or so of which is a spot of much interest; for here the waters of the Colne—"a river which every angler loves"—unite with those of the Thames, and here ends the canal which unites the Severn with the Thames. It



JUNCTION OF THE THAMES, THE COLN AND THE CANAL.

appears that a scheme for joining the two great rivers of England by a canal had been entertained so long ago as in the reign of Charles I.; but it was not till 1782 that the work was actually commenced. The scene depicted in the engraving represents the "Round House," as

it is called, hard by the meeting of the two rivers. Along these now navigable waters the commerce of Bristol for many a long year united with that of London, the value of which before the introduction of steam was immense. But superior appliances have caused these to be neglected, the canals are now comparatively deserted, and the lonely waters are not often cloven by the keels of vessels.



THE FIRST LOCK.

A mile from Lechlade we find the first lock on the Thames. It is picturesque in its rudeness. "This lock occurs, however, in a back water, or rather an artificial cut, the main branch of the river flowing through the arches of St. John's Bridge, and passing the village of Beescot, where is found the first example of the lock and weir in combination." The scene around is eminently pastoral; and the river now quits the open meads for a more secluded progress, and having been for some distance a "boundary of Berkshire, it now leaves for ever its native Gloucestershire, and begins to mark the limits of the county of Oxford."

Lower down, at Radcot Bridge, the Thames divides—a circumstance of frequent occurrence—a new cut having been made to facilitate navigation; and ten miles further on we reach New Bridge. On the way we pass a small and lonely cluster of houses, at a stone's throw from the river, which was the site of the ancient Siford or Shefford, where of yore King Alfred held one of his earliest parliaments, at which were "many thanes, many bishops, many learned men, proud earls, and awful knights. There was Earl Alfrie, very learned in the law, and Alfred.

England's herdsman—England's darling. He was king in England: he began to teach them, as we may hear, how they should live."



NEW BRIDGE.

We now reach New Bridge, as it is called; but the bridge, with its groined arches and projecting piers, which give strength to the structure and protection to the traveller, is six centuries old; the oldest, we believe, of all that span the Thames.

"ONLY A COBBLER."

BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

NINETY years ago a shoemaker's apprentice might be seen pursuing his humble calling at the village of Hackleton, in Northamptonshire. Weakness of body had unfitted him for out-door labour; and his parents, who were poor, considered the laudable vocation in which he was engaged as best suited to his capabilities. When, however, only twelve years of age, he showed great activity of mind, and he had always a pleasant look and manner. The village school, of which his father was the master, as well as parish clerk, had taught him little; but he was observed to read eagerly books of an historical and scientific character, and especially the records of voyages and travels. He showed, also, a fondness for botany and drawing; and, having

obtained a copy of a Latin vocabulary, he committed the greater part of it to memory. But when, at the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to Charles Nickolls, the Hackleton shoemaker, it seemed as if his ardent thirst for knowledge was about to be quenched.

Happily it was not so; he found in the shop a few books, and among them a Commentary on the New Testament, the good English of which was interrupted by some hard words which he was told were Greek, and Greek they were all to him; so obtaining a little help he began to learn this unknown tongue. But now his master died, and William Carey became journeyman to one Mr. Ord. The Rev. Thomas Scott, afterwards the well-known and highly-valued commentator, happening, in his pastoral visits, to call, noticed the lad, and thought that despite his leathern apron he looked sensible and thoughtful above his years. As the young shoemaker was the grandson of a parish clerk, he had, as in duty bound, a becoming aversion to all Dissent; but, unhappily for his Church notions, having been brought, through the instrumentality of a fellow servant, under strong religious impressions, he was led to attend the prayer-meetings at a chapel, though he did not relinquish his duties at the parish church. The dawn of Divine truth on his mind, like that of day, was very gradual; but at length many doubts and difficulties were removed; he found peace in believing, and began to preach to others the truth as it is in Jesus. Many years afterwards, the shoemaker's journeyman rose to eminence, and one day when dining with the Marquis of Hastings, the Governor-General of India, at his elegant country seat at Barrackpore, on the Hooghly, a general officer asked an aide-de-camp whether the guest had not been at one time a shoemaker. The latter, overhearing the inquiry, and having always entertained a most humble opinion of his abilities in that craft, immediately stepped forward and said, "No, sir, only a cobbler." We have now to tell how William Carey, once "only a cobbler," came to be received into the palace of a Governor-General, and to have his name written in the glorious heraldry of the benefactors of his race.

At the age of nineteen he first appeared in the pulpit; some time afterwards he preached at the village of Earl's Barton, and continued to do so for three or four years. During this period his views of baptism underwent a change, and he identified himself with the Baptist denomination. Subsequently it was proposed that he should devote himself to the ministry, but he described the sermon he preached before the Church of which he was a member "as having been as crude and weak as anything could be which is called, or has been called, a sermon;" so that it was only through some personal influence

that it was decided to recommend him not to abandon his intention. He was only twenty years of age when he succeeded to the business of Mr. Ord, and married his late master's sister; and the chief or only benefit of this union appears to have been that it gave him opportunity during twenty-five years of cultivating the graces of meekness and charity, which he did most successfully towards a wife who seems to have had no solitary feeling in unison with his own.

Early in 1786 Mr. Carey became pastor of a little church at Moulton, where he endeavoured to keep a school, receiving as he did only eleven pounds a year from the church, with an addition of five pounds from some fund in London. "But," as he facetiously remarked, "when I kept school, it was the boys who kept me;" and the old schoolmaster having unexpectedly returned, Mr. Carey was obliged to betake himself to his former trade for a subsistence. Once a fortnight he might be seen walking a few miles down to Northampton, with his wallet full of shoes on his shoulders, and then returning home with a fresh supply of leather. But, though his outward circumstances were so humble, he was now associated with such men as Robert Hall, sen., of Arnsby; Andrew Fuller, of Kettering; and Dr. John Ryland; "from whose friendship he derived much encouragement and benefit.

One day, while instructing his pupils in geography, and describing the degradation of the heathen world, as illustrated in the voyages of Captain Cook and others, a new and strange thought took possession of his mind, absorbed his thoughts, and was still uppermost when he was obliged to relinquish his school and fall back on manual labour. A large map, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together, on which he had noted down, in their respective places, all the information he could gather regarding the national characteristics, the population, and the religion of the various countries then known, was suspended on his wall. To this, while making or mending shoes, his eye was frequently raised; and his mind began to busy itself in traversing different regions of the globe, and in devising plans for the diffusion among them of Divine truth. "A sublimer thought," said Mr. Wilberforce in Parliament twenty years afterwards, "cannot be conceived than when a poor cobbler formed the resolution to give to the millions of Hindoos the Bible in their own language."

It seems strange at this time of day—but the fact must not be overlooked—that there was but little sympathy with his views on the part of even his ministerial brethren, and when at a meeting at Northampton Mr. Carey proposed for discussion, "the duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the gospel among heathen nations," even Mr. Fuller was

startled by the novelty and magnitude of the proposal; and Mr. Ryland, senior, springing to his feet, denounced it, and said, "Young man, sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine."

On becoming the pastor of a Church in Leicester, Mr. Carey's zeal and labour were unremitting in self-cultivation, in preaching the gospel in the town and in the villages around, while the more he mused on the cause of missions to the heathen the more the fire burned. At an association meeting, held in Nottingham, in May, 1792, he preached on the words of God by the prophet Isaiah: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtain of thy habitations. Spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."* Thence he deduced and enforced two principles, "Expect great things; attempt great things," and thus he laid the foundation of the Baptist Missionary Society. But to carry on the work was a matter of prodigious difficulty. "When we began," said Mr. Fuller, "there was little or no respectability among us; not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to make speeches to him. Hence good Dr. Stennett advised the London ministers to stand aloof and not commit themselves."

India was chosen as the first sphere of labour; but the East India Company would grant no license to such a man as Mr. Carey to proceed thither, and it was only after great anxiety and effort that he reached Calcutta in a Danish vessel, on the 11th November, 1793. Without delay he gave himself to all kinds of missionary toil, and with him, in the course of time, Messrs. Marshman and Ward became associated, agreeing to form a common stock, and establishing themselves at Serampore, on the right bank of the Hooghly, about fourteen miles from Calcutta.

On the 7th of February, 1801, Mr. Carey enjoyed the supreme gratification of receiving from the press the last sheet of the Bengalee New Testament, on which he had been engaged from the time of his arrival in India—a work that had been pressed on with such diligence that the printing of the volume, a large portion of which Mr. Ward set with his own hands, was completed, under every possible disadvantage, in nine months. As soon as the first copy was bound it was placed on the communion table in the chapel, and a meeting was held of the whole of the mission family to offer a tribute of gratitude to God for this great blessing.

* Isaiah liv. 2, 3.

On the establishment of the college of Fort William, in Calcutta, by Lord Wellesley, Mr. Carey was appointed teacher of the Bengalee language on a salary of 500 rupees a month. At the annual disputation he addressed the then Governor-General, Lord Wellesley, in the Sanscrit language; and though many who surrounded that eminent man had opposite feelings, he emphatically said, "I esteem such a testimony from such a man a greater honour than the applause of courts and parliaments." Mr. Carey was soon raised to a professorship, and his allowance increased from 500 to 1,000 rupees a month.

A violent opposition to his and to all missionary labours now arose in England as well as India, when Southey came to the defence, and thus alluded to Mr. Carey and his associates:—"These low-born and low-bred mechanics have translated the whole Bible into Bengalee, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanscrit, Orissa, the Mahratta, the Hindostanee, the Guzerattee, and translating it into Persic, Telinga, Carnata, Chinese, the language of the Sikhs, and the Burmese. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear still more so when it is remembered that of these men one was originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and the third the master of a charity school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time these low-born, low-bred mechanics have done more to spread the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished or even attempted by all the world besides."

Mr., now Dr., Carey married, as his second wife, Miss Rhumohr, who was eminently pious; it was her constant habit to compare every verse of Scripture she read in the German, Italian, French, and English versions, and never to pass by a difficulty till it was cleared up. In this respect she was of eminent service to her husband in the translation of the Scriptures, while she entered most heartily into all the concerns of the mission. The period in which Dr. Carey was blessed with her society was the happiest of his life.

Great trials, however, had to be encountered, for which, as well as for other circumstances of intense interest, we must refer to "The Story of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the Serampore Missionaries, by John Clark Marshman." Very early, as it seemed to all concerned, occurred the death of this invaluable woman; among those who offered the bereaved their kind condolence were the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings.

At the age of sixty-two Dr. Carey married Mrs. Hughes, a widow of forty-five; and, "perhaps," Mr. Ward remarked, "he could not have

found in India a more suitable match." There appeared to be twenty-six languages and dialects among the hundred and fifty million inhabitants of the continent of India, and of these one half had now passed through the press, with the first complete edition of the sacred Scriptures ever printed in the Chinese language, and the first Chinese work in which movable metallic types were substituted for the immemorial block-printing. Dr. Carey experienced several severe attacks of illness in 1833, from which he partially recovered, but his constitution was evidently exhausted by forty years of incessant labour in the climate of Bengal, without a visit to England, or even a voyage to sea to recruit his strength. After he had completed the last revision of the Bengalee translation, he felt that his course was run and his work accomplished. He, however, continued his labours when scarcely able to sit at his desk. But increasing debility constrained him at length to relax his favourite occupation of revising the proof sheets of the Scriptures, and take to his couch, to which he was confined several months before his death. In the prospect of dissolution he exhibited neither rapture nor apprehension. He reposed entire confidence in the all-meritorious atonement of the Redeemer, and felt perfect resignation to the Divine will. He enjoined on his executors that the only memorial on his tomb should consist of this inscription :—

WILLIAM CAREY,

BORN, AUGUST, 1761 ; DIED,

"A WRETCHED, POOR, AND HELPLESS WORM,
ON THY KIND ARMS I FALL."

OUR SCHOOL : ITS RESOURCES.

WINTER, with us, as I suppose with all Ragged Schools, was "the season." Then, the pleasant fields and hedgerows, which in summer make so many truants, proved less attractive than the blazing fires which always welcomed to their side our little shoeless half-clad scholars. Whatever else we wanted we always kept good fires, and it was delightful to see their cheerful glow reflected on smiling faces, which on coming in had been pinched with cold. We did all that lay in our power to help our children to warmer clothing, but, among so many, that "all" was little indeed.

Once also in each winter we gave them a feast of roast beef and plum pudding, to their great gratification, and our own too. On one of these

occasions a little girl was crying for admission, and trying in vain to reach the latch, when one of the clergymen of the city, passing by, noticed the child, and kindly opened the door for her to enter. Drawn by the sound of many young and happy voices he came in after her, and our school thus acquired a valuable and constant friend.

Feasts and fires, however, like most other things, cost money, and our reliable income from all quarters amounted to less than three shillings per week, while our weekly expenditure reached six shillings. Yet, only in one instance—impelled by peculiar circumstances—did we ever ask for help, save of Him who holdeth the hearts of all men in His hand; and but once, for one short half-hour, did we lack the needful supplies.

It was our custom to pay our rent every fortnight; and one pay-day, my companion being absent, I set out alone, with fifteen pence in my purse to pay five shillings! I passed and repassed the gate of the house whither I was bound, doubting whether to go in and say that we must leave the rent until the next week, or wait a little longer. Still pondering, I turned sharply in my walk, and met the clergyman of whom I have spoken. He asked about the school, and then about its finances. "We have always had enough hitherto," I replied, "but seldom much to spare."

"Indeed, I should think not," he said; "I wonder if I have any money with me?" I wondered too, as he took out his purse, and looking it over, handed me all its contents, wishing they were more. There was three shillings and ninepence, which, with the one shilling and threepence in hand, made up the needed five shillings. It may well be imagined with what new cheer I went upon my way, thanking God, and taking courage.

Had I been rich that day I had intended to have ordered firewood, knowing that there was none wherewith to kindle the fires on the coming Wednesday, but this was now out of the question. I could only trust that this want also would be met.

Having paid the rent, I was taking leave of our landlady, when she said, "I have been thinking that you might find some use for the cuttings of the plantation, and have desired the gardener to save them for you. Can you send some of your boys for them?" With a lightened heart I promised, and had soon the satisfaction of seeing a fair-sized stack of wood built up in the corner of the yard, which lasted us all the winter. Thus God was "better to us than our fears."

As we grew to be known and welcomed in the homes of our scholars, it became our habit to take a Bible with us, and to read a short passage of Scripture whenever we found willing listeners and fitting opportunity;

and in two of the houses we often had quite a little congregation. It was not uncommon to find the room put in order, seats placed for us, and a company of ten, twelve, or even more, gathered in expectation of our coming. Sometimes one or two would appear surly and inclined to have nothing to do with us ; but as we entered with the invariable Irish salutation, " God save all here ! " the sternest and most unpromising would relax into a smile, and join in the response, " God save you kindly ! "

On one such occasion we found two or three strangers in the company — fresh importations from the "ould counthry." One of them was a blind lad, a fiddler, and his young brother was with him. He had come over to seek his fortune, having been told that guineas were more plentiful in England than halfpence in Ireland, and he appeared much cast down and discouraged by the condition in which he found his fellow-countrymen. We spoke to him cheeringly, though not of getting money, leading him rather to speak of his blindness, his music, and his home. He played us a sweet solemn passage from some mass music I fancy, and then we told him of the golden harps of heaven, and the sweet singing there. " If you learn to love the Lord Jesus now," I said, " you will see His beautiful face some day, and sing His praise to your harp of gold. None are *dark* (blind) in heaven."

" By your lave, ma'am," said a tall man who had been listening silently, " there is one man dark in heaven."

" Indeed," I said ; " can you tell us about him ? I never heard of him before."

" Nor I, nor I," said one and another. So our new friend began : — " 'Twas a man, my lady, as was makin' a bargain about somethin' he was selling, and he swore a false oath that the things was good. ' An' if they're not,' says he, ' may I niver see God ! ' An' the things was not good at all, ye see, my lady, but bad intirely. So, by-and-by, Pat he dies, and comes up to the gate of heaven, knocking and thrying to get in. ' Who is it, at all ? ' says St. Pether, lookin' out. ' Sure, Saint Pether, your honour, it's me—its Pat ! ' Thin whin Saint Pether seed who 'twas, says he, quite angry like, ' Be aff wid ye, ye spalpeen ! What are ye afther, comin' here for ? ' says he. ' Didn't ye say that ye'd niver see God ? and sorra a sight of Him shall ye see ! ' ' Och, thin, Saint Pether, dear ! ' says poor Pat, all ov a thrimble, " what'll I do ? och, what'll I do ? Have pity on me, an' let me come in ! ' Well, Saint Pether was willin' enough, bless him ! but what could he do ? At last whin he'd thought a bit, he says to one ov the angels, ' Be aff,' says he, ' to the alther, and fitch me a red-hot poker.' So the angel flew aff,

and brought the poker, all hot it was, an' burnin' intirely. An' Saint Pether put out Pat's eyes wid it, and thin, poor ould boy, they let him in, and in he wint safe enough! So you see, ma'am, there's *one* dark in heaven."

In almost breathless silence had this extraordinary narrative been listened to, and now the eyes which had been fastened on the speaker turned to me.

"Do you thiink this story is true?" I asked.

"How shouldn't it be thrue?" returned the man, rather defiantly, "whin his riverence tould it me himself?"

"I should have thought," I rejoined, "that his reverence told it you as a sort of parable—a story with a meaning—to show you what a dreadful thing it is to speak falsely, and to take God's holy name in vain." The man was eager for discussion; but that, for our children's sake, we always avoided. So my friend opened her Bible, and read the history of blind Bartimeus, leaving it to tell to each heart how different was the pitiful intervention of Saint Peter in the priest's story, from the tender compassion of the Saviour.

As we were leaving, the blind youth said, earnestly, "So you think, lady, that I'll not be 'dark' if I get to heaven?"

"No, Larry, I do not think you will."

"What for do you think so?" he inquired.

"Because God's book says that 'God is light,' and that 'we shall be like Him.'"

We saw poor Larry almost daily during the week or two that he remained in England, and read to him all the Scriptures which in any way spoke of the blind. They were naturally of greatest interest to him, and he and his brother also listened eagerly. As, however, the days passed, and no fortune began to accumulate, they grew sadly home-sick, and with the help of a few kind friends we sent them back to their dear native isle. A directed newspaper which we had given them, posted from their own village, told us of their safe arrival, and we heard no more of our young fiddler. He carried back with him, however, several hymns, rich in Gospel truth, whose tunes and words too he had picked up from the children, and which he delighted to sing to his violin; and the spiritual darkness of both brothers was certainly modified by many a ray of Divine light, which we trust were not doomed to go out in deeper obscurity, but rather to brighten into the "perfect day."

M. I. K. C.

Bath.

A GOOD TEACHER.

A LACK of good teachers is the crying want of almost every Sunday-school. There are certain qualities needed in a good teacher, which are not always met with in those who teach in our Sunday-schools, but which may be attained by right efforts. And even teachers of any kind are often so scarce as to weaken the efforts of the superintendent.

The good teacher, of course, has a love for the work; which is the fruit of the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Piety is needed to enable the teacher to bring out the life of our holy religion. Christian experience arms the teacher with power not known to the world.

Christian love and earnestness are however, not all that is needed. The teacher must be "apt to teach." Not only is it required that some fitness to hear children tell what is in the lesson be at hand; but the teacher ought to be able, also, further to explain and enforce the truths of the lesson. To this end some special study is needed. Some teachers only hear the scholars read, or "say their lessons." No new interest, no enlivening remark, no leading question is thrown in to fix attention and enforce truth. Dull and dry, all the life is gone. The class grows tired, dwindles, and at last breaks up. No wonder; for what is here to hold them together?

Punctual, also, is the good teacher. Not only at the post of duty every Sunday, but there, too, always in time. Nothing so disheartens a class as the failure of their teacher to meet them regularly. A punctual teacher will make the scholars also to be regularly in their seats; and, if they are absent, will visit them until they need no further looking after for this cause. Such teachers have good classes.

Active and zealous the good teacher will also be found to be. If there are not scholars enough to fill the class, it will be an occasion for hunting up and gathering in others till the number grows large. A large class generally speaks well for the teacher, while classes always declining are a source of shame. Faithful effort by the teacher will generally succeed.

Patient and prayerful, the good teacher is not soon discouraged, if no fruits at first appear. The sower who sows the seed finds some producing thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold; even though some others fall by the wayside, or on stony ground, or among thorns. The seed grows secretly. No work, in the doing of it, seems for the most part more thankless and ill rewarded than teaching in the Sunday-school.

But the good teacher does this thankless work for Jesus' sake; and the reward will come, if not here, in heaven. To get up and get ready

early on a Sunday morning; to let no small hindrance keep you from your place in the Sunday-school; to meet a dull class; to see no fruit of grace appear—all this and much more is not pleasant to the flesh; but faith helps to do it all for Jesus.

The good Sunday-school teacher, therefore, has Christian love, a pious soul, a warm heart, a well-stored mind, an interesting lesson, a punctual habit, an active zeal, a patient spirit, a prayerful faith, a firm hope, and a self-sacrificing will, in this service of the Master. Though few have all these graces to begin with, yet may they cultivate them in the fulness of Jesus Christ, in whom we are complete.

Such teachers are needed in every Sunday-school. If the Church had more of them, the results of Sunday-school efforts would be more fruitful. It is for the members of the Church themselves to attain to these excellent gifts of grace, as far as may be, to the glory of our faithful Saviour, who has charged us to "Feed my lambs." The humble and loving teacher will receive such little ones in Christ's name, and so receive Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

ISAAC WATTS.

BY THE REV. J. SPENCER PEARSALL.

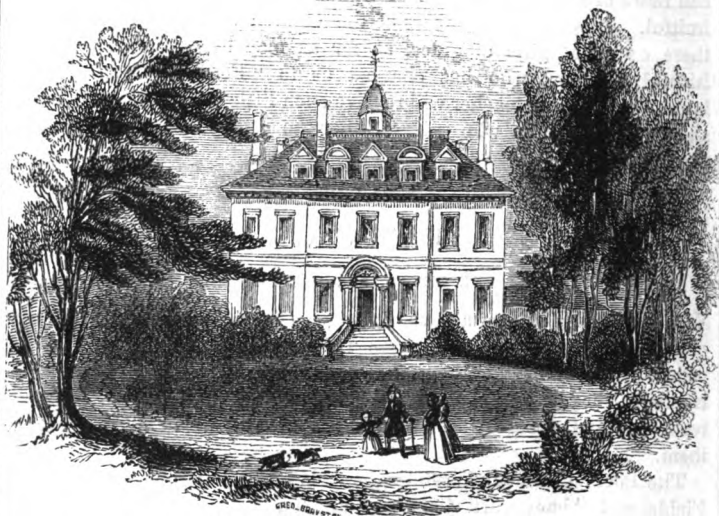
WHEN standing before a memorial statue, how often does the spectator praise the sculptor, whose name is sufficiently conspicuous on the pedestal, whilst little is thought of those who have silently and unobtrusively shaped the character of the hero; their names are seldom recorded, and posterity knows not the debt of obligation it owes to them.

The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, Southampton Park, Bunhill Fields, and Abney Park Cemetery, all contain memorials of our poet and divine; and it is hoped that the following sketch may make the next visit to these spots more interesting.

The father of our hymnist lived in Southampton, in which town he kept a highly-respectable school, and also served as a deacon in the Above-bar Independent Church. His fidelity to conscience exposed him, as well as others, to the persecution in the reign of Charles II. In a pocket-book MS. of Dr. Watts, headed "Memorable Affairs in my Life," there is a note:—"1683, My father persecuted and imprisoned for Nonconformity, six months. After that forced to leave his family, and live privately for two years." Tradition records the touching spec-

tacle of a weeping woman sitting on a stone against the prison wall, nestling her babe in her warm bosom, and protecting it by her cloak from the biting cold. That woman was the wife of him that was then lying in the cell, "the prisoner of Jesus," and the honoured mother of the child of promise. It appears to have been the habit of this excellent woman to employ her husband's pupils out of school hours in composing verses, for which she offered the reward of one farthing. On one occasion little Isaac was tempted to write the following couplet:—

"I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing writers can outvie."



ABNEY HOUSE.

"The poet is born a poet, not made so." Still, who can say how far this humble practice might have influenced the course of the future poet. One thing may be affirmed, that his conscientiousness, and valour for the faith may be traced to early training and parental example.

Young Watts pursued his classical studies under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Pinhorne, rector of All Saints, Southampton. We say direction, for the mind of this youth needed no stimulating. Southey remarks that his intellect must have been dangerously precocious. Watts in after days regretted his excessive application to study, which

had shattered his nervous system, and has left a warning against overstraining the mind which young students would do well to heed.

The advantages derived from Dr. Pinhorne's instructions were duly appreciated, and, in grateful acknowledgment, Watts inscribed a Latin Pindaric Ode to his tutor, whom he styled "the faithful preceptor of my younger years." Happy would it be for old England if every tutor merited such praise, and every pupil was as ready to award it.

The neighbourhood of Stoke Newington is identified with the memories of Fleetwood, Daniel Defoe, Thomas Day, and John Howard.



LIBRARY IN ABNEY HOUSE.

Here also, in the house of Sir John Hartoff, Bart., Watts resided from 1696 to 1702 as a tutor, and continued an inmate after he had commenced his pastorate.

Here also was the seat of Sir Thomas Abney, Bart., to whose mansion Watts was invited during his affliction, and where he remained thirty-six years in unbroken friendship, receiving visits from the Countess of Huntingdon and other distinguished persons. The house occupied a site near to the spot where the statue of Watts now stands in Abney

Park Cemetery. Until taken down, it was often visited for the purpose of seeing the library, and also the turret, which commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country. It was in these places, as well as under the avenue of trees, and on the mount still remaining, that Watts composed some of his richest productions. Such scenery would suggest many a figure. Tradition records that it was at Southampton, while "looking out on the beautiful harbour and river, and on the green glades of the New Forest on its further banks, that the idea suggested itself to Dr. Watts of 'a land of pure delight,' and of 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.'"

The Christian Church owes a debt of lasting gratitude to Sir Thomas Abney and his lady for the care they took of Dr. Watts, and their example suggests how the usefulness of ministers might be greatly increased by the hospitality, liberality, and sympathy of friends.

The stature of Watts was diminutive. The following anecdote may cheer some readers who fain would add to their stature. When sitting in a public room with some friends, a person sneeringly asked, "What! is that the great Dr. Watts?" Overhearing the rude remark, the truly great man, unoffended, turned round, and, with the occasional humour and playfulness of Cowper, repeated one of his own stanzas:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

"For his own sake," says the Rev. Josiah Miller, in his admirable book, "Our Hymns; their Authors and Origin," "we must regret the weakness and suffering of Dr. Watts' life; yet, since thereby opportunities for retirement and composition were afforded him, and his deep experiences became the riches of the church, we cannot but recognize therein the wisdom and goodness of a superintending Providence. When the venerable poet, at the age of seventy-five, approached his end, he expressed himself as 'waiting God's leave to die.' And thus he entered into his rest."

It was not long before his death he purposed to write "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but his increasing infirmities led him to urge his friend, Dr. Doddridge, to fill up the outline of the work which he himself had drawn. In a letter to a friend, Doddridge writes, "I am hard at work on my book of 'The Rise and Progress of Religion,' which Dr. Watts is impatient to see, and I am eager to finish, lest he should slip away to heaven before it is done."

It cannot be said that "no man knoweth of his sepulchre." "His sepulchre is with us unto this day." On the one side of the City Road is the Methodist chapel, with John Wesley's tomb behind it; and on the other side is Bunhill Fields, in which burial ground will be found the remains of John Wesley's mother and others, of whom the world was not worthy, including Isaac Watts. The tomb is unpretending, and bears a modest epitaph, which he himself prepared.—In alluding to Bunhill Fields, this Campo Santo of Dissenters, as Southey termed it, we may express a wish that no expense will be spared in laying down public gravel walks, planting avenues of trees, and erecting tasteful monuments. We would, without any pharisaism, build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and thus make this memorable cemetery an attraction. We are looking for a "Memorial Hall," let us prize a memorial burial place. The times passing over us suggest this remark.

Whilst Watts was the author of many valuable prose works, posterity will know him as "the Poet of the Sanctuary," or rather as the Hymnist. Charles Wesley has been styled "the Poet of Methodism," but Watts could not be called the poet of Independency, if by that title it be implied that his hymns remind us of the denomination to which he belonged. Both these writers, however, are welcomed by the universal church, and no hymnal is thought complete unless it be enriched with their verses.

Our great men of different schools have agreed in their high estimate of the abilities, charitable spirit, and piety of Watts. "He was," writes Montgomery, "almost the inventor of hymns in our language." In a recent Church Congress, Sir Roundell Palmer generously said, "The Independents, as represented by Dr. Watts, have a just claim to be considered the real founders of modern English Hymnology. . . . It is the fashion with some to disparage Watts. . . . I cannot dissemble my opinion that more hymns, which approach to a very high standard of excellence, may be found in his works than in those of any other single writer in the English language." Robert Hall, alluding to Watts's "Improvement of the Mind"—a work which should be found in every Sunday School Library,—writes, "It may be considered as an English classic, which it would be nearly as absurd for any living author to recommend as the papers of Addison or the poetry of Milton." Dr. Johnson, whose prejudices were strong, writes [in his "Lives of the Poets:"]—"Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened

readers of Malebranche and Locke ; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined ; he has taught the art of reasoning and the science of the stars."

No man has more deserved a monument, and no man has less needed one than Watts. In every home, every Sunday school, every congregation, Watts has a monument more durable than stone, for in all these will be found children repeating his Catechisms, or lisping his Divine Songs, whilst the fathers will be heard singing, "When I survey the wondrous Cross." And Watts has long been a pillar in the temple of God. If there be recognition in heaven, surely Watts, as well as David, must be pointed to as a sweet singer of Israel, who supplied millions when on earth with words to express and quicken the affections of their heart. It is worthy of record, that the first hymn which Watts composed for the use of the congregation was, "Behold the glories of the Lamb." Christ was the key-note throughout his life as a preacher and an author ; his motto was "that Christ might be magnified ;" and he has long since realized the fulfilment of the promise, "Them that honour me I will honour."

THE LATE REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

COMING among you, on this sad occasion, said the Rev. Dr. Candlish, in his funeral sermon for Dr. Hamilton, I have thought it best, instead of preparing a formal funeral oration, simply to preach the gospel ; believing that this is the most becoming course in itself, and the course which he, whose presence haunts us this day, would have preferred had he had a choice, as I would prefer it when my time comes. For the same reason my words must now be few ; I could not make them many without fairly breaking down ; I must premise, however, that I have a message from himself to deliver to you. It is this :—"Love to the session and congregation," to some by name and many more. "If any inquire the ground of my confidence, it is not that I have been a minister of the gospel, or have been kept from some sins, for I feel utterly unworthy ; my hope is in the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, and in that blood which cleanseth from all sin. And I wish to go into God's presence as the rest have gone—a sinner saved by grace—a sinner saved by grace." That is James Hamilton's latest message to you. Lay it solemnly to heart, as I desire to lay it to heart myself.

With this preface I may be allowed to give utterance most inadequately to some impressions and reminiscences clustering in my mind around James Hamilton, and my intercourse with him. I so

loved your pastor, that I cannot venture publicly to enlarge on the grounds and reasons for the love I had for him. Nor is it needful. For what commended him to my love won the love of all who knew him. The intimacy of friendship might make the love closer and warmer in degree, but scarcely different in kind, from what mere acquaintanceship created. Such was the transparency of his nature, such the perfectly guileless simplicity of his character, that none could ever meet him without knowing him, and none could know him without loving him.

He felt this love in a dying hour. Let a brief notice of a brotherly conversation, shortly before his death, attest how he felt it. "He was in no way surprised," writes his brother William, "at seeing me step into his room, and welcomed me in his own peculiar manner. 'My dear William, how glad I am to see you! how kind of you to come so far.' 'I have just come,' was the reply, 'to let you know, dear James, how many of us are envying you your happiness in being so near home.' 'I sometimes hope it may be so,' was the rejoinder, 'and yet I may perhaps be disappointed.' 'No, James, dear, you won't be disappointed in this, for you cannot be long here, you will be at home in a day or two, or perhaps in a few hours.' He then brightened up," writes his brother, "and gave me such a loving look, 'O William, you have brought me good news indeed, how kind of you to tell me this.'"

After a short silence the conversation was resumed, "I have been preaching, James, lately, from the words 'Whilst we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord;' and I have been much interested in finding that in the Greek, the expression in the next verse, 'to be absent from the body and present with the Lord,' may be rendered, 'at home with the Lord;' 'at home,' because of His being there; 'at home,' because the family are gathered there. 'Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!' said the dying man; 'and that,' said his brother, 'is the meaning of 'I go to prepare a place for you,' 'I go to prepare a home for you.'" Then, after a pause, the dying man added, "Oh, William! you are a happy man, you are strong and well, and you have the wondrous privilege of preaching the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ." Asking for his brother's wife and children, and being told they all sent their love to him, he said, "Oh, do you know I am lying in love, and hemmed in by love on every side; there is nothing but love around me, I don't say within me, for I am not so full of love as I should be." Here his voice failed. Is not this James Hamilton all over? "lying in love," "hemmed in by love on every side," "nothing but love around me, only too little love within me!" What genuine thankfulness and humility! It was the very fulness of his love that made him feel a shortcoming; he

loved so much that he could never be satisfied that he loved enough.

And there was no weakness in his love. It was not feeble sentiment, but strong manly affection. For it is love in truth; in the truth of God; the truth as it is in Jesus. Never was there any compromise of principle on his side, nor any indulgent softness towards error or sin. But he loved to find the substance of truth where others might have failed to see it, among all sorts of men holding the Head, which is Christ Jesus our Lord. Warmly as he was attached to the creed and polity of our free Calvinistic and Presbyterian communion, and ably as he maintained and defended them when in peril, he belonged emphatically to the Church Catholic—the brotherhood of all the saints. All true men, in all the denominations, claimed kindred to him, and had their claim allowed. Witness the universal anxiety of so many various pastors and congregations during his illness, and their universal grief now. Witness the quite unexampled spectacle of last Friday; so many of all varieties of religious sentiment and views thronging this house and crowding round the open grave. His loss falls heavily on you, my friends, who have been wont to hang upon his charmed lips here, and to welcome him to your homes where his presence made sunshine.

All Christendom laments him. You have the whole family of God's people with you in your sorrow. All will miss him, and will feel that at such a time as this such a man can ill be spared. For he was indeed, to use our Scottish poet's words, "A rare man." Gifted originally with an extraordinary combination of qualities of mind and heart, any one of which separately might have made another man distinguished—a fine poetic temperament, a subtle vein of humour, an apt and pointed wit, a keen sense and relish of beauty, a quick eye for all natural objects animate and inanimate, a correct and capacious memory, a power of exact thought and orderly arrangement not certainly at all common, fluency of beautiful speech, and a ready pen not often excelled. He had cultivated these tastes and talents by untiring study from early youth, and he continued to cultivate them to the last. Thus, over every theme he touched he threw the halo of a bright pictorial imagination, and could draw illustrations to profusion from all the realms of nature, and well nigh all the sciences and arts of life.

Need I speak of his amiability, his warm-heartedness, his joyousness, his wide sympathies, his unselfish generosity; or of the ardent zeal, and the thorough disinterestedness, and that elevated type and tone of piety and charity which won the admiration and esteem of the world, as well as the confidence of all the Churches? He was a man greatly

beloved, repaying with usury all the love he won. But I must have done with eulogy of his personal character ; nor can I dwell on his services to the Church of which he was one of the busiest of men ; and, yet always at leisure, because always at peace. I offered myself for this duty, knowing that it would be very trying and very painful ; but not able to resist the impulse moving me to pay this tribute to the memory of my brother in the Lord. I knew him, if not from his boyhood, at least from his ripening youth. I watched his college career, in so far as it was under my eye, with sanguine expectations of his fame. At the close of it I chose him to be my fellow-labourer in my parochial works. His first sermon was preached in my parochial mission-house, and the beginning of his ministry was with me. I had a chief hand in sending him to London—in introducing him to your notice, and persuading him to accept your call. Our relations since have been of the closest kind ; we have exchanged pulpits for successive Sabbaths when the exciting work of the crisis of the ten years' conflict compelled my prolonged residence here, and down to the close of his ministry our pastoral fellowship, like our personal, continued unabated. I part with him now, as I ask you to part with him, in words of his own translation from a song of the land of Luther :—

“Gone to a realm of sweet repose,
Our convoy follows as he goes ;
Of toil and moil his day was full,
A good sleep now ! The night is cool.

“Ye village bells, ring, softly ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring,
Which, from the weary work-day tryst,
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ.

“And open wide, thou Gate of Peace,
And let this other journey cease ;
Ner grudge a narrow couch, dear neighbours,
For slumbers won by life-long labours.

“Beneath these sods how close ye lie,
But many a mansion's in yon sky :
Even now, beneath the sapphire throne,
Is his prepared, through God's dear Son.

“‘I quickly come,’ that Saviour cries :
‘Yea, quickly come !’ this churchyard sighs :
Come, Jesus, come ! we wait for Thee,
Thine now and ever let us be.”

THE WALKING DOLL.

FOR CHILDREN.

MABEL sat up in the nursery waiting nurse's return with mamma's answer. She thought it must be favourable, for she heard talking just outside mamma's bedroom, and she knew what that meant. Yes, Mabel guessed right. Nurse came in with a smile, and said, "As Miss May had been so good, had put all her drawers tidy, had mended that torn frock, and for a whole morning had behaved like a little lady, her mamma would take her for a walk into Regent Street, and let her see the wonderful doll." This had been a promise to Mabel for some days, that she should go to see the walking doll; her cousins had told her of it and it was the greatest wish Mabel had. The capering and dancing that went on at the side of mamma would have been called "tomboyish" by nurse, "but then you know, mamma," Mabel said, "nurse is so very old—she must be nearly a hundred—and does not care a bit for dolls, and does not know how happy I am." Nurse, by the bye, was not quite half the age her little lady thought her; and she often showed a good deal of interest in dolls, I am sure, for she dressed up numbers of them, some like girls and some like boys, to please the children.

"Mamma, I did not think Regent Street was so long," and of course it was not longer that day, but you all know how much longer it takes us to go to a place when we want to be there very much. "I am sure, I am sure that is the shop," shouted Mabel; "do look how many people there are standing outside looking at the doll. What would nurse say? I do believe they are going to jump and scream." But Mabel's guess was not right this time; the people were too big to jump, and too well behaved to scream; besides, they had lived so long in the world that they only screamed when they were frightened, not when they were pleased. When the lady and little girl had watched the doll walk twice across the shop window, they went in and asked the price of one. The shop was full of beautiful toys—cocks that crowed, hens that cackled, dogs that barked, donkeys that brayed, &c.; but nothing was so pretty to Mabel as the lovely pink and white dolls that walked so grandly. Mamma gave the money; it was a great deal, certainly, but then she could spare it well, and her little girl was a great pet. When the box was opened at home, the key was taken out of wadding, and then Mrs. Doll was wound up just like a watch. She was put on the table—a long one in the dining-room, and she walked down it, making a clicking noise every step she took, but she looked so grand and pretty, she held up her head, and was, nurse said, "quite a pattern to Miss May."

May was delighted. She called her "dear doll," "my pretty pet," and carried her off to the nursery. While she had her dinner, Mrs. Doll sat up in a high chair by her side, and directly she had finished, more walking began. All the afternoon till the boys came home, and then again in the drawing-room in the evening, that doll must I think have walked miles. "How funny, mamma, that she goes wherever I wish her, and I have only just to wind her up."

"Yes," said Tom, "it's all very well for a girl, but I like a thing with a will of its own; just fancy my hoop going on whether I whipped it or not."

"But mamma," said May, "I think it is so nice to be *obliged* to go right," and then when she gave the long good-night kiss, she whispered, "I do so wish you would wind me up with a great key, and then I should be so good, and nurse would never find fault, and my drawers would always be so tidy, and I should never be a tomboy and get up trees, and you and nurse and everybody would love me a great deal more."

"I don't think I should, my dear," said mamma; "but if you try, and if you ask God to help, you will get over all your naughty ways."

And then once more they said good night, and mamma promised she would come and look at Mabel when she was asleep. So, hugging the doll, she went off to her pretty white bed, and good nurse let her have the new toy laid on the pillow, and told her to cuddle down and make haste off to sleep. May went to sleep very quickly; but after a little while she began to dream; only she thought, as sleeping people do, that she was quite awake. And this was her dream.

She dreamt that mamma came to kiss her as she always did every night, and that she brought a great key which she put to the back of her child's head and wound her up. Screw, screw, screw it went, and she felt the key twisting. It seemed very funny, but she did not mind, because she thought it was to make her a good girl. The next morning, so she dreamt, feeling herself wound up, it was quite easy to do everything well. Nurse said "she was a nice little lady, and hoped her good conduct would last." Papa and mamma seemed pleased; and Mabel often said to herself, "Yes, I like being wound up; everybody is so pleased with me." All that day, so she dreamt, things went on so easily; she got into no troubles, she learnt her lessons well, walked out quietly, made no mess, and was never scolded. Everybody, however, said, "Yes, she is good, but she is obliged to be, for she is wound up and cannot be naughty." Her brothers took hardly any notice of her; they would not ask her to play. "May's wound up," they said, "and

cannot choose ; it's all *must* with her ; she's too good for us." Poor Mabel was hurt, but she knew she could not choose, and had to sit in the house, with nurse to praise her, which was nothing half so nice as playing. Tom upset the pretty gold fish and mamma was sorry, because the poor things died of fright on the carpet before a basin could be brought. She looked very grieved, so Mabel dreamt, when she saw the water over the room, but the boys said they would be more careful next time, and mamma kissed them, saying she was pleased when they tried to be good. The tears came into little May's eyes ; she felt herself so unlike all the others, she could not *try* to do anything, it was all *must* with her, as the boys truly said ; and it was so dull and stupid living like that ; she felt more like the great clock in the hall than anything else. So she sat down on the hearthrug in front of the fire and began to cry. And while she sat there she dreamt that mamma kissed her and said, " Why is my pet crying ? " But there, that was no dream at all, for Mabel opened her eyes, found herself in bed, and mamma with a candle standing by her. She jumped up, threw her arms round her neck and sobbed. And it was only a dream after all ; and she was so glad to find she was not wound up, but could choose what she should do and what she should not. Mamma shook up her pillow, laid the little head upon it, and whispered some sweet words about the dear Jesus who helps children, as well as grown up people, to *choose* the right. And all her life afterwards she was thankful that she was not a machine made like clock-work, but that she was a free intelligent being who though she often made mistakes, yet *tried* to serve Christ, and who learned to say, " I delight to do thy will, O my God ; yea, thy law is *within my heart*." Y.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE Irish Church Establishment is, with the exception perhaps of Fenianism, the subject which most engrosses the attention of politicians, and on which religious parties are most anxious. It seems, as Mr. Goldwin Smith asserts, that its hour has come, and that the Irish Church must go, because it is based neither upon reason, nor equity, nor expediency. That a determined struggle will be made by both friends and foes is very evident. Plans of defence as well as of attack are being arranged. It has been said that the Irish laity do not oppose the Irish Church. To disprove that assertion a manifesto has been got up by Roman Catholic laymen, and has been

signed by six lords and twenty-two members of Parliament, and others of rank and standing. The document declares that the Irish people feel as their Protestant fellow-countrymen in England, Ireland, or Scotland, would feel if they were subjected to a like injustice. It expresses the opinion on the part of the Roman Catholic laity that without religious equality there cannot be that respect for law, nor those relations of mutual good-will, which are the true foundations of national greatness. This manifesto on the part of the Irish laymen has called forth a counter declaration in defence of the Irish Establishment almost as numerous and influentially signed. The Liberation Society is earnestly endeavouring, by means of public lectures on the Irish Church, to educate and inform the public mind on the subject, and a meeting has been held in London, under the presidency of Mr. Miall, for the professed purpose of settling a plan of campaign against the Irish Church.

Everything thus looks as if a stern conflict were at hand. Some of the friends of the English Church in Ireland are now desirous that the Romish priests should be endowed, thinking there would be then no objection to the endowment of the ministers of the Establishment. The "John Bull" appeals to the Irish Catholics in this fashion:—"We leave you to the moral and religious responsibility of your ideas. It is enough for us that you hold them, and have a legal right to hold them. You are the majority. You number millions of the working classes, who ought not to be bound to maintain their spiritual guides by the sweat of their brow. Besides we are most anxious to lessen religious animosities. You are Christians, and that is enough for us."

But the time for endowing denominations not before endowed is past. England and Ireland have suffered enough of the evils of endowment, and are not likely to renew their experiments in that direction. Whatever party win in the coming struggle for religious equality in Ireland, it is certain that the party which proposes further endowment must fail.

The coming session of Parliament will be one of exciting interest to Nonconformists, for in addition to the Irish Church question, on which Sir John Gray will make a motion, Mr. Gladstone will bring in a bill for the abolition of compulsory church-rates. Mr. Hardcastle will bring in one for abolition—pure and simple; and Mr. Hubbard one for the regulation of Church-rates. Mr. Coleridge will bring in a bill "to repeal certain tests, and alter certain statutes affecting the constitution of the University of Oxford."

The union between the Free Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian body, which once seemed probable, is seriously threatened,

if indeed it has not become hopeless. Dr. Begg and his friends have openly taken their stand against the movement, and have issued a manifesto, in which they declare they have made up their minds to incur the responsibility of arresting it. In the pamphlet they have published they affirm they have rights of which no majority however powerful can deprive them, and these they are determined to maintain. It seems very evident that if a very unseemly contest is to be averted all ideas of immediate union between the two Churches must be abandoned, for there is every appearance that if the movement be persevered in, Dr. Begg, and those who sympathize with him, will resort to the aid of the Civil Courts. The union, which many of their truest friends in both Churches earnestly desired, which has already been effected in Canada and Australia, must in Scotland, the home of Presbyterianism, be delayed perhaps for another generation, or be consummated amid an amount of opposition, which would be more productive of evil than the union would be of good.

A meeting has been held in Surrey Chapel to welcome the Rev. Newman Hall on his return from America, at which the reverend gentleman was presented with a beautifully got-up address, and a £500 bank-note, which had been subscribed by the congregation. Mr. Hall in an exceedingly interesting address gave a description of his visit to America. He stated that his great object in visiting that country was, as far as he could, to foster peace and friendliness between the two countries. A memorial is to be erected at Surrey Chapel for the late President Lincoln; and, referring to certain misrepresentations of the "New York Herald," Mr. Hall said, that any money realized by his sermons or lectures in America would be handed over to the fund for that purpose: Mr. Hall contemplates erecting a new Church and school-room in London, to cost £30,000. One of the ways which he purposes for the gathering of this large sum is by the delivery of lectures on his tour through America. He expects £1,000 will be sent him from America to aid him in his building scheme. He has also received contributions from Canada towards the putting up of a beautiful window, which is to be erected in the new Church in honour of the Canadian friends.

The "Congregational Year Book" of 1868, just published, under the careful supervision of the Rev. R. Ashton, records an encouraging degree of prosperity in connection with Congregationalism. Ten years ago, we find from the "Year Book" of 1858, there were in the Metropolis 171 Congregational churches; now there are 227, being an increase of 56 places of worship. The number of pastors ten years

ago was 226; now we find them 291, being an increase of 65. The increase throughout the country is in about the same ratio, so that at the present time there are in Great Britain and her dependencies 3,330 Congregational churches, with 1,613 out-stations and mission-rooms, under the superintendence of 2,876 Congregational ministers, who are aided by 2,326 evangelists and lay preachers. The denomination has 76 associations and unions; 27 colleges and institutes, with 386 students under training for ministerial and missionary work. The number of ministers who have died during the year is 58.

Concerning the *Year Book* itself we may quote the words of our worthy contemporary, *The English Independent*.—It grows “more and more marvellous. As we open its pages at the end of each twelve-month, and admire the quantity of information which its indefatigable and painstaking editor has brought together, we think it impossible that it can be improved—that it is now perfect and complete; but another year comes round, and it is more bulky than ever, with another wonderful addition of facts and useful intelligence, new features, better arrangement, and so we are left surmising whereunto it will grow, if Mr. Ashton is spared to edit it many more years. Doubtless, there are mistakes in it still, for which Mr. Ashton will be handsomely rated; but to us it seems a model of accuracy, and the thanks of the denomination at large, warmly accorded to him for his labour, will enable him to bear with equanimity the remarks of the gentlemen whose spirits may be ruffled because their names are spelt with an ‘i’ instead of a ‘y,’ or of those still more angry persons who cannot get admission by the regular road into the list of ‘Congregational Ministers.’”

From the report of Mr. Spurgeon's College, read at the recent Annual Meeting, it would appear that the institution is in a very prosperous condition. Thirty-two students have settled over Churches in the course of the year, and about forty are supplying with a view to settlement, or are endeavouring to raise new congregations. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon having resigned his pastorate at Cornwall Road Chapel, Notting Hill, to become co-pastor with his brother, has recently been presented by the members of his congregation with a parting gift, consisting of a valuable gold watch, key, and seal. The Rev. R. Moffatt, the illustrious African Missionary, and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, will, it is stated, soon pay a visit to this country. The “Times of India” announces the arrival at Bombay of the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod on the mission he has undertaken at the request of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It says his conversational power, and his spontaneous and joyous humour, won for him the affection of

every individual on board with him in his outward voyage. After the arrival of the "Rangoon," the ship in which the Doctor sailed, an address was presented to him by his fellow passengers, expressive of their sense of gratitude for the privilege of his society, and of their belief that his visit to that country would be productive of the greatest good.

The Rev. Dr. M'Cosh proposes that a Pan-Presbyterian Conference should be held in Edinburgh, the city of Knox and Chalmers, and believes it would be the most imposing council that has met for ages, and that it would exhibit a unity of doctrine and worship, in spirit and in action, such as could be displayed by no other branch of Christ's Church in the world.

The Rev. H. Tarrant, late of Sheffield, has been recognized as pastor of the church worshipping at Salem Chapel, Leeds; the Rev. J. B. Pike, late of Lewes, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Plumstead; the Rev. H. Buck, as pastor of the church at Alfred-place Chapel, Old Kent-road; the Rev. D. Harding, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Chesham, Bucks; the Rev. J. W. Thorne, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Rington, Herts; the Rev. T. O. Chapman, as pastor of the Congregational Church at Houghton, Huntingdon; the Rev. A. Hampson, as pastor of the church at Buckingham Chapel, Pimlico; the Rev. R. Williams, as pastor of the Welsh Church at Fetter-lane Chapel, London; the Rev. J. Lemon, late of Linlithgow, as pastor of the Congregational Church, St. Helier's, Jersey.

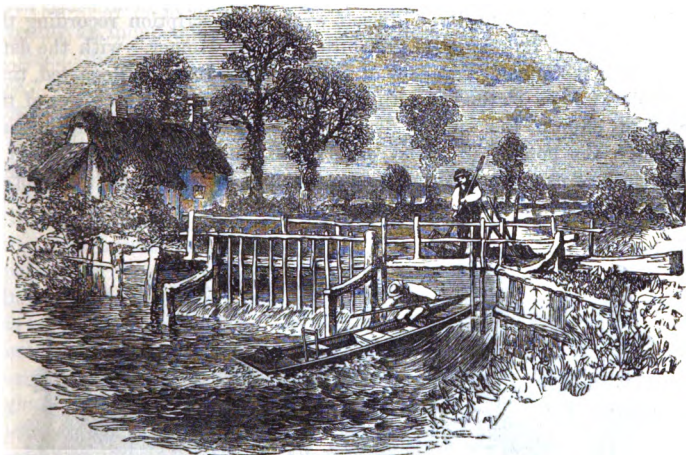
Two meetings—one of the congregation and the other of the Sunday-school connected with the Congregational Church, Tunbridge Wells—have been held to celebrate the liquidation of the chapel debt. The memorial stone of a new Congregational church has been laid at Hythe by John Finch, Esq. Albany-street Chapel, Edinburgh, has been renovated at a cost of £2,000. A new Congregational chapel has been opened at Blandford. The memorial stone of St. John's Congregational Church, Thorntonheath, has been laid by Mrs. E. Davis, of the Brooklands, and Mrs. A. Davis, of Thorntonville.

Mr. W. Parker Irving, B.Sc., of New College, London, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Howard Chapel, Bedford; the Rev. R. W. McAll, late of Manchester, to that of the Congregational Church, Lozells, Birmingham; Mr. Knowles, of Rotherham College, to that of the Congregational Church, Belper; Mr. A. B. Camm, of Lancashire Independent College, has been invited to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Salford, Manchester; Mr. J. W. Clarke, Airedale College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Malton.

DOWN THE THAMES.

FROM HART'S WEIR TO ENSHAM.

As we leave New Bridge behind us on our route down the Thames, we find our progress somewhat impeded by the occurrence of locks and weirs. One of these is known by the name of Hart's Weir.



HART'S WEIR.

The spaces between the piles seen in the fore-ground are filled in, so that a complete dam is formed across the river. When the paddles, as they are called, are drawn up, the water, which had collected behind them, rushes through with great strength and rapidity, carrying the boats and barges easily upon its bosom. Hard by there stands the cottage of the weir-keeper, rugged and ancient, but on these accounts the better matching the place and diversifying the scenery.

Further on in our tour we come to Bablock Hithe Ferry, which has the village of Cumnor on the one side, and that of Stanton Harcourt on the other; each about two miles distant from the river. Cumnor is the place where the scene in "Kenilworth" is principally laid. Of Stanton Harcourt, on the other side, only enough remains to tell of its former magnificence. It was originally the gift of

Henry I. to "Milicent, the kinswoman of the queen," whose daughter was married to Roland de Harcourt. This most ancient family seat has fallen into decay, and nothing remains except the porter's lodge—which is now the residence of the rector—the kitchen, and one of the towers. The tower, which still stands, was once the residence of the poet Alexander Pope. On the ground floor of this tower there is a private chapel, from the walls of which the traces of "painted story" are not yet effaced. A narrow staircase leads to a small room, which was Pope's study. On a pane of glass on one of the windows of this room, Pope himself wrote an inscription recording the fact that here he "finished the fifth book of Homer," with the date. Although the ancient grandeur of Stanton Harcourt has departed, time and decay have clothed it with a venerable beauty. The tower of the ancient church, the ruined dwelling, and the sunbeams struggling through the boughs of grand old rugged trees, which stand amid a labyrinth of paths and fish-ponds, present a scene rich enough to imprint itself indelibly upon the memory.



BABLOCK HITHE FERRY.

Returning to Bablock Hithe Ferry, the river is found to be very narrow, and from this point winds through low meadows, beautifully rich and verdant. We come to Ensham, which, before the Conquest, was a place of note, and where, so early as 1005, an abbey was founded

by Ethelmar, Earl of Cornwall. It is in this neighbourhood that we observe the dangerous results of the *Anacharis Alsinastrum*, commonly called the "American Weed," and are reminded of the beautiful reference made to it by the Rev. J. Stoughton, in his "Song of Christ's Flock." "There is," he says, "a new water-weed—new in this country—which has made its appearance in the river Thames within these ten years. It is a long, very knotted kind of plant, whose growth is as prodigious as it is curious. The leaves are beset with minute teeth, which cause them to cling; and every fragment broken off is capable of becoming an independent plant, producing roots and stems, and extending itself indefinitely in every direction. Most water plants require roots; but this is independent altogether of that condition, and actually grows as it travels slowly down the stream, after being cut. I thought, as I read that passage, what a type this water-plant is of the evil in people's hearts! How that evil grows, in the flowing life-stream of depraved humanity! how, after being cut, it grows! how it grows as it travels, making roots for itself as fast as we tear it in pieces! how it has minute teeth which cause it to cling! and how it sticks to us with a terrible tenacity, and eats its way in with an all-defying bite!"

Immediately below Ensham Bridge is the site of "The Burnt Tree." This tree was struck by lightning, and formed for many years a notable object in the district, attracting many a party of pleasure-seekers from the city of Oxford. All along, to the right of the river, the wooded heights of the Witham are to be seen, changing in their form and appearance as often as the river bends. On the other side, the tall spire of Grassington Church is silently pointing upwards.

THE BEST FOR CHRIST.

VERILY our best offerings are demanded not only by Christ's words, but by Christ's boundless love to us—by His character, and by the professions of our own lips. And nothing is wasted which is devoted to Christ. In this respect no offering can be too costly. In large oblations there is gain, not loss, and there is service but not waste. If we bring our alabaster to Christ under the impulse of pride and vanity, and that others may speak well of us and esteem us highly—it is *wasted*. If we pour forth the ointment on Christ's head, merely that we may be sanctioned in ourselves enjoying the perfume—it is *wasted*. If we anoint the Saviour in the presence of others, to please them and not to please Christ—the *unguent is wasted*. Or, if it be done in strife and vain-glory,

to mortify the Pharisee and to excel other disciples—in *this case we waste*. But if what we professedly offer to Christ we devote to Him with a true heart, the value of our oblation, however high, cannot be excessive, and not an atom of our offering falls useless or unobserved to the ground. Even the *relative value of an oblation is not lost upon Christ*. We do not mean the current value, but the cost to *ourselves*. “She hath done what she *could*”—she has offered me the best she possessed. This circumstance—the ability of the woman and the relation of her offering to that ability—did not escape Christ’s notice : it awakened His joy, and it drew forth His approbation. “Neither will I,” said David, “offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which *costs me nothing*. So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver.”

If in giving a cup of cold water to a disciple we take it from the purest and from the coldest spring, and offer it in the best of our cups—if in giving bread to a disciple we choose that which is made of the finest of the wheat—if in clothing a disciple we select for him the best robe—if in building a house for Christ the *peasant* chooses the most convenient spot, constructs the best clay-wall, and covers the house with the best thatch ; and if the *citizen* secures a commanding site—if he obtains the best stone, the finest timber, the most eligible plan, and the most beautiful design ; and if in all such cases *the best be chosen because of CHRIST*,—then we say that the cost of the offering to the giver is an element in the sacrifice that is not lost upon Christ. He observes it—He rejoices in it—He accepts and He blesses it.

Such offerings show the sincerity and ardour of the love of the offerer ; and sincere and ardent affection is pleasing to Christ. He values it because it is right, and because of its harmony with His sense of that which is His due. When, during His humiliation, men would take Him by force and make Him a king, He departed from His followers. But now that He wears many crowns, He knows that He ought to be honoured, and every expression of affection and adoration deepens His satisfaction and swells His joy.

Are the poor indignant at this waste ? Not Christ’s poor ; or, if some of Christ’s poor—only some—not all. If giving the best to Christ be sin, the poor are verily guilty. Why—if a village preacher be expected to come to the cottage of a Christian peasant—*because that preacher belongs to Christ*—the floor is twice cleansed—the hearth is doubly swept—the best food is served, and served on a ware which, as the heirloom of the peasant’s home, knows no common use. If the poor do this for the servant, what will he not do for the Master ? The poor Chris-

tian often in such matters gives his best to Christ. The instincts of his heart are not crushed or fettered by the selfish love of gold and silver, and he does not wait to ask, "Is this prudent?" His love to Christ does not walk demurely along turnpike roads to gain its objects, but with wing of mighty pinion reaches its end by flight. This is as it ought to be. If we invite Christ to a feast, let us anoint Him; let the box be alabaster and the perfume spikenard—costly, very costly; and let us anoint not His head alone, but His feet and His head.

We know of none who would do well to be angry with our pleading. There are some who claim all for charity, and who might say to us, Wherefore is this waste? To them we reply, "The poor ye have always with you. Christ ye have not always."—From "Give the Best to Christ." *

CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE.

"WHAT is the state of things," says Dean Alford, "among us in England? I am asking the question not with any view of passing a criticism on existing arrangements. I take them as accomplished fact—as the basis of what I have to remark. We have in England one form of Church established, and in connection with the State. We have many other forms existing as voluntarily associated bodies; existing by recognised right of the Christian conscience. This recognition has, historically, not been arrived at without considerable difficulty, and a struggle which has lasted for ages. Though a legitimate and necessary corollary from the principles of our Reformation, it was not seen to be such by the dominant party, till the course of Providence proved too strong for the self-will of men. We began by persecuting in order to enforce conformity; we advanced to a meagre and ungracious toleration; and, notwithstanding that our Nonconforming brethren have now, thank God, acquired equality of civil rights, at this point of ungracious toleration we for the most part remain still. The State has been more recognisant of, more loyal to the Christian conscience, than the Church, which ought to have been its most jealous and watchful guardian. Nothing is more strongly impressed on my mind, when I look over the religious state of England, than that we, who are members of her Established Church, have need to face the whole important question of our relations to Nonconformists, with a view to a re-adjustment, in the light of the

* By our ever honoured friend, the Rev. SAMUEL MARTIN. Published by James Nisbet.

Christian conscience, of our words and our acts respecting them. There is a very wide basis of doctrine, there is a still wider basis of Christian morality, on which we are absolutely at one. As far as those bases extend, our aim is identical. We may not be able to work together; our instruments may be different; our tastes may be incompatible. Allow the utmost force to these considerations; and the utmost force also to the consideration, that our very differences are themselves points of conscience, and that we are bound to stand up for them, and not to merge nor compromise them; still, allowing all this, it seems to me that there is no justification for the present alienation of affection, the present virtual suspension of intercourse, the present depreciating tone and manner, which prevail on the part of English Churchmen towards Dissenters, and towards Churches which differ from ourselves in organization. That such a tone does prevail, needs, I suppose, no proof; but how far it is carried can hardly be imagined but by help of illustration. In the last number but one of a weekly Church newspaper, occurred the following sentence, forming part of a review of a work by Dr. Preuss, a Lutheran divine holding a distinguished academical office in Berlin: 'His position, as a member of a body of religionists without the pale of the Catholic Church, naturally places him without the range of the Church's sympathies.' It would be difficult to say whether the insolence, or the ignorance, of this sentence be the greater; or whether both be not surpassed by its utter opposition to the whole spirit of our blessed Lord and His apostles. The confession implied in the words 'without the sympathies of the Church,' is, I need hardly say, a sign that he who makes it has yet to learn his first lesson in the nature and attributes of that Church of Christ of which he speaks so flippantly. If her sympathies be not with all whom Christ died to save, she has deserted the office to which He appointed her—that of being His body, and the habitation of His Spirit.

"There lies at the root of all this arrogance a most mischievous, but I grieve to say a widely-prevalent fallacy. We of the Church of England have absolutely no right to assume our own form of church government to be the only lawful one, and to look askance upon other forms, whether in England or elsewhere. We have not this right, because we distinctly proclaim, as to all things required of necessity to be believed, an appeal to Holy Scripture; and in Scripture as much, or as little, is found for one form as for another. If depreciation of Nonconformists is excused on the ground of our possessing superior means of education and endowment, then the plea itself involves a violation of the dictates of the Christian conscience; for, if the fact be as stated, it is mainly owing

to our having excluded our brethren from the national advantages which we ourselves possess ; and it is high time that such exclusion should come to an end.

"We have, I conceive, a curious example of the perversion of conscience in the English Church, in the fact that a large and increasing party of her members are at this time agitating for union and inter-communion with the Roman and Eastern Churches, from both of which we are separated by important doctrinal differences—that this desire for union is justified by them on the most solemn grounds, as furnished by the words of our Lord's own intercessory prayer, and yet that no mention whatever is made of any desire for union on the basis of mutual allowance of differences with our Christian brethren in the British islands."—*Good Words*.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL.

HER MAJESTY'S Journal of "Our Life in the Highlands" will be welcomed by all her subjects, not only because it is from the pen of a Queen who is the monarch of the widest empire in the world, but because it is the outflowing of a woman's heart which is singularly true, simple, and loving. In this volume Her Majesty admits her subjects to the sanctuary of her domestic life, where she ceases to be a Queen, where royalty seems lost or forgotten in the simple beauty of a happy English family. In it the hopes and joys and fears which lurk unseen to common gaze beneath the pageantry of a court, are revealed, and the heart of Victoria appears a true woman's heart, though her head wears so brilliant a crown. The motive which has moved the Queen to give to the world the Diary which was written without any idea of publication, was doubtless that in its pages she might at once embalm the memory of one she loved with peculiar tenderness, and give her people to know what a loss she and they sustained when the good Prince Albert was removed by death. The Queen's constant devotion to her late husband is seen in every page of her book. Indeed it is touching to notice the frequent reference she makes to his feelings and opinions, and her subjects will better understand how the lot of royalty, which at best is a lonely one, is felt to be lonely indeed, since to the "uneasy" burden of a crown is added the sorrow of such a widowhood.

From *Le Nord* we have a foreign view of the Queen's book. It is described as:—

"A touching record of sorrows and souvenirs written in memory of Prince Albert and of the domestic happiness of the Queen. Nothing is at once more honourable and more sad than this uncoloured history of a life absorbed by conjugal affection and undivided family solicitude. It is the record of a woman, not of a Queen. The Queen is inexhaustible in her admiration of the Prince Consort, and when she quotes the words or the acts of this royal model, we are quite surprised to find them of the ordinary and common type. The fact is, they were transfigured by the Queen's love. A tone of extreme simplicity and naturalness pervades these familiar utterances. The Queen's children are everywhere called by the infantine abbreviation of their names—the Prince of Wales 'Bertie,' Prince Alfred 'Affie.' Occasionally a charitable visit, a walk resulting in some kind act, lights up the record of this life of private affection and of real religion."

The Queen is possessed of good descriptive powers:—

"The country from here to Cupar Angus is very well cultivated, and you see hills in the distance. The harvest is only now being got in, but it is very good; and everything much greener than in England. Nothing could be quieter than our journey, and the scenery is so beautiful. It is very different from England: all the houses built of stone; the people so different—sandy hair, high cheek-bones, children with long shaggy hair and bare legs and feet; little boys in kilts. Near Dunkeld, and also as you get more into the Highlands, there are prettier faces. Those jackets which the girls wear are so pretty: all the men and women, as well as the children, look very healthy."

That the beauties with which the Queen's Highland home is surrounded have yielded her real enjoyment is evident. The following picture she gives of sunset:—

"As the sun went down, the scenery became more and more beautiful, the sky crimson, golden, red and blue, and the hills looking purple and lilac, most exquisite, till at length it set, and the hues grew softer in the sky, and the outline of the hills sharper."

Much does Her Majesty delight in the simplicity and freedom of life she enjoys at her Highland home. It would seem to be a great pleasure for her occasionally to lay aside the burden of royalty and assume the garb and name of some less honourable personage. Her Diary contains some accounts of travelling in disguise, of which we quote the following:—

"At a quarter past seven o'clock we reached the small quiet town, or rather village, of Fettercairn, for it was very small—not a creature stirring, and we got out at the quiet little inn, 'Ramsay Arms,' quite unobserved, and went at once upstairs. There was a very nice drawing room, and next to it a dining room, both very clean and tidy, then to the left our bedroom, which was excessively small, but also very clean and neat, and much better furnished than at Grantown. . . . The landlord and landlady knew who we were, but *no one else* except the coachman, and they kept the secret admirably. The evening being bright and moonlight and very still, we all went out, and walked through the whole

village, where not a creature moved; through the principal little square, in the middle of which was a sort of pillar or Town cross on steps, and Louis read, by the light of the moon, a proclamation for collections of charities which was stuck on it. We walked on along a lane a short way, hearing nothing whatever—not a leaf moving—but the distant barking of a dog. Suddenly we heard a drum and fife! We were greatly alarmed, fearing we had been recognised; but Louis and General Grey, who went back, saw nothing whatever. Still, as we walked slowly back, we heard the noise from time to time,—and when we reached the inn door we stopped, and saw six men march up with fife and a drum (not a creature taking any notice of them), go down the street, and back again. Grant and Brown were out; but had no idea what it could be. Albert asked the little maid, and the answer was, 'It's just a band,' and that it walked about in this way twice a week. How odd! It went on playing some time after we got home. We sat till half-past ten working, and Albert reading,—and then retired to rest."

The royal party did not always meet with royal fare when they went on such excursions. Referring to one such occasion the Queen writes:—

"Unfortunately there was hardly anything to eat, and there was only tea, and two miserable starved Highland chickens, without any potatoes! No pudding, and no *fun*; no little maid (the two there not wishing to come in), nor our two people—who were wet and drying our and their things—to wait on us! It was not a nice supper; and the evening was wet. As it was late we soon retired to rest. Mary and Maxted (Lady Churchill's maid) had been dining below with Grant, Brown and Stewart (who came, the same as last time, with the maids) in the 'commercial room' at the foot of the stairs. They had only the remnants of our two starved chickens!"

Some accounts are given of the Queen's visits to poor people in the neighbourhood of Balmoral:—

"I went into an old cabin of Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticoat. She said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm.' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's) to visit the old widow Symons, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye.' She was very talkative, and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that 'she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear.

"We went into three other cottages; to Mrs. Symons (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an 'unwell boy;' then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy

and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me, you're over kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with me, she said, 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself;' and having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut' (fit). Dear old lady; she is such a pleasant person.

"Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

Her Majesty, when at Balmoral, regularly worshipped in the Presbyterian Church, and has spoken in highest admiration of the preaching to which she there listened:—

"We went to kirk as usual at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. Macleod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night. (John iii.) Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please *self*, and live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted: and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings. The servants and the Highlanders—all—were equally delighted."

She listened with not less enjoyment to another Scotch minister, whose sermon she commanded to be published:—

"To kirk at twelve o'clock. The Rev. J. Caird, one of the most celebrated preachers in Scotland, performed the service, and electrified all present by a most admirable and beautiful sermon, which lasted nearly an hour, but which kept one's attention riveted. The text was from Rom. xvii. 11—'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.' He explained in the most simple and beautiful manner what real religion is; how it ought to pervade every action of our lives; not a thing only for Sundays, or for our closet; not a thing to drive us from the world; not 'a perpetual moping over good books,' but 'being and doing good,' 'letting everything be done in a Christian spirit.' It was as fine as Mr. Macleod's sermon last year, and sent us home much edified."

We conclude our extracts from the "Queen's Journal" by one which describes the erection of a cairn on the top of Craig Gowan:—

"This day has been a very happy, lucky, and memorable one—our last! A fine morning. It was nearly eleven o'clock before we could go up to the top of Craig Gowan, to see the cairn built, which was to commemorate our taking possession of this dear place; the old cairn having been pulled down. We set off with all the children, ladies, gentlemen, and a few of the servants, including Macdonald and

Grant, who had not already gone up; and at the Moss House, which is half way, Mackay met us, and preceded us, playing, Duncan and Donald Stewart going before him, to the highest point of Craig Gowan; where were assembled all the servants and tenants, with their wives and children and old relations. All our little friends were there; Mary Symons and Lizzie Stewart, the four Grants, and several others. I then placed the first stone, after which Albert laid one, then the children, according to their ages. All the ladies and gentlemen placed one; and then every one came forward at once, each one carrying a stone and placing it on the cairn. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were there; Mackay played; and whisky was given to all. It took, I am sure, an hour building; and whilst it was going on some merry reels were danced on a stone opposite. All the old people (even the gardener's wife from Corbie Hall, near Abergeldie) danced; and many of the children, Mary Symons and Lizzie Stewart especially, danced so nicely; the latter with her hair all hanging down. Poor dear old 'Monk,' Sir Robert Gordon's faithful old dog, was sitting there amongst us all. At last, when the cairn, which is, I think, seven or eight feet high, was nearly completed, Albert climbed up to the top of it, and placed the last stone; after which three cheers were given. It was a gay, pretty, and touching sight! and I felt almost inclined to cry. The view was so beautiful over the dear hills; the day so fine; the whole so *gemüthlich*. May God bless this place, and allow us yet to see it and enjoy it many a long year!"

"THE PATRIOT COBBLER."

BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

MANY years ago, in a humble room in Mary Street, Portsmouth, one who had been a cripple from his youth might be found cobbling the dilapidated boots and shoes of his poorer neighbours. Day by day he was there with his lapstone on his knees, hammering some sturdy piece of leather, cutting it into shape on the board which for the nonce displaced the lapstone, nailing a piece to the well-worn heel of boot or shoe; or, with well-waxed thread, fastening the sole to the unyielding upper leather.

Coleridge has said:—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
All things both great and small;
He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man, and bird, and beast;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

And it would be difficult to discover a man to whom these words were more applicable than to John Pounds, the cripple of whom we write. He found great pleasure, as many have done, in rearing singing-birds, preparing their food, keeping their cages clean, talking to them, regaling them occasionally with some choice bit of food, and getting them to

know him, talk in their way to him, and even to *love* him. But, in addition to this, he was the first I ever heard of who taught other creatures—guinea pigs, cats, and mice, to live in harmony with his birds. And yet he succeeded in this, and succeeded by kindness, and the passers-by would see him oftentimes at work with a canary-bird perched on one shoulder and a cat on the other!

I have often looked with interest on a bland-visaged and snowy-haired man, Canon Bowles, well known as a poet in his day, who used to say, "Whenever you see a bird in its cage in a cottage, you may be sure of the kindness of its inmates." So, in fact, Coleridge seems to have thought, and so John Pounds showed. In early life he adopted a young nephew, and then, as John good-naturedly remarked, he could teach two as easily as one, and he resolved also to instruct the son of a poor woman in the neighbourhood. Nor did this content his benevolent mind, and other boys, equally needy, were added, until his class included a considerable number.

One peculiarity of his arrangements must here be noticed. The candidates for admission to his school were numerous, but John did not select the pleasanter looking, or the better clad; but the first to be taken in were the least pleasing and most ragged. "I want," he said, "the little *blackguards*," and to these he always gave the preference. In search of them he would go to the quay, accost them in the kindest manner; talk to them about the good they might get at his school; and even bribe them—if they would but come—with a *hot roasted potato*!

Tickel, the poet, picturing the aged peasant on his death-bed, and wishing for a friend to read some "godly book," thus alludes to the *Hornbook*, common in the last century. It usually consisted of the alphabet and some syllables and short words printed on white paper, laid on a thin piece of oak, covered with a sheet of horn, secured in its place by tacks, driven through a border or mounting of brass; the object of this horn covering being to keep the book or rather leaf unsoiled:—

"The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) the savoury lecture makes;
'Great A,' he gravely reads; the important sound,
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound;
The expiring ancient reared his drooping head,
And thanked his stars that Hodge had *learned to read*."

"Learned to read" in fact 'Great A' and its adjoining syllables to his *dying* grandfather as a "*godly book*;" the first line being the cross row, "so named," said Dr. Johnson, "because a cross is placed at the beginning, to show that *the end of learning is piety*." What ignorance and

ungodliness are here! Yet such was the only reading of multitudes of the humbler orders in this our country, for many a long year!

John Pounds scouted all such notions of reading; 'great A' was, with him, only the precursor of the other letters of the alphabet, of small words and of larger, and of their *meanings* as well as their *forms*. And while he roused the minds of his scholars from their native torpor, and taught them to think, he showed them how to make a fire, to cook their food, to mend their clothes and shoes, and in other ways to help themselves.

All this could not, of course, be done without cost. But how was it to be met? Not a farthing did he receive from the objects of his daily care; and it does not appear that of his neighbours any offered him pecuniary help in his unremitting labours. Fresh claimants on his bounty came, and he was spending all he had on those who were in his school;—what, then, could he do? He *could not* turn one of the little ragged wretches away. There was only one thing in his power; he *could* part with his *pets*; yes, he could sell that parrot who talked to him as no one of the race had ever done before, or that canary with whose sweet song he had often been delighted. And *so he did*, though not without many a pang to his tender heart. One by one he gave up his *pets*, till not one was left; and then all that he possessed—little as a crippled cobbler could earn, beyond what a bare subsistence cost—might be spent on the destitute children around.

But great was his reward. During the last years of his life he had no fewer than **forty scholars**; the children then, and all their predecessors, loving him as their best friend, ay, as a tender father; and when he died, on the first of January, 1839, at the venerable age of seventy-two, **many and many a heart of young and old** mourned its irreparable loss.

"Were we to make a pilgrimage anywhere," says Dr. Guthrie, "as soon as to the lowly heath where the martyr reposes we would direct our pilgrim steps to the **busy streets of Portsmouth**, and, turning aside from the proud array of England's floating bulwarks, we would seek out the humble shop where John Pounds achieved his works of mercy, and earned an imperishable fame.

"There is no poetry in his name, and none in his profession; but there was more than poetry—the highest noblest piety in his life. Every day within his shop he might be seen cobbling shoes, and surrounded by some score or two of ragged urchins, whom he was converting into useful members of the state. Honour to the memory of the patriot cobbler, beneath whose leathern apron there beat the kindest

heart, there glowed a bosom fired with the noblest ambition; and who, without fee from scholar or reward from man, while he toiled for his hard-earned bread by the sweat of his brow, educated not less than *five hundred outcasts*, before they laid him in the lowly grave!

"Honour, we say again, to this illustrious patriot! Nor is there in all the world any sight we would have travelled so far to see as that self-same man, when he followed some ragged boy along the quays of Portsmouth, keeping his kind eye upon him, and tempting the young savage to his school with the bribe of a smoking potato. Princes and peers, judges and divines, might have stood uncovered in his presence; and even marble monuments might be removed from the venerable walls of Westminster—poets, warriors, and statesmen might give place—to make room for *him*."

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM F. CLARKSON, B.A.

THE year 1628 is famous in English history for the presentation of the "Petition of Rights." To us it has also an interest as the year when John Bunyan was born. His birth-place was the village of Elstow, near Bedford. The accompanying woodcut represents the old cottage where



BUNYAN'S HOUSE AT BEDFORD.

he spent some years of his after life. He was early sent to school, and was taught to read and write, although what he learned was

speedily lost in the growing wildness of his boyish days. At the age of seventeen he is found serving—most probably on the Royalist side—at the siege of Leicester, and relates in after years with much thankfulness a narrow escape which he had from death. As a youth he lived regardless of religion, though he was far from being such a reprobate as his strong language in relating his early life would lead us to believe. When he wrote "Grace Abounding" he had learned to hate sin with a godly and intense hatred, and therefore cannot find terms too strong to express his abhorrence of his former habits of life. But if we compare him with thousands of our day, and of his own, we fail to find him pre-eminent in sin. We read of no drunkenness or sensuality, but chiefly of a precocious profanity, and of a disregard for all restraint, and these not without seasons of terrible compunction.

When eighteen years old he married; "and my mercy," he says, "was to light upon a woman whose father was counted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both, yet this she had for her part—'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and the 'Practice of Piety.'" Her influence, and the reading of these books,



BELFRY PORCH.

led him to attend church, and soon after a sermon upon Sabbath-breaking awakened within him for the first time a sense of guilt.

We give a cut of the belfry-porch of the old parish church, which was thus associated with Bunyan's dawning religious experience.

And now follows an account which, though without any pretension of the miraculous, at once reminds us of the conversion of the persecuting Saul. He was playing a game of cat, and was just about to give a blow, when a voice suddenly "darted" into his soul which said in tones that seemed real and in words that could never be forgotten—"Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to heaven, or wilt thou have thy sins, and go to hell?" Looking up in amazement he saw, "as if with the eyes of my understanding," the Lord Jesus full of displeasure. He paused in his game, and solemnly debated the question. At last a persuasion that it was too late to repent induced him to choose the latter alternative, and he calmly continued to play.

This, however, was not the end of the matter. Conscience would not let him alone, but became more and more imperious in her demands. Swearing, bell-ringing on the Lord's day, and dancing, were successively given up in obedience to her requirements. This outward reformation astonished his neighbours, and pleased his own vanity. He began "feeding God with chapters, and prayers, and vows, and a great many more such dainty dishes." But it was of no avail. He could find no rest. He was in the position of Christian when he listened to Worldly-Wiseman, and felt the terrors of the Lord hanging over him. Occasional glimpses of light and hope seemed only to show more terribly the darkness that had settled upon his spirit. He "blessed the condition of the dog and the toad" as preferable to his own. But the day of deliverance came at last. Though it tarried long it came, and with it that unspeakable blessedness which only those can fully realise who have also known what doubt and darkness mean. The cause of the wondrous change was the teaching of "holy Mr. Gifford," and still more the diligent study of Scripture. Especially did he find strength and comfort in the declaration of the Apostle that Christ Jesus is of God made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

About 1653 he was immersed as a believer in Christ, and joined the Baptist Church at Bedford. Two years afterwards he began to preach, and continued to do so until his imprisonment. His aim was to proclaim God's truth to the poor and ignorant in every part of the county. His preaching was intensely earnest, as if he had a personal interest in the salvation of each of his hearers. He pleaded with men for their very lives, and spoke as if he were at home with things unseen.

At first he proclaimed with power the terrors of the Lord, but gradually, as he became to know more of the love of Christ, it was his delight to declare the glad tidings in all their fulness. Nor is this the only change discernible in his preaching as recorded in his published works. In the beginning of his ministry he spoke as men around him were accustomed to speak. But as his power for preaching increased he was more free, more independent, more original. He drew more from the stores of his own experience, and employed more frequently his own illustrations in communicating his thoughts. He increasingly showed that power which found its highest expression in his great work.

And thus, preaching and writing, and sometimes publicly disputing, Bunyan lived while Cromwell was the Lord Protector of England. Another time we may have something to say of his work in after years, but the brief account already given is enough to show how faithfully he drew his own portrait in his description of Christian, and how truly he embodied his own experience in the marvellous story of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

It is a remark as old as Scripture, yet fresh as the experience of the latest sufferer, that affliction peculiarly qualifies a man to minister to others. "If we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation," is the language of many a life beside that of the apostle Paul, and no one could adopt it more truly than John Bunyan. Afflictions from without, as well as inward temptations and struggles, were to have their share in fitting him to be a universal comforter and strengthener. Had he remained free to preach, the "Pilgrim's Progress" had never been written. The dream would never have been dreamed, and the world would have lost its best and most useful allegory.

The day of trial soon came: Cromwell—the mighty Cromwell—had passed away. A few months of general uneasiness and vague expectation had succeeded, and then Charles the Second had ascended the throne. It was not long before the example set by his Court was followed throughout the country. Sin held a high day and holiday. Bad men filled the high places of the nation, good men were despised and persecuted. In such a state of things John Bunyan was not likely to be left alone, and on the 12th of November, 1660, a warrant was issued for his apprehension. He had been apprised of this, and might have made his escape, but he refused to conceal himself. He was, therefore, taken at a meeting which he was conducting at Sansel, in Bedfordshire, and, after a few words of comfort and counsel to the people, led away before a magistrate, who committed him for trial at the Bedford Quarter Sessions. These took place seven weeks after, when

he was indicted with "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from coming to Church, and upholding unlawful meetings and conventicles." The trial consisted chiefly of discussions between Bunyan and his judges on preaching and prayer. On his confessing himself guilty of having been present at a meeting unauthorized by the Church of England he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He was further threatened with banishment if he persisted in preaching, and he was told that if found in the kingdom after the second sentence, death would be the inevitable penalty. The temptation to escape all this was strong. A bare promise never to preach would have saved him. He had but recently married again, and four children by his former wife depended upon him for their daily bread. One was blind, and tenderly does he weep over her. "Poor child," thought I, "what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee." Yet none of these things moved him. Christ must be preferred to self, or even to those who were dearer than self, and for His sake he refused to give the required promise.

In April, 1661, the coronation of the king took place, and several hundred prisoners were released on the occasion. But Bunyan was still detained. In August of that year his wife pleaded before the judges for his release. We give a view of the old Swan Inn, in a

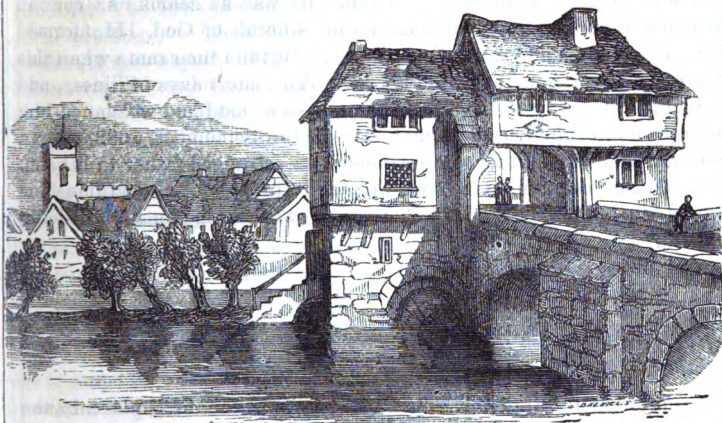


THE SWAN INN.

chamber of which the judges met, and where this heroic woman contended with them on her husband's behalf. It was all to no purpose.

"My lord, he dares not leave preaching as long as he can speak," was all she could say in reference to the promise they demanded, and without that promise they would not set him free.

It has been a matter of discussion as to whether Bunyan was confined in the city prison, which at that time stood on the bridge, as represented in the accompanying cut, or in the county jail. Mrs. S. C.



THE JAIL AT BEDFORD BRIDGE.

Hall's conclusion seems to be the most probable, viz.: That having been arrested in the country, he was until his trial in the county jail, and that afterwards he was committed to the city prison. Whichever was the real "den," as he appropriately calls it, it held him for twelve weary years. Occasionally, however, he was permitted by the jailor to visit his friends, and even to preach, and to conduct Church meetings. His wife and children, and especially his blind Mary, often came to cheer his prison life, while on his part he continued to work for them by making tags for boot-laces. Nor was the opportunity for spiritual labour wanting to him. Dissenters from the Church of England, like himself, were often brought in, and to them he preached the Word of God. Inquirers after salvation came to ask his counsel, and we may safely believe that that prison became the birthplace of many a soul unto the kingdom of God. At the same time he wrote and published some of his best treatises. Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" and the Bible were his only books; but with their aid he composed works whose

popularity has never been equalled. "Grace Abounding," and the "Prison Meditations," were written in Bedford jail.

In November, 1671, while still a prisoner, Bunyan was chosen pastor of the church at Bedford, and six months after received the royal license to preach. In September, 1672, his name was included in a pardon which the king issued for the Quakers at the instance of Richard Carver and others. After this, he was as zealous as ever in preaching the Word, and building up the Church of God. He formed several churches and wrote many works. But the time came when this Greatheart, too, must pass into his rest. Ten short days of illness, and he had passed over the river, and the angels of God had welcomed him into the city of the Eternal King. He died in September, 1688, after a journey which he had taken to reconcile an estranged father to his son. But though dead, he yet speaketh, and throughout the nations his works tell of him, or rather of the Lord, whose kingdom he lived to extend.

NATIONAL EDUCATION—NOT DENOMINATIONAL.

BY THE REV. J. B. PATON, M.A.

THE question of National Education has now the first place in the country. The Nonconformists of England are profoundly interested in it, and the decision which is rallying them as one body will doubtless give decision to the action of the Liberal party of which they are the popular stay. Further, the place and power of Nonconformity in England will be inconceivably affected by the system of popular education that is now being established. The present system of education has already wrought untold injury upon the Free Churches of England, by drawing off their children to Church schools, where they and their families have been easily plied with influences which drew them away from the chapel. Let this system be extended and established as the national system of education, and the strength of Nonconformity will be insidiously sapped and overthrown. The two great principles which must be insisted upon to make a national system of education just and safe are these:—1st, that it be not denominational; 2nd, that it be not governmental.

In this paper we give briefly the reasons which show the former of these principles to be of paramount importance. According to the denominational principle the nation or State is to offer and secure education to the children of the people by means of schools which are founded by religious bodies, and being founded by them are intended

and conducted for distinct religious and denominational ends. This system invites and urges all denominations to open schools, grants support to all, and where they are too poor to contribute much for this object, erects and sustains an Episcopalian school at the public expense. Now the objections to this system are—

1st. It is unfair. The denominations cannot compete on equal grounds. The Free Churches build their own chapels and support their own ministers. They have little therefore to spare for any other philanthropic object. But the State Church has its buildings, its ministers, and, to a large extent, the expenses of its worship, provided by the State. It is free, therefore, to apply the resources of its great wealth to the work of education. Moreover, the clergyman can appeal to public charity and drain its resources for the support of his school as no Nonconformist minister is able to do. From these reasons Free Church schools will be few, and State Church schools will be many.

2nd. It is a new and vast religious establishment. Every denominational school seeks religious ends and lives for these ends. It is erected for the benefit of the denomination to which it belongs. Its teachers are its ministers. They teach the doctrine of their sect, and impress that doctrine on their children by every means. They must do so if they be honest. And in fact they do so. There is no such powerful engine for the propagation of a doctrine, or the proselytizing of a people as the instruction of the young. Now if the State supports such schools, does it not support in the most direct way the denominations to which they belong? It may be said the State pays for secular results, but it is the denomination that is paid, and by the money you give it for these results it works out its own results. Well, then, this principle will confer great sums of money on all religious bodies that will accept it. But there must be no partiality; and if not, there must be the same measure for Ireland as for England. Hence, at once, 5,000 schools in Ireland must be handed over to the priests and endowed by the State.

3rd. It destroys the principle of religious voluntarism. That principle makes the Free Churches of England, and they cannot jeopardize it. But if churches put themselves into the hands of the State, to take its money for doing a good work to which they are prompted by religious motives, they make a fatal compromise. They stand in a suspicious and unworthy position of subservience to the State. Their independence is lost. And if they accept State money for some secular results that the State thinks good and worthy of payment, we do not see why they need be squeamish in taking more money for other good results of a secular kind which religion is sure to effect.

4th. It is monstrously wasteful for—*a.* Wherever denominations are strong enough, they will establish rival schools so as to teach their own children and save them from each other's proselytism. The State must give equal support to each. Hence two or three petty rival schools would draw money from the State to nourish their antagonism when the bounty given to one of them would more than suffice for one large public school which the fees of the scholars would mainly support. *b.* In poor districts, such as poorer rural parishes, the State would have to build the school, and almost wholly to support it; and yet the school would be a denominational one, and we know to what denomination it would belong. It would be a clergyman's school, and would be another heavy endowment of his church.

5th. It will establish priestcraft over the people. The only two churches that can or will throw themselves with passionate energy into the working of a denominational system of education, are the Romish Church and the Established Church. Now we know the schools of these churches are all in the hands of their clergy. We know, too, the clergy of the Church of England begin to plume themselves on their priesthood. We know, too, with what fevered zeal they spread their priestly doctrines, and especially in schools where they can train and control the young who have not yet breathed the free thoughts of English Protestantism. Now these priests would simply be endowed by this system, to weave, uncontrolled, their priestly delusions over the young mind of the nation.

6th. It will weaken, and in some places wholly abolish Nonconformity. Even where clergymen of the English Church do not ape Romish priests or teach Romish heresy, they are inveterate in their desire to destroy Nonconformity. This is but natural, perhaps; but their schools give them an unfair advantage in doing it. There will be but few places comparatively where Nonconformists will be able to establish schools. In country districts, where clerical influence is supreme, there will be none but Church schools. Now wherever Nonconformists are obliged to send their children to a Church school, nothing can save them from the seductions and open influences that are brought to bear against them. The Conscience Clause, as it is called, does nothing to hinder a zealous clergyman and his zealous teachers. At present, the chapel finds it hard enough to fight against squire and clergy. It trusts to the common people, and is supported by them; but if the children of the poor are all perforce to go to the Church school, the chapel loses its hold upon those who have been its mainstay. The Bishop of Oxford, why as ever, knows well what he is about in

demanding a denominational system of education. Let Nonconformists, too, know well what they are about, and insist that *it shall be, whatever else it be, undenominational*—that the State money, given by all, shall work the good of all, irrespective of religious differences, and wounding the consciences of none.

THE INFIDEL'S TEST.

In the United States of America, infidelity found an active champion in the well-known Colonel Allen, who made an open profession of his disbelief of revealed religion. It happened that a daughter of the Colonel's, to whom he was much attached, became ill. During the progress of her disorder, Dr. Elliott was one day dining with the Colonel, and after dinner, having adjourned to the Colonel's library, some deistical publications were introduced by the Colonel to the Doctor's notice. While they were occupied in looking at them, a servant came to announce that an alarming change had taken place in his daughter, and that his presence was required in her bedroom. Thither he went, accompanied by Dr. Elliott. As he approached her bedside, she took his hand, and said, "Father, I feel that my end is drawing near; tell me, I entreat you, am I to believe what you have taught me, or what I have learned from my mother?" Her mother was a sincere Christian, and had spared no opportunity of instilling Christian truth into the mind of her child. The father paused a moment, he fixed his eyes on his dying child, his countenance changed, his frame seemed convulsed to its very centre, while his quivering lips could scarce give utterance to the words, "Believe, my child, what your mother has taught you." The struggle was too great, the conflict between the pride of human reason and the swelling of parental affection in the heart was more than he could bear, and even over his stubborn mind the truth prevailed.

A WORD IN SEASON, HOW GOOD IS IT!

KILSTEIN, a pious German minister, once heard a labouring man use the most awful curses and imprecations in a fit of passion, without reproving him for it. This so troubled him, that he could scarcely sleep the following night. In the morning he arose early, soon saw the man coming along, and addressed him as follows:—"My friend, it is you I am waiting to see."

"You are mistaken," replied the man, "you have never seen me before."

"Yes, I saw you yesterday," said Kilstein, "whilst returning from your work, and heard you praying."

"What! heard me *pray*?" said the man. "I am sure now that you are mistaken; for I never prayed in my life."

"And yet," calmly but earnestly replied the minister, "if God had heard your prayer, you would not be here, but in hell; for I heard you beseeching God that he might strike you with blindness and condemn you to hell-fire."

The man turned pale, and tremblingly said, "Dear Sir, do you call this prayer? Yes, it is true, I did this very thing."

"Now, my friend," continued Kilstein, "as you acknowledge it, it is my duty to beseech you to seek with the same earnestness the salvation of your soul as you have hitherto its damnation, and I will pray to God that He will have mercy upon you."

From this time the man regularly attended upon the ministry of Kilstein, and ere long was brought in humble repentance to Christ as a true believer. "A word in season, how good is it!" Be instant in season and out of season; rebuke, reprove, exhort, with all long-suffering and patience.—*German Reform Messenger*.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE Congregational Institute at Nottingham has, during the last year, enjoyed a very gratifying degree of prosperity. In the Report for 1867, which has just come to hand, many facts are stated which not only justify the existence of such an institution, but prove its necessity. We are also glad to learn that the new building is drawing nigh its completion, and it will, we doubt not, tend very much to the efficiency of the institution, and the comfort and health of the tutors and students. We are glad to learn that, while several students from the Institute have undertaken village pastorates, that more have gone to purely aggressive and missionary work. This is as it should be.

It is gratifying to notice that the existence of the Congregational Institute in this country is not unlikely to lead to the origination of a similar institution in America. In an article that recently appeared in the *American Bibliotheca Sacra*, the constitution and working of the Institutes at Nottingham and Bristol are clearly defined, and the

question is asked, "May we not discreetly, and with the approbation of Christ, add the Bristol and Nottingham methods to our one American plan?" It is shown that in the New World, as well as in the Old, there are different conditions under which Christian work must be carried on, and that, therefore, different appliances should be employed. "Our political economy promotes division of labour. Our soil and industry necessitate diversities of life. Our wide domain—now widening again—gives them all verge and room. These all in their turn produce unlike and multiform habitudes of mind. Our history has at last brought within the scope of Congregational Evangelization types of character unimagined by our fathers. Our Congregationalism must needs work for the masses, however various and heterogeneous they be. Let us," this writer adds, "widen our view. Let us learn from other lands."

The public journals teem with reports of conferences and with articles on education. It is manifest that, though silently, the national mind has long been occupied with this subject, and now there is a very marked growth of opinion to be observed, especially amongst Nonconformists.

At the Manchester conference there seemed to be a strong desire for creating a system of a decidedly compulsory nature. Not only was it thought that the rates for the support of schools should be compulsory, but it was also thought that the attendance of the children at school should be enforced by the civil authority. At Liverpool Mr. Lowe, M.P., gave it as his opinion that the schools should be obtained, and that it should be seen whether it would be necessary to compel attendance in them before any further action in that direction should be taken. He would have all schools, whether called into existence by voluntary contributions or by a compulsory rate, treated by the Privy Council in the same manner. He would have them all receive grants and be inspected and examined. Mr. Lowe would also undenominationalize the system of inspection, and where schools are wanted he would let the residents voluntarily provide them if they would; but where they would not, and where the local authorities declined to make a rate for the purpose, he would have the Committee of Council make it for them. The respectable and numerous gathering at Southampton insisted upon a system of undenominational day-schools, to be supported by public taxes. Local rating was not in favour, but it was thought that parents ought to be compelled to send their children to school; on which opinion the "English Independent" remarks that "indirect compulsion by law like that of the Factory Acts all approve; for the rest let

us, as Mr. Lowe suggests, be content for the present with providing good schools, and see what that will do."

The Rev. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, in a letter which was read at the Manchester Conference, denies that "the Congregationalists of this country are anxious to preserve unimpaired the denominational element as our national system of education." "What," he says, "before all other things nine Congregationalists out of ten would prefer would be a national system, locally administered, of secular education. This is what we wanted nearly thirty years ago, and the protest in 1846-7 against all State interference with popular education, was really a temporary departure from the policy which Congregational Dissenters originally professed." "We have no affection," he adds, "for the denominational system; we should generally prefer secular schools."

Mr. John Bright, M.P., has made an important speech at Birmingham on Irish affairs. He has expressed himself as of opinion that Irish difficulties are connected mainly with the land and the Church questions. He sketches a plan by which tenants of Irish soil might in time become the proprietors, which plan may be worthy of consideration. The scheme which Mr. Bright proposes for the settlement of the Irish Church question will surprise and disappoint all Nonconformists, and will fail to please any party. He would disendow the Established Church, and would apportion the £13,000,000 of Church property amongst the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics. Setting them all free from State control, and making each a "present," he would tell them, "Now go; you all start fair; go your own way, and never ask or expect any favour from the State for ever." Mr. Bright's plan would certainly fail. The Churches which have lived and moved and had their being from the State would never be satisfied with the pittance which would fall to their share when the money was thus appropriated. It would not satisfy those who think it wrong in a Government to endow truth and error alike; and it would enrage those who believe that it is no part of the State's duty to maintain religion. As the "English Independent" remarks, "the notion would seem to have all the vice of the larger proposals for general distribution of the Church funds without their grace. It would be doing a bad thing shabbily, and would be rejected with contempt by each of the religious bodies it was intended to soothe."

A growing desire now occupies the minds of many Churchmen for the return of the Wesleyans to the communion of the Church of England. The Rev. P. G. Medd, a Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford, writing in the "Guardian," proposes that the arms of the Established

Church should be thrown open to the whole Wesleyan system. The subject too has been brought before the Northern Convocation which met at York Cathedral. In that assembly a resolution was moved affirming the existence of a general desire for Christian unity, and that as the causes which led to the formation of the Wesleyan body had "sensibly diminished," efforts should be made to effect a "brotherly reconciliation" between the two Churches, and therefore that a committee be formed to enter into communication with the President of the Conference, requesting him to appoint a committee to confer with that of Convocation upon the subject. This resolution was viewed as going too far, and as indicating too great a concession. However gratifying it may be to the followers of Wesley to be thus courted, yet it is hardly probable that serious thoughts will be entertained upon the question. The Wesleyans are, for the most part, well satisfied with their own system. Their ministers are now in as good a position for doing the work they desire to do, and as a body are better cared for in temporal matters than they could hope to be if they became connected with the Church of England. Were there no other obstacle to union, the present unsettled state of the Established Church would probably be enough to prevent it. Within the Church there are division and confusion. Without, and partly within, public opinion is fast changing on the subject of State Churches. Great changes are imminent, and on this account Wesleyanism will most probably have the wisdom to remain as it is and has been.

Mr. Spurgeon continues his manifold works of usefulness. "About three weeks ago," he says, "the noble sum of £1,000 was brought to us by an unknown gentleman towards the erection of two other houses, and we understand that, by a resolution of the Baptist Union, the Baptist Churches are endeavouring to raise a sum sufficient for two more. This fills our heart with grateful gladness."

The circulation of the *Christian's Penny Magazine* has now risen to upwards of 40,000 a month.

A vestry meeting of the parish of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, though forbidden by the Rector, has been held. The Churchwarden-chairman stated that the parishioners are profoundly dissatisfied with the services as performed at their parish church. It was also said that though the church is frequented by Ritualistic sympathizers from other districts, yet it is not attended by the parishioners. The rector has a fixed stipend of £950, with a rectory worth £100 a year, yet though all his parishioners are Protestant he "omits no opportunity, in conversation, from the pulpit, and in the ordering of the services, of letting it be known that in his eyes Protestantism is something detestable, and that he is a Catholic."

A meeting of a most interesting character has been held at Cheltenham, to do honour to the Rev. A. M. Brown, LL.D., who has completed the twenty-fifth year of his ministry. An address was presented to the Doctor, as well as a purse of 170 guineas, and a silver tea-service was given to Mrs. Brown. The Rev. R. Baggie has received an invitation from the Building Committee of the new Congregational Church, to take the entire charge of the spiritual interests of the South Cliff Church, which owes its origin to his energy and zeal. At a recent meeting at the Bar Church he stated that, yielding to his convictions of duty, he had made up his mind to accept the new pastorate.

A tea-meeting has been held at Stanstead to celebrate the liquidation of the debt on the new chapel. A new Congregational chapel has been opened at Saul, Gloucestershire, at a cost of £700, which will seat 200 people. A schoolroom has been erected at the village of Idle, at a cost of £1,350. It is intended for a day school, with Government inspection and grants, and for a Sunday school also. A new Congregational church has been opened at Sleaford, Lincolnshire, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. Henry Allon.

The Rev. T. Chapman has removed from Riddings, Derbyshire, to Long Buckby, Northamptonshire. The Rev. Thomas Page has removed from Tetbury to Fairford, and has been presented with a purse of sovereigns by the members of his late congregation. The Rev. F. Clarke has removed from New Mills, Derbyshire, to Dundee. The Rev. R. G. Harper, on leaving Fetter-lane Chapel to take the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Kingsfield, has been presented with a purse of gold. The Rev. J. Thomas has removed from Chepstow to St. John's-wood-terrace, London.

Mr. J. L. Jones, of Brecon College, has been ordained as pastor of the Congregational Church at Ruyton-of-the-Eleven-Towns; Mr. E. R. Evans, at Prees, Salop; and Mr. John Davies, at Nazareth and Pantglas, Carnarvonshire.

The Rev. G. W. Clapham has resigned the pastorate of Lancaster-road Church, Preston. The Rev. J. Whiting has resigned his pastorate at the Old Chapel, Stroud. The Rev. L. Moffett has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Townley-street Chapel, Macclesfield. The Rev. James Frame, of Union Chapel, Horselydown, Southwark, has resigned his pastorate. The Rev. George L. Turner, M.A., of Cheshunt College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Melford, Suffolk.

DOWN THE THAMES.

GODSTOW.

GLIDING down the river from Ensham, a modern erection, with tall chimney, differing altogether in appearance from the ancient and the rustic that are everywhere around, attracts our notice. It is the new

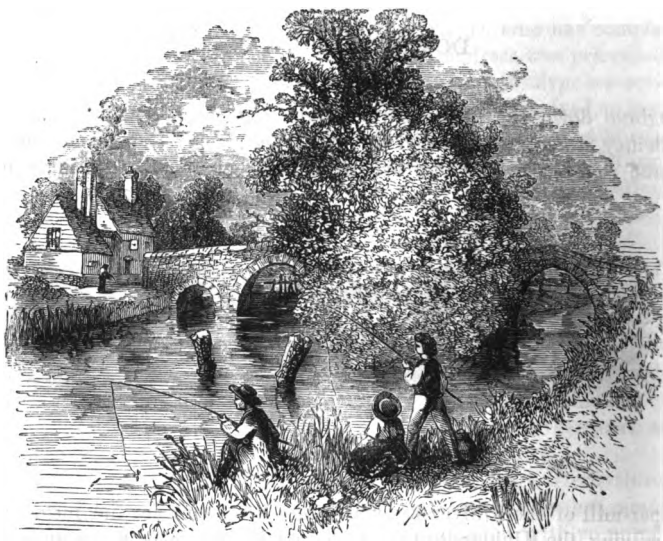


OXFORD UNIVERSITY PAPER-MILL.

paper-mill of the University, which has been built for the purpose of supplying the University book-makers with paper better adapted for standing the test of time than that furnished by many of the ordinary mills.

Leaving it behind, we soon arrive at Godstow Bridge, a place well known to the rower on the Thames, where he may pull in his oars and find agreeable refreshment at "The Trout," the little inn hard by. The bridge, with its arches, large and small—the little inn at the river's brink—the richly clothed trees, casting their shadow upon the water, and the division which occurs here in the river's course, form a group of objects of picturesque appearance, which we cannot but pause to admire.

Here the "Port Meadow" commences, a tract of ground extending over 439 acres, which is the property of the city of Oxford. In winter it is usually covered with water, but in summer affords pasturage for cattle. On payment of the annual tribute of twopence for each horse or cow, the citizens have the right of sending their cattle to this meadow to graze. More than 700 years ago a nunnery was built at Godstow, and consecrated in presence of King Stephen and his queen. For 400 years it was devoted to its original purpose, and was known as the "House of Nunnes." But the days of the Reformation in this country came. Henry VIII. proclaimed himself supreme head of the Church



GODSTOW BRIDGE.

of England, and, acting independently of pope and prelate, dissolved the religious houses throughout the land, which had become nurseries of indolence and vice, turning the monks and nuns out of doors; providing, however, for their immediate wants, by settling small salaries upon them. At this time Godstow Nunnery was alienated from its religious use, and came into the possession of a physician of the name of Owen. Everything now at Godstow Nunnery is changed. The river still rolls past its courtyard as in other days, but time has made the fabric a ruin, and has clothed its dilapidated gables with the green ivy; while in the crumbling and roofless walls there are places of shelter "where the birds make their nests."

The dust of "Fair Rosamond rests at Godstow Nunnery. She was the "fair and comely dame" who was loved by Henry II. Early minstrels and historians preserve the memory of her surpassing beauty, and there is a legend which tells us that she was concealed by the king in a bower at Woodstock, and there guarded from the jealousy of his Queen Eleanor. In the famous ballad of "Fair Rosamond," the bower is described as having been curiously built of "stone and timber strong," having one hundred and fifty doors, and passages leading to it, so cu-



RUINS OF GODSTOW NUNNERY.

riously contrived that none could obtain access to it except guided by a clew of thread. Queen Eleanor, however, as tradition has it, found her way through the secret turnings leading to the bower, and compelled the "Fair Rosamond" to drink poison. She was buried, says the historian, at Godstow, in a "House of Nunnes beside Oxford."

Half a mile distant from Binsey Weir is the little village of Binsey. In the middle ages people had a superstitious belief in the efficacy of holy wells. At Binsey there was the famous well of St. Margaret, renowned for its curative effects. That many pilgrims resorted to it is evident, for the adjoining village of Seckworth became a town, and had twenty-four inns, which were required for the accommodation of the priests appointed to confess and absolve the penitents. At Binsey the holy virgin Frideswide had a chapel, to which "the most stubborn sort" of her nuns were sent, there to be confined in a dark room, and to be fed on very limited and humble fare. The days of superstition have gone, and Binsey's fame has departed. It has now but a few poor houses; and a large earth mound, without any spring, marks the place of the well of St. Margaret.

NATIONAL EDUCATION—NOT GOVERNMENTAL.

BY THE REV. J. B. PATON, M.A.

A GREAT principle which ought to underlie a wise and safe system of National Education is this, that it be not Governmental. The education of the people ought to be as much as possible in the hands of the people. Only then will it be in a true sense popular. The reasons which make this principle to be of highest moment are four:—

1st. What governments undertake to do is generally done cumbrously, extravagantly, torpidly, and ineffectively. Notwithstanding the outcry that has been made against the circumlocutions and official sluggishness of the great departments of Government, and the pungent criticisms of the press by which they are stimulated, the evils of these departments are incurable. Their machinery rusts. The spirit of routine weights them with lead. There is the waste of jobbery, and political patronage crowds them with easy berths for clamorous clients. It is true that there are evils too in local administration, unless it be under the constant inspection and secure control of the central executive. Government holds its proper place, and admirably fulfils its function, when it thus overlooks, quickens, and regulates local authorities. Two forces, the local and central, then balance and sustain each other. But it would be wholly evil if the general government should supplant the local agencies, which it ought to evoke and control.

2nd. The very genius of English freedom since the time of the Saxons has lain in its decentralisation of authority, and in the local governments which are planted throughout the land. Foreign political writers have noticed this great fact, and rightly attributed to it the self-control and the respect for law which have tempered English freedom, and preserved it from running into the abuses of licence, or succumbing to the encroachments of tyranny. Our people are trained to the use and the virtue of freedom by assisting in their various local governments. There are defects in such governments, but they train the people to do for themselves what needs to be done. They bring home to the people the consciousness of self-government, which gives them self-respect, and tends to make them prudent and tolerant. They are called to take interest in their own interests, and to practice the virtue necessary to secure these interests. All this, whatever evil may accrue, is infinitely better than mere submission to a "paternal" Government, which gives its subjects no care about their government, and does all on their behalf without consulting them. Now I believe that if there be one matter in which the people should be summoned to

take this immediate interest, and to have responsibility, in what concerns them, it is in this very matter of education. The reasons for this belief will be clear without being mentioned.

3rd. There has been one notable feature in the history of England, which has very great significance in explaining that history. There has always been a strong jealousy of the central executive government on the part of the people. This was the reason why Englishmen objected for so long a time to standing armies. They put into the hands of the reigning power a dangerous weapon, by which the liberties of the people might be crushed. The fact of our popular suffrage ought not to diminish this wholesome jealousy, for it does not lessen the danger that arises from concentrating too much power in the hands of the Government. The Emperor of the French is elected by universal suffrage, but he has been none the less a despotic ruler. Englishmen have not considered freedom to consist in liberty to choose one or more who should give them laws and manage their affairs, but in being allowed themselves to take part in the making and administering of their own laws, and in managing their own affairs. There are some things which must be wholly entrusted to the Government, and there is a tendency in the present day to accumulate responsibilities and duties on the Government. This tendency manifests itself in the desire to give over the whole instruction of the people into its hands. But to govern themselves is the boast of Englishmen: so let it be their duty and their honour to educate themselves. Let not the people give over what is so vital and important to them to distant authorities, which it would be hard for them to influence, and which will wield enormous power, without any due check.

4th. In a governmental system of education the teachers will all be government officials. They will be educated at the public cost; they will be trained to look to Government alone for promotion in life; the official spirit of submissiveness and dependence will be early and deeply implanted in them, and they will be kept in leash by the existing Government to fulfil any service it may require. Now such training cannot form the robust and manly type of character which ought to be seen in the masters of English schools; nor can it be right to expose them to the temptations which such absolute dependence upon Government will inevitably create. Political warfare is often severe and keen; Governments whip up their officials to support them. The hope of an extra bounty of £10 per annum is a seductive bribe. The policy which a Government wish to execute, the doctrine it wishes to be taught, will be earnestly maintained by teachers who feed upon its bounty, and have

no hope but in its favour. The immense political influence which governments of the continent exercise by means of schoolmasters, whom it pays, is notorious. Englishmen can only prevent a similar abuse of governmental influence by holding the management of schools, and, above all, the payment of their teachers, in their own hands.

If, then, our national schools are not to be supported and managed by the Government, *they must be supported by local rates, and managed by local boards.* Some, indeed, object to local rating because of the heaviness of such rates at present, and their undue pressure on real property; and because poor districts, which need most educational agency, are least able to support it from their own rates. These are grave objections. But, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that the only stimulus that will suffice to make local boards efficient is that occasioned by the circumstance that they are elected for the purpose of expending and carefully applying moneys which the electors contribute. A local board, chosen to distribute a general fund that is drawn from the revenue of the country, would have none of the jealous and watchful criticism of its proceedings from the public of that locality, which alone makes local boards effective. And, again, the Government could not trust the funds, raised by general taxation, to be administered at will by indefinitely numerous local boards. There would then be no check on the expenditure: each board would seek and spend as much as possible of the money which the whole country had raised. Lastly, that there may be just division and due restriction of this outlay, the Government must itself distribute the public money spent on education, so that the local boards would simply be official agencies which executed the will of Government. Such boards would play an idle and ungracious part, and would not long continue to exist. Whoever gives money must have power. Money raised by general taxation must be at the disposal of the Government. Government will thus have absolute control over its distribution. It will, in fact, be the paymaster of all schools, and local management will be a farce.

It is possible, however, to meet the grave objections to local rating, which we have named, without abandoning the schools of the people to Government. For, rating should not do away with school fees; and government inspection, which is essentially necessary, will need the auxiliary influence of some government aid to make it thoroughly effective, for an inspector's report must have the sanction of a reward or punishment to give it cogency with school managers. Well, then, educational rates need never be heavy. School fees and government aid will go to diminish their amount. Further, we do not see why a

local income-tax, which would equalise the incomes from property and from trade, should not be as feasible as a national income-tax. And, lastly, the poor districts, in which the heaviness of an educational rate would be largely felt, are places in which, at the same time, school fees must either be very small, or would be wholly out of the question. Now in such districts, schools, of the type of our industrial schools, might be raised for the destitute poor, mainly at the expense of the State, or from county rates. Free primary schools would thus be established in very needy districts, and the community at large, bearing the expense of such schools, would lift up these poorest districts from their poverty, and would not impose rates where rates could not be paid.

There is another objection against the local administration of schools which we allow to be serious. Our poor, it is said, are ill cared for by local guardians of the poor. We know the evils of the present system. We don't know what the evils would be of a system which committed the poor to the tender mercies of the State. But I believe education is a matter of such paramount importance to every community, that the local board that managed the school or schools of that community would be promptly and thoroughly controlled by public opinion, so that mismanagement or carelessness would be exposed and corrected. A respectable community loses sight of its poor, and allows its guardians to treat them as they may. But it will not lose sight of its children, or allow them to be thus neglected. Further, I insist that Government shall render the service it can without weakening the habit of self-government, or infringing the liberty of the people. This service is one of superintendence, advice, and direction. It may do this safely to any extent so long as it has not the power over the teachers which is given by the payment of them. Let the local board reserve this sovereign power of money in their own hand, and the more of that general wisdom—of that experience and regulative influence, which the State can bring to bear upon its schools the better.

LITTLE JOHNNIE.

SOME years ago, one of the scholars in our Sabbath ragged-class was little Johnnie. He and his younger sister, of whom he took most loving care, were some of the first whom we gathered; they were so regular, quiet, and eager to learn, that we soon began to love them, and watch Sabbath by Sabbath for their coming. Their parents were very poor,

but tidy honest people, and the children showed it. No shoes had ever guarded the feet of brother or sister, but their clothes were always beautifully clean and well mended; and on many a wet Sunday, when the roads were dirty, have we seen Johnnie stop with his baby sister at the spout near the door, and carefully wash her feet and his own before entering the room.

How quickly Johnnie learned! The letters, never seen before, were play to him; and as he showed little Mary which was "great A," and which "big, roundabout O," we longed to make him monitor to some older boys, who seemed to think learning to read an utterly hopeless task. But when the work of the short lesson was over, and the Sabbath story took its place, then Johnnie's eyes shone, his lips parted, and his cheeks glowed. The child's whole soul was in his face.

"Will you tell about Jesus to-day, teacher?"

"Would you rather hear about some one else, Johnnie?"

"Oh no! Please let it be about Jesus!"

And then the little fellow would sit, his hands clasped, his eager face upturned all alive with interest, sometimes with eyes filled with tears, sometimes even laughing for gladness, until the lesson closed. His sister, who perhaps had been asleep with her little head upon his arm, would rouse up and look into his face, and with a kiss and a sigh, as though awaking too, he would say, "We must say good-bye to teacher now, Sissy, till next Sunday."

With any teacher, such a scholar would be a favourite; and our interest in the children was enhanced by the fact, that their parents were intending to emigrate, and we knew that in all likelihood our time for sowing good seed might be short.

They went sooner even than we had expected; and before they left we called and bade farewell to Johnnie's father and mother, his uncle—a fine clever lad, also one of our pupils—his little sister, and himself. We looked our last on the fair face, the waving silky hair, the bright blue eyes, now dim with weeping; and commending our dear little scholar to better teaching than we could ever give him, we left the house.

Nothing, for some time, was heard of the emigrants; but about two or three months after their departure, in going along the street, my attention was excited by an old woman glancing at me, and then hurrying by with her face turned away, as though anxious to avoid me.

Looking after her, I recognised her as Johnnie's grandmother, whom I had once or twice met at the house, but who, being a zealous Romanist, had always kept out of my way. Of course, I instantly

followed her, and asked if she had heard anything of her daughter and the family. She had just received a letter from New York, informing her of their safe arrival.

"And how were they all after their voyage?" I asked. "Did the children bear it well? How was Johnnie?"

"They were all well," she said; "and the voyage had done little Polly a world of good. But didn't you know, ma'am, about Johnnie?"

"What about Johnnie?" I rejoined.

"Oh," she said, "he never went away with the rest. He died, ma'am, more than a month ago, at my little house just by."

"At your house!" I exclaimed, "and you never sent for me, nor for Miss E——!"

Then followed a long string of apologies and assertions, the drift of which I well understood. Of the child I could learn nothing, save that he had received extreme unction, and that they had given him a grand wake.

When the old woman was out of the street, I returned, and got the news I wanted from one of her neighbours.

Johnnie and his friends had left for Liverpool on a cold wet morning, and the little fellow had suffered much from the weather; so much so, that on going on board the ship's doctor had noticed him, and said they must not on any account take him, if they had any one to leave him with. The child was sickening with inflammation of the lungs. The grandmother was with them, and in her care they reluctantly left their darling boy, who returned with her the next day to her dwelling. A season of delirium ensued, during which Johnnie was constantly singing, telling over his favourite stories of Jesus, and entreating to see his teachers.

His grandmother and the priest plied him with crucifixes and medals of the Virgin; but of all he seemed unconscious, only answering them with the continual request—"Won't you send for my teachers, Granny? I know they'd come to see their little Johnnie." With the priest at her elbow, the grandmother could not, if she would, listen to his dying plea, and no teacher came to cheer Johnnie's bed of pain.

One morning after a short sleep he awoke, calm and bright, the delirium gone. He looked round at his grandmother, and at the kind neighbour who told me all this, and who was then watching with her.

"I should have liked to have seen teacher," he said; "but never mind now. Will you sing for me, Granny?"

"How can I sing, child?" said the poor old woman, weeping.

"Will you sing, please?"—to the neighbour.

"I do not know your songs, Johnnie, my boy," was the reply.

"Then I must sing," said the child. "I want to sing, 'Far, far away.'"

He raised himself up on his low bed, and began—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away;"

but his voice faltered. "No," he said, "I can't sing it, and it doesn't matter. It isn't 'far away' now, any more." Then the pale face flushed with sudden energy, the eye beamed, the little wasted hands were stretched towards heaven, and the clear soft voice rang through the room with the words, "I SEE JESUS!" The hands dropped, the light faded from the little face, and he sank back. They sent in haste for the priest, who came to perform the last rites of the Romish Church over his unconscious form; but Johnnie was with Him in whose presence is fulness of joy.

Blessed child! Many a time amid the sorrows and perplexities of life, we have longed and sought, as did the Greeks of old, to "see Jesus."

" 'We would see Jesus,' the great Rock-foundation
On which our souls were set by sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

" 'We would see Jesus:' this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and blessedness come with the sight:
'We would see Jesus,' dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome heaven, and farewell mortal night.'"

ORPHAN CHARITIES.

On the 10th of May, 1758, it is recorded that a company of citizens and Nonconformist Ministers met together at an old-fashioned hotel in Ironmonger Lane, in the City of London, to found an Orphan School, and that at a time when schools were out of fashion, the poor were not only ignorant but purposely kept so, and degradation and vice was the rule. It was agreed that they had funds enough to begin with, and they at once formed a committee, appointed a treasurer, and directed the com-

* This incident, written by our esteemed contributor, "M. I. K. C.," is quoted from *The Tract Magazine*.

mittee to assist the treasurer in collecting funds. The place chosen for the school was Hoxton, then a pretty suburb of London; the charity was for twenty boys, and the name given was the Orphan Working School, because it was intended for work and but to a small extent for education. In that same year, stimulated no doubt by this effort, a party connected with the Established Church started an Orphan Asylum for girls at Westminster, called the "Female Orphan Asylum." In 1860 the original charity had so grown in public esteem that the committee had funds enough for the maintenance of twenty girls also; and thus originated the first effort to benefit the orphan poor in London. Now the Orphan Working School has grown until from the forty orphans at Hoxton, it became seventy, and even 137, in the City Road, and the new building was erected at Haverstock Hill for the accommodation of 240, and that has increased to 400, about the number at present in that establishment.

Out of the Orphan Working School came the London Orphan Asylum, and in the following way—as the late Dr. Andrew Reed informed the writer. There were two orphan children on whose behalf the Doctor was particularly interested. He desired to place them immediately in the City Road School; to this the committee objected, as it was not in accordance with the rules. This led that noble and benevolent man to take these little orphans to his own home, and thus was the seed sown until it became that admirable Institution whose committee are about to erect a new building for 600 orphans. Out of that the Infant Orphan Asylum, at Wanstead, was established with its now more than 600 orphans; and arising from what has proved a *happy dispute* between Dr. Reed, the founder of the Infant Orphan Asylum and the committee, the Asylum for the Fatherless, at Reedham, was established with its now 250 orphans. Truly

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

But from some difference of opinion among the members of the Orphan Working School Committee, another charity was formed by the late Thomas Wilson, Esq., a sketch of whose noble deeds of Christian benevolence we have lately given to our readers, and that charity was called the British Orphan Asylum, and is now at Slough; and lastly, the old charity, of 110 years, has put forth its strength, and the new offspring is the Alexandra Orphanage for Infants at Hornsey Rise, the buildings of which are now rising, with all the modern improvements, to admit of 200; but at a future time 400 infants are to be accommodated. The plan

has been carefully thought out, and is intended to be the nurseries and the homes for these little fatherless and motherless ones. Each house is to hold twenty-five, and there are to be sixteen houses; the dining-room and the schools will be central, and to each house or pair of houses there will be a play-ground, and away from all a children's hospital for infant diseases which cannot be escaped.

All the above charities but three, viz., the Orphan Working School, the Reedham Asylum, and the Alexandra Orphanage for Infants, are Church Institutions, though founded by Dissenters. Those named have as a fundamental rule [that no catechism of any denomination shall be taught in the schools. In all other respects they differ but little, and are admirable institutions. There are many other orphan charities in London, but these are the principal, and all admit children from any part of the kingdom, and there is scarcely a city or town which has not its representative orphan in some London charity. It becomes, therefore, a duty as well as a privilege that our Christian friends in counties should render all the help they can afford to these Institutions.

It may be mentioned that the Orphan Working School is greatly in want of funds, as its annual expenditure is about £10,000, and it depends upon voluntary support for more than three-fourths of that sum. The Alexandra Orphanage for Infants requires a large sum for the buildings, as each house will cost £600, and the central building £6,000, and the builders must be paid as the work advances. It is intended to open the asylum in June, it is hoped by England's fair Princess of Wales, when a bazaar will form one of the attractions on that occasion. This little charity has been greatly supported. The Princess of Wales was one of the first annual subscribers of £10 10s. The houses at present occupied are rent free, by the kindness of the treasurer, whose annual subscription is the largest of any, and among the contributors are Samuel Morley, Esq., £500; a widow, in memory of her husband, £500; another lady, £500; the "Christian World" contribution is a promised £500; and a member of the committee gives £600. All the services, except those of the matron, teacher, and servants, are entirely gratuitous, so that all the funds really go to the charity. Mr. Joseph Soul is the Hon. Secretary, and the office is 56, Ludgate Hill, London.

MR. COLERIDGE ON RITUALISM.

THOSE who settled the Book of Common Prayer intended, said Mr. Coleridge, (in concluding his speech in the Mackonochie case,) beyon

doubt or question, to make a great and distinct alteration in the mode of conducting and performing Divine service. It would be a strange proceeding, having gone through a reformation, cutting ourselves off from Europe—having undergone the necessary evils (counterbalanced by great good) of isolation—we should have done so for the purpose of what? A worship which is hardly to be distinguished from the Roman Catholic worship, a doctrine which it is difficult to distinguish from the Roman Catholic Church doctrine, and a priesthood which, for his part, he regarded as worse than its enemies described the Roman Catholic priesthood to be—for they came down with some historical authority, and their limits and principles were to be found in books and could be dealt with.

The present was not a question of feeling, or of opinion, or of taste. It was not a question whether they could yield to the individual wishes of a cultivated mind and lover of the beautiful. He could not help thinking, that with this cultivation and love, there was a want of manliness in introducing those solemn discussions as to millinery, and decorations, and other evidences of ecclesiastical dandyism, which were the subject of books and pamphlets published of late years. They gave rise to heart-burnings, and to feelings of hostility amongst people who should be of one mind; and if it should turn out that such practices as were set forth in that article were really within the law and sanction of the Church, he seriously apprehended that the Establishment itself was in danger of revolution. He did not in the least wish to reflect upon the character of the defendant, but he could not but remember that there were no limits to self-deception, and he could not but regard many of the practices complained of as savouring of foppery and frivolity. In the days of St. Bernard ecclesiastical dandyism existed; there were those in the priesthood who loved outward show, gay trappings, splendidly lighted and adorned chambers, but Bernard, a priest, an abbot, a monk, a Catholic, but a Christian if one ever lived, denounced their frowardness as vain, frivolous, and injurious.

Are we to have after all a service put upon us not Roman, which is historical and impressive in its way; not Greek, which is also historical and impressive; not English, which is simpler, but has its own noble and even majestic solemnity; but something made up of all three, yet different from each, something that is more calculated to display the ingenuity and pride of man than to set forth the honour and glory of God? That, my lord, is the question before you. I hope you will answer, "No."

THE RAUHE HAUS AT HORN.

ON a bright autumn morning in 1864 I found myself sitting in the omnibus that plies regularly between Hamburg and the little neighbouring village of Horn. After half-an-hour's drive along a road lined on each side with leafless trees, the coachman alighted from his box, and, courteously opening the door, told me that the narrow footpath, at the entrance of which we stopped, led to the Rauhe Haus. He also said something about "steps," but, before I could ask particulars, he was again enthroned. The lumbering vehicle then turned its back upon me, and I found myself alone at the bottom of a rising footpath, which on the left was walled in by an elevated field rising four or five feet above my head. After having climbed up a few yards I noticed some stone steps cut in this earthen wall; but, as I did not know what the coachman had said about them, and they looked rather dirty and slippery, I preferred walking on by the footpath, which I calculated would soon bring me to a level with the field. And so it was. In a few minutes I found myself on a wide tract of ground, dotted here and there with farms and groves, and fields, extending as far as my eye could see. But there was no building visible near or far that looked like a reformatory or any such establishment. The nearest house which I saw to my left seemed to be a farm house, with a garden and a barn. Behind it I noticed the steeple of a church. This, I thought, is most likely a hamlet of the village of Horn. But where in the world is the Rauhe Haus?

There were a dozen boys playing in a field at a small distance. As they were the only human beings to be seen within three miles round, nothing was left for me but to consult them.

They pointed to the house which I had taken for a farm-house. I retraced my steps to the gate which led to the supposed farm-house. No sooner had I reached its front door than a charming view presented itself. An extensive garden, planted with elms, chestnut-trees, old sturdy oaks, and other trees and shrubs, and laid out like a park, was lying within the range of a dozen houses of various sizes and shapes, scattered over an area of about twelve or fifteen acres. Broad, well-hoed and raked paths, covered with yellow sand, wound elegantly round the green grass plots towards the arable patches of land, whose dark brown hue loomed up in the distance. In the centre of this little Eden a church-like building, of an elegant but simple construction, stood out, pointing with its slender steeple towards that world where a still fairer Paradise blossoms. A perfectly still autumn day spread its peaceful spirit over the whole landscape, as if lulling it asleep after the fatigues



THE RAUHE HAUS.

of a busy summer. Nor was there any living creature noticeable at the moment. The whole scene exhibited such an image of peace and happiness as one is prepared to enjoy when witnessing the wonderful works of Christian faith and charity. So this was the Rauhe Haus; not one large building merely, but a number of buildings, with gardens and woodland and fields; in fact, a whole colony.

The original Rauhe House is still to be seen—that venerable cottage, with the thatched roof and wood-framed walls, sheltered under the broad foliage of a gigantic chestnut-tree. It is almost breaking down under the weight of old age, although faithfully propped by the repairing skill of grateful piety. This was the roof under which Dr. Wichern, then a young *candidat**, and his mother, and the first boys whom he plucked out of the fire of moral perdition, spent their happy years.

The example of Wichern, Falck, and Zeller elsewhere, had fired the mind of the young *candidat*, so that he could get no rest till a similar institution had been provided for Hamburg. Gold and silver he had not, nor had he influence with the princes of this world; but he had something better. His was the faith that conquers the world, and the love stronger than death. As a Sunday-school teacher, and as a visitor of the poor, he had become acquainted with the awful corruption that pervaded all classes of society, but especially the lower. That neither the Church nor the State was able to cure this frightfully increasing evil was at once clear to him. Free Christian charity could alone be the physician here. A Reformatory must be founded for rescuing at least the children, since the case of the adults was hopeless.

These were the thoughts which on one October evening in 1832 he discussed with his friends, the members of the Visiting Society—men like himself, richer in faith and love than in silver and gold. The importance of the matter forced itself so mightily upon their hearts that they solemnly promised one another to give their minds no rest till the Reformatory was prayed down from heaven; for praying was the only thing they could do for the present, but this they did with all their heart. When meeting in the street after this, they would whisper into each other's ear: "You don't forget praying for the Reformatory, do you?" Such knocks at the door of the heavenly bank were too telling not to be heard. One day a Government secretary, who knew nothing of the matter, handed £15 to one of the friends. It was given to him by a colleague of his, "to be spent for some charitable purpose; it at an

* *Candidat*—a theological student who has passed his examination at the university, and is licensed to take orders.

possible, for some establishment yet to be founded." A few weeks later, a clergyman, to whom the distribution of a bequest for charitable purposes was entrusted, assigned £1,050 to the proposed Rettungsbaus. Who can picture to himself the joy of Wichern and his friends! The case having now become publicly known, gifts began to pour in. Even servants gave their mites; and one mechanic emptied his spare box on the table of one of the friends, covering it with coins of every description, gold, silver, and copper, the savings of many a year's hard labour.

A few days later another table was covered, but with a map instead of money. It was in the village of Horn, and in the parlour of a wealthy landed proprietor, Mr. Sieveking, the syndic. Wichern stood by the table, and looked with a throbbing heart at the map on which Mr. Sieveking pointed to a house and a piece of ground, which he was willing to give for the establishment. They looked again at the map, and again, and his attention fell upon another property of his, called *Ruge Hoos*. But there was no thinking of it, since it was rented for many a year. Still he walked up to the house one morning, just to look at it; and, lo! no sooner had he reached its front door than its tenant met him, with a humble request to be permitted to break the lease and to leave. "Well, I will think over it," Mr. Sieveking said; and the next day Wichern was on the spot, and two hearts were gladdened—that of the tenant by the permission to go out, and that of Wichern by the permission to come in.

Courage now came flying back to the faint-hearted, and the number of well-wishers again increased with the day. Now that Wichern's faith had created money, brick, and mortar—money, brick, and mortar in their turn created faith among his friends. *It is the old story: some men see because they believe, and others believe because they see*; and as soon as faith obtains what it sees, both parties may go together a great length. Some say it is only a difference of taste or habit: very well, call it so. But the former are, after all, the blessed;* and rightly so, for they do the best and chief part of the work.

On the 1st of November, Wichern, his mother by his side, entered the Rauhe Haus to begin the great work which the Saviour of the lost had prepared for him. Before a week had elapsed three boys came, and the year had not closed when there were twelve, with which the little house was quite full.

This was the first family. Wichern slept with them in the same bedroom, and took his meals with them in the same parlour. It was not

* John xx. 29.

exactly the most agreeable company one could wish for one's pleasure. They were a lot of young savages, accustomed to live upon robbery, to amuse themselves with hazardous enterprises behind the policeman's back, to sleep under a bridge or on a staircase, to curse their fathers in return for parental curses, and to beat their mothers when scolded for coming home with empty hands. But Wichern and his mother were but too happy to have them. Here was something for which to pray and to suffer, to wrestle and to toil. And what could love more delight in, provided there were some likelihood of saving a few? Certainly it was an arduous task for the young man, who never had such work in hand before. But what he lacked in experience was made up by his kind mother's wisdom. And true genuine love certainly imparts a wonderful talent for the work of training. The problem which was to be grappled with was, how to win the confidence of young liars and thieves who distrusted everybody; how to make obedience a pleasure to young rascals who were resolved to obey nobody: and how to reconcile with an orderly and decent life young vagabonds who claimed the liberty of turning day into night, of running half-naked about the streets, and of dining off potato-skins and other offal, with a pudding of tallow, such as is used for greasing shoes, by way of additional dainty.

When the people of Hamburg heard that the young candidat and his twelve little savages were really doing remarkably well, and that it was a happy life over there at the Ruge Hoos, many a one came to admit that, after all, he could not be such a fool as they had at first taken him for. Many a poor parent began earnestly to wish that his wayward boy was one of the twelve; and many a philanthropist, when falling in with a young wretch or vagabond, could not help thinking, "What a blessing it would be to take you to the candidat!" So applications without number came in during the winter, and had there been ten houses like the old Ruge Hoos, they would all have been filled within a few months. The matter was every day spoken of in the family, and the boys longed for nothing more eagerly than to see a second house rise. "Very well," Wichern said, "but then you must live in it yourselves, and I will take twelve fresh boys in your stead." This was, perhaps, not exactly what they wanted, as they were attached to him heart and soul. But an excellent young teacher had recently arrived from Switzerland and won the heart of the boys, and they thought they would be very happy at the new house if he would come along with them. So the work was resolved upon, and when the mason and the carpenter appeared with their tools and materials, the boys stood ready, axe and spade in hand, to do their duty with might

and main. With merry, sportful activity the whole band assisted, on the 11th of March, 1834, in digging up the site of the new building; and at one o'clock the good Syndic Sieveking laid the foundation stone.*

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH, AND THE CHURCH CATHOLIC.

WE acknowledge that we experienced a sensation of a very peculiar kind, when we read in the account of the first day's proceedings at Wolverhampton the title of one of the main topics of discussion—"The best means of bringing Nonconformists into union with the Church." It was a mingled sensation. An answer at once suggested itself, in reply to the question implied in this title, which might have saved all the trouble of discussing it:—Let the Church come and unite with the Dissenters. We could not but admire the simple faith men have in their Church, who, looking upon the spectacle of the half of a great nation revolted from them, separated from them by barriers of great principles, growing in their separateness, both in strength and numbers; most efficiently sustaining their own institutions; and in many places more than rivalling the Church from which they have separated—could calmly set themselves to discuss that problem. We thought at once of Parliament setting itself to discuss the best means of bringing the United States back into union with the mother country; or of the British Association, in its geological section, discussing the best method of re-uniting the Emerald Isle with the English coast, from which it has become unhappily severed, by pre-historic convulsions. We wondered in what serene social region the men could have dwelt who undertook the discussion of that task. Was it in some sweet country village where the intrusive Methodists had never dared to invade the rector's domain; or in some lonely suburb, where the only Dissenting chapel was a fashionable temple of Methodism or of Congregationalism, whose minister always doffed his hat to the "clergyman," and was not ashamed to be patronised on the platform, and snubbed everywhere else? We wondered, too, if these gentlemen had ever troubled themselves to inquire into the reasons of Dissent, or were in any measure acquainted with its history; and we wondered most of all

* Abridged from the deeply interesting and touching work entitled "The Romance of Charity" of John de Liefde. Among the many modern books that recount the triumphs and Christian philanthropy this holds a foremost place. We believe we are conferring an obligation upon our readers when we urge them to obtain and to study it. It is published by Messrs. Strahan, Ludgate Hill, London.

concerning the expedients which the wisdom of the Congress would devise for the accomplishment of the Herculean task. There seemed to be an impression on the minds of several members of the Congress that there was a wide-spread desire among the Nonconformists to return 'to their fathers' home, in the house of their fathers' God.* The members of the Liberation Society, who were evidently referred to as 'the most noisy,' and 'the least numerous,' 'whose nonconformity must be 'attributed to that unwillingness to control, which is so sadly manifest 'in our day, and indeed ever exists in fallen human nature,'† were specially excepted from this expectation, as Dissenters of whom 'Churchmen cannot have much hope.' Of course their special exception indicates who they are, respecting whom these hopes are held. They must be the whole body of orthodox Nonconformists *minus* 'the political dissenters.'

We know not if anything that we can say can undeceive these sincere enthusiasts; but if it can, we must honestly tell them that they are under a huge delusion. We know the Nonconformists at least as well they do; and we must positively affirm that nothing is further from their thoughts than a return to the Church. These gentlemen do not mingle enough with Dissenters to know what their feeling is. Those whom they do happen to meet will be most likely to be persons who have a leaning towards the Church, and who fancy that there are more who sympathise with them than there really are. We do not deny that there may be amongst the old body of Wesleyan Methodists some, not many, both of clergy and laity, who might be won back to the Church by such methods as the Rev. G. Venables hinted at; such as the offer of an Anglican mitre to a few Wesleyan ministers, and the incorporation of the whole Methodistic system into the Church. But when that offer should be made (which will not be just yet), and the practical difficulties of the scheme of re-union had to be considered by the great Methodistic body, we are confident that a large majority of that body, accustomed as they have been to the great freedom of action which belongs to them, quite apart from the central power of "Conference," would shrink with proper alarm and horror from putting their necks into the Episcopal yoke.

Looked at from a distance, the prospect of being part of the Church of England again, and ceasing to be a sect despised and contemned by the most respectable and fashionable part of the community, and of having their ministers on an equality with those of the Church of England, may seem a charming one; but when they come to see the terms on which this dream is to become fact—that it will involve the

* Paper by Rev. G. Venables, of Greenfield, at Church Congress, Oct. 1, 1867.

† Ibid.

"securing all the buildings to the Church," the extinction of Conference by Convocation, and the loss of at least half the liberty of action which is now their very life, they will turn with resolute contempt from any such sacrifice, and will comprehend better than ever they have done before their true relation to the Established Church. For the rest of the Dissenters we are in a position to speak with much greater confidence. A few individuals, ministers and laymen, scattered about here and there, some for æsthetic, some for crotchety, some for respectable, and some for more solid, or at least more serviceable reasons, will ever be found going over to the Church. Not in a stream, so much as in a kind of intermittent dribble, this happens; but Dissent does not lose much by the change; and if there could be established a kind of "clearing house" for the different sects, we imagine it would be found that the balance would very nearly settle itself. Such as these excepted, we confidently tell our Church friends that coming back to the Church is the last thing Dissenters ever dream of. We speak from the vantage ground of more than a quarter of a century of active participation in ecclesiastical affairs; and we have never once heard the subject mooted in any public or private assembly of Nonconformists. There has never been a hint of any desire to revive the Savoy Conference, or any of the schemes of comprehension which were attempted up to the end of the seventeenth century. All the thoughts and efforts of the leaders of that section of Nonconformists with which we have had to do have been in the opposite direction, and have sought the completion of that legislation which began with the Toleration Act, and will never be consummated, nor suffered to rest undisturbed, until every vestige of civil inequality on religious grounds shall be obliterated, and all the sects in England, the Episcopalian included, shall stand on an equality before the law.

In saying this we desire to disclaim all indifference to the fact of the disunion and schism of the Church. We deplore it intensely, as the source of great scandal and weakness to the Church Catholic. We do not value at a less price than any of those Churchmen who have lately been most earnest about it, that "unity" of the Church for which our Lord so earnestly prayed. We yearn for it with an aching heart. We long for the time when it shall be possible. May we not do all this, and so be free of the sin of heart schism, and still feel that the Church of England, instead of offering to us a real and spiritual and acceptable basis of unity, is herself the great element of schism in this country. What is the unity she offers us? It is simply the unity of organization—an external thing; whilst at the same time she obliges us to accept the most grievous disunity, and even antagonism, in the much

more vital matter of doctrine. Now what is the unity which Christ prayed for, and which the Church and the world want most? Surely not the unity of mere form and sound, but unity of faith, unity of the spirit and of the heart; not the unity of staves in a cask, which is brought about by iron hoops, but the unity of branches in a tree; not the unity of specimens in a museum, but the unity of members in a body; not the unity of beads on a string, but the unity of fruit upon the vine; not the unity of soldiers under drill, but the unity of brethren in a family. This is the only unity we care for. If Churchmen think to captivate us by pointing to the historic character of their Church, we instantly call to mind that we are members of the oldest and most famous historic Church in the world,—of that invisible and only Catholic Church, which has been composed of the real believers of every Church in every age. We care little about any other historic Church; we call the religious heroes of every age our own; all the saints belong to us, as much as to any that keep saints' days; the hymns and prayers of the Churches of the East and the West, of Protestant and Catholic alike, are as much our property as the property of any other Church, inasmuch as they are the legacy of saints to all the saints. Spirit and geography have nothing in common. Religion and Nationalism are the infinite and the finite, and the former cannot be bound by the latter. Soul is bigger than denominations, and better than their separating walls. Its eye glances across centuries and Atlantic oceans. Every diameter of the globe is a conductor for spirit, and a true Christian unity ignores the superficial characteristics of the earth. In the squabble as to which Church has the right to call itself the Catholic, we can take no part; we stand and look on, saying in our hearts, "None of ye! the Catholic Church comprehends none of ye in your entirety, but some part of ye all." And it is only when the Churches all come to see this that THE CHURCH can be. . . .

But inasmuch as in no country in the world can unanimity of judgment be produced upon any matter by any kind of machinery—political or ecclesiastical—least of all by punitive laws, this very thing has been the source of great injustice and tyranny towards all those who could not accept the prescribed creed. Consequently the religious life of this country has had an element of strife infused into it which has seriously retarded and distorted its development and drained it of its force. At this moment the legislation of the country is impeded and hampered by ecclesiastical matters, with which Parliament ought to have nothing to do, and for which it has no special competency, but the reverse. The force which might have gone to the evangelization of the masses at

home, and the myriads of heathen abroad, has been wasted in inevitable mutual conflict. One half of the Church has regarded the other half as rebellious; while these in turn have accounted the others as tyrants. Instead of carrying the Gospel of Christ to men with united hands, we have been compelled to snatch at it, and almost tear it in twain; and all in consequence of that grievous blunder, the Act of Uniformity, and the establishment of the Church thereby. A mistake more ludicrous, and at the same time more disastrous, it would not be easy to make. Can water be held in a sieve? Can oxygen be picked up by the point of a needle? Can the law of gravitation be held, by forceps? Can a mathematical problem be wrought out by a barrel organ? Can a metaphysical difficulty be solved by nitric acid? or zeal stirred up by a kitchen poker? or the Alps ascended in a steam packet? The attempt at any one of these feats would not be one whit more idiotic than the attempt to settle the religious convictions of a nation by law. Law cannot make truth. Law cannot find truth. Law cannot secure truth. And so, conscience intuitively resents and resists the interference of law in the matter. Conscience is a great divine force in humanity, whose function is to receive and apply Divine truth to individual human lives. It is like the wind, but mightier than the rushing mighty wind. It is like the tide, but fiercer than the fiercest tempest-tide. Conscience must be free. Rear the most solid wall of law against the wind, and how it puffs it into ruin. Build the hugest breakwater in mid Atlantic, and how it laughs it into wreck. And so conscience must be free. It laughs at human enactments. It may be awed into silence, compelled into submission, into conformity, but never into faith. It must be free or it must die.—*British Quarterly Review*.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE past few weeks have been prolific of events which claim to be chronicled in a sketch of the Church news of the month. Indeed, religion, for the present, is the centre of most of the political life and action in our country. At least, there are no great questions stirring with which it is altogether unconnected. It is very evident that we have reached a new era in the history of religious thought and opinion. The times when the champions of Church and State hardly permitted any amount of agitation outside their garrisoned walls to disturb their composure, have gone, and we find them now awaking from their dreams of peace and plenty, and coming without their fortress, anxious to quell the tumult, and to come to terms. It is not often given us to see deans and bishops met in conference with leaders of the Liberation Society

and Unitarian ministers, on the most vital question of the connexion between Church and State; but this, we, the privileged Nonconformists of the present day, have been permitted to behold. Dean Stanley has read a paper setting forth his views on what a National Church ought to be; and Mr. Miall and other members of the Liberation Society, the Rev. J. Martineau and other Unitarian ministers, were invited to hear and discuss it. The Dean advocated comprehension on the widest scale. He would have a Church almost without doctrine, without creed, and without polity; he would have the Church to be as long and as broad as the nation, and the duty of the State would be merely to recognise the religious aspirations of the community, and to exercise control over such manifestations of fanaticism as would amount to a social offence. Mr. Martineau, speaking, no doubt, the sentiments of the majority of the Unitarians, accepted the views of Dean Stanley, and expressed his willingness to change his position as a Nonconformist for that of a minister of a State Church. Mr. Miall gave expression to the opinions of all the Nonconformists upon the Dean's scheme, when he said that he did not object to the Establishment for its theology, but, because it rendered to Cæsar the things which belong to God only. The Dean's efforts will have little success with Nonconformists; he and they differ fundamentally in their conceptions of the Church of Christ. *The English Independent* says: "It is impossible that we can accept his terms; he proceeds upon definitions every one of which we should dispute at the outset." *The Liberator* says: "We agree with the bishop that 'it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of such meetings,' and we hope that this is the initiation of a new spirit of controversy amongst Churchmen. We may the more reasonably indulge in this hope when we consider that a Churchman, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, the son of the ex-Tory minister, Lord Carnarvon, wound up this debate by expressing his opinion that 'the era of State Churches has passed;' and that a London curate writes to the Church and Tory *Standard* that 'Mr. Miall carried us with him' in his answer to Dean Stanley."

Dean Alford, too, has been seeking to encourage union with Nonconformists. In an article in the *Contemporary Review*, the Dean exposes the unseemly proceedings of those who, with smiles and flattering words, court union with the Greek and Roman Churches, while ignoring the very existence of the Protestant Nonconformists of their own country, who, he says, are divided from Churchmen by the thinnest possible position, as far as theological doctrine is concerned. He points out the fact that the Church of England has long used the hymns of Nonconformists, and valued their printed sermons and classical theology.

He pays a high tribute to the learning and piety and missionary energy of Nonconformists, and suggests various ways by which union might be promoted. After speaking of intercommunion at the Lord's table, and exchange of pulpits, he counsels social sympathy and the laying aside of disparaging epithets, which are so frequently in the discourse of Churchmen with reference to Dissenters.

In the *Evangelical Magazine* for last month the Rev. J. Stoughton, one of our leading London ministers, utters a response to the generous article of Dean Alford, and assures him that there are many "whose hearts beat in warmest sympathy with his." Mr. Stoughton warns Nonconformists against faults on their side, and asks, "Are our ministers and Churches free from all bigotry and narrowness? Do we never look with jealousy and suspicion upon those outside of our own religious circle?"

The contest which the Nonconformists have waged against Church rates for the last thirty-five years is apparently drawing to a close. The Conservatives wish to have the irritating question out of the way; and they no doubt feel that the pressure brought to bear upon them, in connection with this subject, cannot be withstood much longer. Mr. Gladstone's Bill, which retains the machinery for making rates, but puts an end to compulsion, has virtually passed the House of Commons without any real resistance. In offering this Bill, Mr. Gladstone gave the House to understand that, if it were not accepted, it would be the last time he would interpose, and intimated pretty clearly that if they did not, there would be nothing left for them but total abolition. He also stated his belief that the Church of England would not be weakened, but greatly strengthened by the removal of the petty irritations, such as those caused from time to time by the law of Church rates. Several members of the House of Commons, who had, all their lives, opposed the abolition of Church rates, spoke in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, feeling that the time was come when they must be given up; and, as one of them remarked, they might go further and fare worse.

Some of the high Church newspapers object to Mr. Gladstone's compromise. The *Record* does not like it, and the *John Bull* would far rather accept Mr. Hardcastle's Bill for total abolition, than "this mockery of a compromise." "Let us have," says the *Churchman*, "Hardcastle or nothing." The *Nonconformist* says, "Hardcastle or nothing has been our own cry, and this will not prove to be the last time that Churchmen will in the end come over to our views."

Earl Russell has published a pamphlet on the "State of Ireland," in which he gives full expression to his views on the Irish Church question. Nonconformists will be glad to find that he is in favour of

entire religious equality in Ireland. He would abolish the Irish Church as an Establishment, and exclude her bishops from the House of Lords. His scheme for the appropriation of Church property, however, will not meet with the approval of the advocates of voluntarism; for he proposes that the revenues of the Irish Church should be distributed amongst Anglicans, Romanists, and Presbyterians, strictly according to population. Such a distribution would give the Anglicans little more than an eighth, the Presbyterians less than an eighth, and the Roman Catholics six-eighths. The plan thus proposed for dealing with Irish Church property would be most exasperating to Protestant Episcopalians in Ireland. "For them," says the *Nonconformist*, "to be left with an eighth only, and to witness the transference of six-eighths to the rival institution, over which they have hitherto been in the ascendant, would be regarded as adding insult to injury."

The Liberation Society is earnestly and energetically prosecuting its labours. Its agents are seeking at the present time to arouse public attention, more especially to the Irish Church question, and if we may judge from the opposition with which it is thought necessary to meet them, they are doing their work successfully. Several large and uproarious meetings which have been held, will do more to further the ends of the Society than its enemies calculated. At a meeting in Manchester called by the mayor, at the request of several of the leading merchants of the city, and under the presidency of the mayor himself, the proceedings were of a very disorderly character. The clergymen of the Church of England whipped up their Sunday-school teachers. The leaders of the Constitutional Association were also present, so that the friends of the Liberation Society were quite outnumbered. The result was that the speakers were received with hisses and groans, and were frequently interrupted. Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., was unable to finish his speech. In the end the resolutions drawn up by the promoters of the meeting were lost, and next day the *Tory* journal headed its report with the words "Ignominious Defeat of the Liberation Society." Liverpool was the scene of a similar meeting; and at Islington, where Mr. Mason Jones lectured, the proceedings were nearly as disorderly, although the friends of the Society came off triumphant, having a large majority.

A number of graduates of Oxford University, including all the Divinity Professors and many heads of houses and fellows, alarmed at the measures now being taken for the purpose of placing the highest honours of the Universities within the reach of Nonconformists and Churchmen alike, have addressed a memorial to the Archbishop of

Canterbury, imploring him to use "all the weight of his influence, both personal and official," to prevent the abolition of religious tests in the Universities. The memorialists declare that they cannot contemplate without dismay the results which would flow from the opening of the Universities, for as the tutors are selected from among the fellows of colleges, they are convinced that the admission to fellowships of persons not necessarily Christians will imperil the continuance of religious education at Oxford. The *Times* regards the attempts of the memorialists as vain and inconsistent, and asks if the gentlemen at Oxford "can prevent any Oxford man, even with an M.A. attached to his name and material inducements to orthodoxy, from forming his own opinions? If they cannot do this now, and if Oxford in consequence is that free arena of religious controversy which they earnestly pray it may not be, how can Parliament save or help them?"

The Directors of the London Missionary Society have taken steps to diminish the expenditure of their missions in India by £8,900. This step has been partly necessitated by the late straitened financial position of the society, and it now is thought to be a wise policy that the converts should be led to feel that to them, as well as to us, belongs the duty of propagating the Gospel. The Directors have also had the subject of Government grants for educational purposes in India under consideration. They do not wish to commit the society to either side of the question, but they cede to the missionaries the fullest freedom to determine the matter for themselves.

The Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon numbers at present 3,034 members, which is an increase of 224 during the last year, and the largest number of members connected with any Church in Britain. A meeting of Nonconformists has been held at Norwich, when resolutions were passed against the continuation and extension of the principle of religious endowment in Ireland, and intimating that any such proposal would be met by the determined and all but unanimous opposition of the entire Nonconformist body of the kingdom. A similar meeting has been held at Liverpool, when resolutions of a like nature were passed. The newspapers report that two bank notes each for £1,000 have been dropped into Mr. Spurgeon's letter box by "A.B.," who on a former occasion gave £1,000 anonymously. £1,000 of the money now given is for the Orphanage, and the other £1,000 for the Pastors' College.

An interesting tea-party has been held in the Congregational school-room, Lightcliffe, principally of the old scholars of the school, for the purpose of welcoming Mr. Titus Salt and his family on their return to

Lightcliffe, after an absence of ten years at Methley. The meeting was a large and successful one. The Church and Congregation assembling at Townley Street Chapel, Macclesfield, have presented their pastor, the Rev. L. Moffett, with a purse of one hundred and twenty-one guineas as a token of their esteem. A new mission hall has been opened at Winton, in the vicinity of Bournemouth, mainly through the exertions of the Rev. Samuel Knell, of Troop. A new schoolroom for the use of the Congregationalists has been opened at Stapleton Road, Bristol. The Rev. H. Quick preached on the occasion.

The Rev. J. Paill, late of Wick, Scotland, has been recognised as the pastor of the Congregational Church, Kendal; the Rev. Palmer Law as pastor of the Congregational Church at Milton; the Rev. T. Davey as pastor of the Congregational Church at Caistor, Lincolnshire; the Rev. T. Sissons (late of Southampton), as co-pastor with the Rev. E. Mannering, Bishopsgate Chapel. The Rev. H. Bower has resigned his position as officiating minister of the Free Church, Totness, Devon.

The Rev. J. W. Atkinson, of Potternewton, Leeds, has accepted an invitation to become assistant to the Rev. Dr. Raleigh, at Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury; the Rev. W. Dorling, of Bethnal Green Road Chapel, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the new Congregational Church, Buckhurst Hill, near Woodford, Essex; the Rev. R. Harley, F.R.S., has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Bond Street Chapel, Leicester; Mr. W. A. Linnington, of Nottingham Institute, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Thetford, Norfolk; Mr. J. R. Lewis, of Brecon College, has accepted the pastorate of the two Congregational Churches at Moesyrone and Glasbury, Radnorshire; Mr. D. Johnstone, of Airedale College, has accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Elie, Scotland; the Rev. E. Storrow (late of Calcutta), has accepted the pastorate of the new Congregational Church at Rugby.

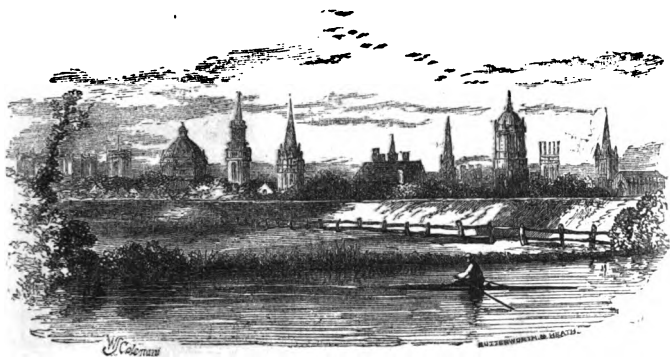
The Rev. S. L. Ardwick has removed from Manchester to Ilfracombe, North Devon; the Rev. G. Nicholson, from Longsight to Union Church, Putney; the Rev. W. W. Laskey, Bristol to Stroud; the Rev. W. Currie, Newton Abbot to Princes Street, Devonport; the Rev. C. Goward, Birkenhead to Meyrick Street Chapel, Pembroke Dock; the Rev. J. Smith, M.A., Hamburg to Wicker Congregational Church, Sheffield; Mr. D. Jenkins, Carmarthen College to Trefgaren, Pembroke.

The Rev. W. Young has been ordained as pastor of the Congregational Church at Wirksworth, Derbyshire; Mr. H. J. Senior, of Airedale College, has been ordained as pastor of the Church at the Congregational Chapel, Ovenden, near Halifax.

DOWN THE THAMES.

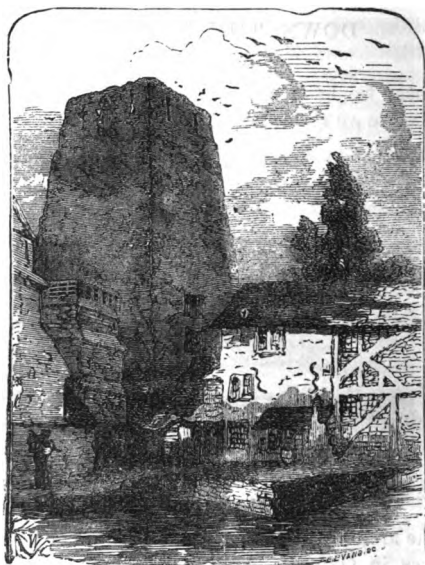
OXFORD.

From near Binsey we have a fine view of the domes and spires of Oxford. But, before we reach the city, we come to Osney, once famous



OXFORD, FROM NEAR BINSEY.

for its abbey, the architectural beauty of which was equal to that of the grandest colleges in Oxford. A legend tells us, respecting its origin, that Edith, the wife of Robert D'Oyly, when walking out from Oxford Castle by the river side, often observed magpies chattering on a certain tree, "as it wer to speke to her." Wondering much at this, she consulted her confessor as to the meaning thereof, who informed her that the magpies were so many poor souls in purgatory, who were telling their misery to her, and entreating her help. For the relief of these unhappy souls, Edith erected the abbey where the tree had stood. In after times the abbey became enriched by other donors, until it was one of "the first ornaments and wonders of this place and nation." All who contributed something towards the building were entitled to "forty days' indulgence and forgiveness from sin." There was always abundance of the good things of this life at Osney Abbey, and within its great hall kings, prelates, and nobles, were frequent guests. This abbey shared the fate of so many other wealthy religious establishments under Henry VIII. It seems to have revived a little in the days of Queen Mary, and the voice of Popish worship was again heard within its walls; but the days of the Commonwealth brought its complete ruin, and now not one stone remains on another to mark the site of the abbey, once so grand and so great.

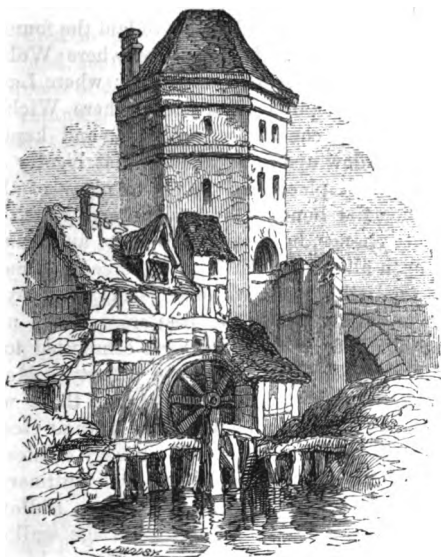


OXFORD CASTLE.

Of what was Oxford Castle there remains but a solitary tower. By turns this pile, in its better days, sent forth the power which quelled the seditious, and afforded a refuge for those who sought the protection of its walls. In this castle the Empress Maud was besieged by the army of King Stephen. The river was frozen over, and at midnight she and three faithful knights, clad in garments white as the ice on which they trode, passed the sentinels of the enemy, and escaped to Abingdon. After serving the purpose for which castles were built for many generations, it was used as the county jail, but now stands out only as a monument of hoar antiquity.

"Friar Bacon's Study" once stood on Folly Bridge. Roger Bacon was one of the most learned men of the middle ages, and, according to the popular belief of his day, was well acquainted with the mysteries and practice of magic. He was wont, as tradition has it, to resort at night to the tower which afterwards bore his name, for the purpose of observing the stars, and there he watched for many hours together. A prophecy existed that when a more learned man than the Friar passed under the tower it would fall, and many a youth, going to the university, has with

much pleasantry been counselled to beware of walking under the "Friar's Tower," lest his superior wisdom should bring the predicted calamity. All danger on this ground to Oxford youth and wisdom was brought to an end by the removal of the tower in the year 1779.



FRIAR BACON'S STUDY.

We shall return to this point, but in the mean time let us conduct our reader into the ancient city of Oxford. Tradition gives us accounts of the early history of this city, too fanciful to be credited. Its authentic history begins with Alfred, who resided there. The Danes burned Oxford four times, and William the Conqueror stormed it on its refusal to admit him. Oxford took part with King Stephen against the Empress Matilda. In Domesday-book the city is called by its old name of Oxenford. That this means simply a ford for oxen, is confirmed by the fact that on the old city seal there is the representation of an ox crossing a ford. The city is situated in a rich valley between the Isis and the Cherwell, and is surrounded by natural and cultivated vegetation. The High Street, with its gradual ascent, and the piles of college buildings by which its course is marked, is said to be the most beautiful street in Europe.

There are in Oxford nineteen colleges and five halls, some of them of great architectural beauty. There are also many other ancient structures, ecclesiastical and otherwise, which are venerable relics of bygone times. The visitor to Oxford cannot but feel that he is treading classic ground. Many of England's most illustrious sons have paced these streets, and within these colleges have laid the foundations of their future usefulness and fame. It was here where Wolsey walked in triumph, and Shakspeare housed in obscurity; where Laud and Wesley taught; where liberty inspired Hampden; where Wicliff planned for his country freedom of conscience, achieved, and kept it. But one regret rests as a shadow upon our minds—that bigotry should so long have reigned in such a place, and refuse to many of the best of the youth of our nation the honours and advantages which Oxford could afford. A mighty change, however, is coming, and soon the gates of Oxford will be open alike to youths of every creed and name.

The visitor, too, will here have feelings of pious reverence excited within him as he stands beside the iron cross which marks the spot where Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were committed to the flames for conscience' sake, and he will also find the "Martyr's Memorial," which a grateful admiration has raised in memory of those who gave their bodies to be burned rather than be unfaithful to their God.

What scenes were once enacted here! Nearly eighteen months after they had received their sentence, Ridley and Latimer were brought forth to this spot to die. On quitting the prison, Ridley soon reached the spot; but Latimer, by reason of his great age, walked very slowly. Seeing this, Ridley went to meet him, and, kissing him on the cheek, said, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flames, or strengthen us to bear it." After a popish sermon had been preached, Ridley undressed, giving away as he did so his apparel, a new groat, some nutmegs and bits of ginger, and what other trifles he possessed, to the bystanders. Latimer was weak and helpless, and on this account submitted himself to the keeper to be stripped for the stake; but when he stood up in his shroud, erect and fearless, by the side of the faggots which were so soon to consume him, he seemed to the beholders to be no longer the withered and infirm old man, "but as comely a father as one might behold." Then, as they were chaining him to the stake, his fellow-martyr being already fastened to the reverse side, the feeble-bodied but great-hearted old man spoke his dying prophecy—"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Gunpowder was fastened to the bodies of both,

and soon the cruel flames burst forth and glared wildly, and all around the spot where we now stand was hot with the fire which consumed all that was mortal of these servants of God. But their death did light that candle, and that beautiful memorial offers its significant commentary upon the good old martyr's prophecy.

Cranmer lingered in prison five months longer. After he was pronounced guilty, and sentence was passed upon him, his spirit quailed at the near approach of death, and, yielding to the influences of fear and temptation, he recanted, and his enemies triumphed. Their triumph, however, was short lived; Cranmer regained his fidelity to God. He was brought to the stake, and, when the flames began to rise, he thrust forward his right hand, with which he had signed the recantation, and kept it there while life remained. He stood in the fire as immovable as the stake, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "Lord receive my spirit," and soon expired. It is to the memory of these men and events that the Martyr's Memorial has been raised. It is a fine work of art, worthy of the purpose and of the city, and contains statues of "The Great Three."



FOLLY BRIDGE.

We return to Folly Bridge, where we said "Friar Bacon's Study" once stood. The tower, called the study, was leased to one named "Welcome," who, by repairing the lower part, and adding a second story, transformed it into the fabric as it appears in our engraving. The public named the partly new erection "Welcome's Folly," and thus the bridge came to be known as "Folly Bridge."

MY LESSONS ON PROVIDENCE.

WE all dislike to hear a man talking much about himself. And yet there are incidents in the life of perhaps every Christian which illustrate the ways of God with His people, which it may be interesting and instructive to mention. I have been asked by our editor to mention some of these; and if I seem to speak too freely and frequently of myself, I hope I may be forgiven.

Shortly after my conversion, I gave up my stated occupation, in order to devote myself, more fully than I had been able before, to the work of God. It seemed, however, desirable that I should combine with my new vocation some means of earning a living; so I resolved, in the various places I visited, to act as the agent of a bookseller, and increase, enlarge, and obtain the circulation of a number of religious books. Some such plan as this, I believe, is pursued by the colporteurs of France, only they sell chiefly Bibles and Testaments. In my case, however, I did not find it succeed. If I went into a cottage, and began to speak to the inmates about their religious interests, I could not find it in my heart afterwards to ask them to buy a book, lest they should think that I had talked to them about their souls in order to secure their good will in the sale of my publication for the good of my pocket. The consequence was that, as I went on from place to place—I began at length to be in want. This led me seriously to reconsider the step I had taken, and I was much perplexed. Had I been prudent, I asked myself, in giving up my regular employment? Had I made the grave error of running without being sent? Might I not be as useful and more happy if I returned to my former employment? And yet, if I did this, might I not be drawing back from a Christian work in which I had already been greatly blessed?

While revolving these questions in my mind, I received an invitation to visit some people at a distance, and to labour among them for a short time. It was winter, and the snow lay deep upon the ground; but I went. The following night one of the people spoke to me about my means of support. He stated his strong conviction that my attempt to combine the sale of books with my Christian work was a mistake. "But," I replied, "I have no other way of making a living." Still he adhered to his opinion. At length I said, "Well, if I was sure that God would provide for me, I would give up my books and devote myself wholly to His work." "You've no faith, man," he exclaimed; "you say that if He will provide for you, you'll trust Him. Trust Him, and He'll provide for you!"

With a trembling heart, but with much prayer, I resolved to adopt the advice of my faithful adviser. I put aside my books with a determination that, if God would provide for me for one week, I would never take them up again. I gave myself constantly to the work of the Lord. I visited the people from house to house, and held six services in barns and cottages. At last the parting night came. I was to leave next day, and I had neither a penny nor a home. I pronounced the blessing upon the people with a heavy heart, and then went to the door to shake hands and say farewell. An old man, as he passed out, placed a small parcel in my hand; and on opening it afterwards in my room I found it contained fifteen shillings. Not very much, some reader may say; but it was more than enough for all my wants, and it was more than I had received from all sources in one week for the last six months. With a glad and grateful heart I devoted myself again to the Lord and to His work. This was one lesson in providence.

Not long after this incident I received an invitation to visit T——. I had only half-a-crown in my possession, and the fare was 2s. 5d. After I had taken my railway-ticket, the station-master said, "Oh, Mr. G——, there is a parcel for you; there is sixpence to pay upon it." As I never asked any one for a loan, and never disclosed to any one any need I might be in, I simply replied:—"I will send for the parcel," and left him. A few minutes afterwards a young man, who had been blessed under my labours during the previous summer, joined me; he, too, was going to T——. In the course of conversation he said:—"You must be put to a great deal of expense in travelling about your work; I have never had an opportunity of showing my gratitude to you for the blessing I received through you last summer. I have not much; but will you allow me to pay your fare from A—— to I—— to-day." I was glad and thankful. I obtained my parcel, and had my half-crown still. This was another lesson in providence.

My clothes were now getting pretty shabby with age and work. One day at B——, an old tailor, a Christian man, accosted me. He said he wanted to speak with me in his shop. I accompanied him; but no sooner had I entered than he produced his tape to take my measure. I demurred, saying that I had no means of paying him. But he took no notice of my protest, and declared that I should have the clothes, and the Lord would pay him. This was another lesson for me in providence.

A year had run its course, and the purple ash-berries were shining in the early spring mornings. I had endured a long series of trials, and my faith had begun to flag. I began to think that the Lord had withdrawn

His smile from me—that I was presuming on His bounty. I went alone to a mountain side where none could see me but God. I lay down on the brown slope. Over the broad valley at my feet the labourers were at work, and some were sowing the seed of future harvests. The sight of so much busy toil and happiness seemed to make my sadness and loneliness more sad, and I wept. Satan plied me with his temptations. I thought of the good business and prospects I had thrown away, and of my present poverty—without a shilling in my pocket or a friend to offer help. But I sought relief for these bitter thoughts in prayer. I asked the Lord to show me how I ought to act. And in my prayers I ventured to ask that if it was His will that I should continue in my present calling, He would grant me two signs or tokens. I asked that those signs might be given at the service I was to hold that night; that the one should be some especial outpouring of His presence in our midst, and blessing on my labours, and that the other should be His gift to me of the means necessary for my support.

I prayed again, and left the hill-top a changed and comforted man. I went to the meeting and preached with much pleasure, but none stopped to be spoken with—a circumstance which caused me anxiety. I began to fear after all that I had “run without being sent.” But even while I was praying some one came to the door inquiring for me, and when it was opened I found to my joy that three anxious souls desired to see me. Thus God gave me the one sign for which I had asked.

I had intended to go to B—— on the following day and obtain employment at my old business, but before I went to bed another visitor called and said she had forgotten to give me an article of dress I had left at their house. I took the little parcel from the maid; but, thinking it heavier than I expected, I opened it, and found a five shilling piece rolled up in a hymn. Thus did God watch over and encourage me. During that week, I received, in one way or another, upwards of twenty shillings; some I found in my great coat pocket, some in postage stamps, and some was sent in letters, and to this day I never knew who gave it.

Many other similar instances might be mentioned. But with one I conclude. I had been informed that arrangements had been made in England for giving a suitable training to those who wished to devote themselves to evangelistic and other kinds of missionary labour. Having had most scanty educational advantages in my boyhood and youth, I resolved, if the way were made plain, to avail myself of these most unexpected and welcome privileges, and accordingly made the usual application, filled up the required papers, and despatched them.

A few days afterwards I received a letter from the secretary to say that my application had been "favourably entertained," and that I was to appear before the committee in a week. When this summons arrived I was fifty miles from home, far away in the North of Scotland, with just two shillings in my pocket, and with no visible means of obtaining a shilling more: yet in four days I must be on my way to England. I set off for B—. In the street I met an acquaintance who asked me how I was getting on. I told him. Though not a Christian himself, he offered me, unasked, a pound, to help me, he said, across the Tweed. When I reached home I had just ten shillings in the world, and nearly five hundred miles to travel. But I was in great peace of mind, and wrote to the secretary that I should meet the Committee on the day appointed, "if the Lord gave me the means."

Three days passed away and still no help arrived. My dear mother said to me, not six hours before the time I purposed to start, "My bairn, how are you to get awa?" I said, "O never fear, mother, if the Lord has me to go He'll send the means, and if He does not, Scotland is big enough to hold me yet. But we'll see what the post brings." The post arrived, and with it much consolation. Three letters, each containing money. One from Dr. McK—, with a pound; another from M— village, with a pound; and one from Messrs. L— and Sons with ten shillings' worth of postage stamps. All doubts were solved. The finger of God pointed to England. Two hours before I left, a deacon of the church slipped two pounds into my hand, and my dear father put five shillings, which he had saved in pennies, into my pocket, saying, if it had been £500 I should have had it as willingly. Thus I left my native land, and came a stranger into a strange land, where, however, I soon found myself a friend with many friends.

G. J.

"THE SACRED RAIL."*

We are told, that in the rite of confirmation, the bishop bestows on the candidate the gift of the Holy Spirit. Thus Wheatly says, that

* While Church questions are engrossing so much of public attention, and while the great principles of Nonconformity are rising daily in national regard, it has been thought desirable that some cheap, brief, and popular tracts should be issued, which may serve for the wider diffusion of our opinions, and may also supply an armoury of those minor but useful weapons, by which we may carry our warfare for truth into the camp of our ecclesiastical opponents. The first six of these tracts are now being issued by Messrs. Snow, and are entitled, *Church Tracts for the Times*. Their titles will indicate their topics:—"The Real Presence;" "Apiests and Papists;" "Successors of the Apostles;" "*My Parish*;" "Independents—what are they and why?" and "The Sacred Rail; or, Confirmation." We have quoted a portion of the last-mentioned tract.

"precious gifts are hereby conferred." Hooker states, that "that gift of grace of the Holy Ghost" is bestowed "which assisteth us in all virtue, armeth us against temptation and sin." Keble, in one of his hymns, tells us that the "dove-like hand" of the bishop at the "sacred rail" gives the Holy Spirit. "By this holy ordinance," says another, "the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost are communicated to our souls."

Here, then, we are plainly informed that there are some twenty-six gentlemen in England—the bishops—who can bestow upon us the Holy Spirit; that this gift is conferred at confirmation; and that without this rite, although you were already "a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," you are not allowed to approach the table of the Lord.

In reply, we affirm that—

I. *Confirmation is unscriptural.* When we ask for evidence that a modern prelate—bishop Colenso, for instance—can confer upon a fellow-man the Holy Spirit, we are told in reply, that "on two occasions Peter, John, and Paul made use of the practice of 'laying on of hands.'" But what of that? What does that prove? If apostles, when they laid hands on the sick, could heal them, does that prove that English bishops can do the same? Does it prove that no one else may, on any occasion, lay his hands on another? May not any father lay his hand on his child's head, and say, "God bless you." Laying on of hands was a most common rite, sanctioned by patriarchal and Jewish, as well as Christian use, practised on many occasions; used as a sign of many things: what proof is there, then, that because it was sometimes used by apostles when they wrought miracles, that it may be used now by only just twenty-six gentlemen in all England; and that when they do it, a marvellous spiritual result follows—that the Holy Spirit of God is conferred? Yet, in the Confirmation Service, the bishop lays his hands on the head, however thoughtless and graceless, of every youth who comes to him; and he afterwards says: "Almighty and ever-living God, who makest us both to will and to do those things that be good and acceptable unto Thy Divine majesty; we make our humble supplications unto Thee for these Thy servants, upon whom (after the manner of Thy holy apostles), we have now laid our hands, to *certify them (by this sign) of Thy favour and gracious goodness towards them.*"

Now we want to know what Scriptural authority this gentleman can show for doing all this? How does he know that there is some special Divine favour for each and all these persons, good, bad, or indifferent, who are brought before him? Who prescribed that before they received

this blessing, they should learn the Church Catechism and the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments? Why will no other catechism do, out of the many—not inferior to it—that have been published? How can he "certify" these peculiar blessings of a number of people he has never seen before, and will perhaps never see again? If he simply mean that they enjoy the common blessings of God's bounty, no bishop's hand was needed to "certify" that; but if he mean more than that, what warrant of Scripture, or what evidence in fact has he for his assertions? Why, too, is he able to "certify" these blessings any more than any other minister of Christ? How are his hands able to "certify" that the peculiar favour of God rests upon people, some of whom probably showed a few hours ago by their conduct, and who in a few hours will show again, that they have no grace at all?

No! The whole system is not only without Scripture, but contrary to Scripture. The rite of confirmation rests on the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. That doctrine says—Have a little water sprinkled on you by a priest, and you are saved; Scripture says—"Ye must be born again." Confirmation declares that there are a certain limited number of persons in this country who hold in their private keeping a monopoly of heaven's best bounty; that they are the almoners of the mighty boon of God—the gift of the Holy Ghost. Yet Scripture assures us that freer than any gift which ever fell from episcopal hands is this blessing. While sinful men are vaunting themselves on its private possession and its occasional bestowment, the lowliest Christian in all the land may receive the benediction—not from fallen fellow-men—but from the very Fountain Head of all spiritual good. For "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; *how much more*,—HOW MUCH MORE shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to THEM THAT ASK HIM?" (Luke xi. 13.)

There are clergymen, it is true, who have the good sense to give up any such plea. A few months since, a Nonconformist minister in Derbyshire said to a clergyman: "I wish you would lend me some good standard book showing the Scriptural authority for the rite of confirmation." "Scriptural authority!" candidly replied his friend, "why there is none." But why, if he has no Scripture authority for the rite, should he encourage its practice?

II. *Confirmation is tainted with a dangerous delusion.*—Doctrines that teach that mere rites can save any one are delusions. To tell hundreds of young persons, that because they have been baptized they have been "forgiven all their sins," and that because someone now lays his hands upon them, they receive the Holy Ghost, is a dangerous

delusion. For a minister of religion solemnly to declare, that though he knows a man has lived the life of a reprobate, and died drunk in a ditch, yet that because he once was christened, therefore it has "pleased Almighty God, of His great mercy, to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed," and then to commit his body to the ground, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life:" we say all this is a dangerous, a disastrous delusion.

All this is dangerous, because, perhaps, *some who hear it may believe it*. The public profession of Christian discipleship here rests merely on the candidate having been christened, and on his having learned by rote a few lessons—conditions with which a parrot might comply. What better plan could be devised for lulling to rest any quickenings of conscience, any desire after Divine things, any movements of the Spirit of God, which may have been awakened within the heart of the young? The careless and the profane are taught that instead of an inward and spiritual change being needed, the outward rites of the Church will save them. They are virtually told, not that piety is necessary, but ceremony; that the form of godliness will suffice without the power; that "holy water" (for so English Protestant clergymen call it) from the fingers of a priest will avail, instead of "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

III. *Confirmation is a part of a system of priestly pretension.*—Unhappily, the love of power is not confined to politicians. There are some who care little to rule over bodies; they prefer the dominion of mind—to hold men's souls in their keeping. The Church of Rome has ever toiled and fought and schemed to sway her dark and cruel dominion over the consciences and lives of men; and it is a kindred spirit that we behold in men, who in this day arrogate to themselves the priestly pretensions and sacramental powers that are asserted in the Confirmation Service of a professedly Protestant Church. By a few drops of water to change an infant into "a child of God;" by a few words to forgive men their sins; by an outstretched hand to confer on men the Holy Ghost Himself;—these are prerogatives which, if they were true, would invest those who held them with the most stupendous powers, and would give them an authority before which every cheek might well pale, every knee might well bow, and every heart might well tremble.

But when we know that these pretensions are pretensions only, and that they have no shadow of Scriptural authority, then we turn away amazed and indignant that men should dare to attempt so to deceive themselves and to deceive others; and we are at the same time

alarmed lest these blind leaders of the blind, and those who follow them, should both fall into the ditch.

Perhaps the reader of this little book may never before have considered these matters in this solemn light. You have heard that there is to be a confirmation in your own neighbourhood, that the bishop is coming, that many of the clergy will be there, that everybody will be nicely dressed, and that it will be a pretty sight when the bishop, dressed in his flowing robes of lawn, lays his hands upon the heads of the young and blesses them. And it is natural that the young should be pleased with what is pretty, that they should like nice clothes, and that they should wish to go with their friends to witness or to share in a public ceremonial.

But in matters of religion we have to deal not with what may gratify the taste, but with what is right, with what is Scriptural, with what will be approved by Him whose eyes are pure and searching as a flame of fire, and who sees the hearts of the children of men. If, after studying your Bible, you are sure that you are doing right, then we say—Be confirmed. But if you have misgivings whether in this matter men may not have made void the law by their traditions; if you are not able to find in the word of God any proofs that bishops can confer the gifts of the Holy Ghost; if you hear that bishops often thank God for the regeneration of persons whom you know are not regenerate; if you believe that neither priest nor prelate can forgive men their sins, but God alone;—then we affectionately warn you against approaching any “sacred rail” at the summons of any one, and against taking any share in any service in which your duty is not as clear as the sun.

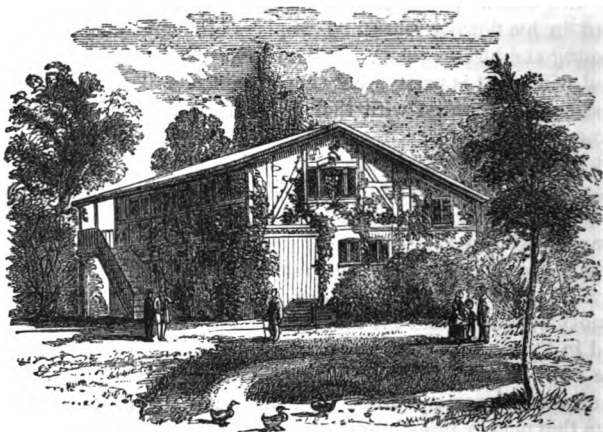


THE FIRST TEACHER.

To view woman in true light, the true light of her high destiny—to see what constitutes her true glory and distinction, and invests her with an almost sacred character, when raised to her proper elevation as the *first* teacher, and therefore the *real* trainer of the future race—has been hitherto the rare and extraordinary attainment of a few enlightened and highly-gifted minds. Could effectual measures be adopted to elevate the general standard of female education, and to render its character solid and substantial, rather than merely external and ornamental, a most important service would be rendered both to society and to the Church of Christ.—*J. Wilson.*

THE ORPHANAGE AT HAMBURG.

It was on the 11th of March, 1834, that the foundation-stone was laid of the "Swiss House," and on the 20th of July it was ready, with its picturesque outside staircase leading up to the first floor, and its protruding roof and gable. Friends came from Hamburg and other places



THE "SWISS HOUSE."

to see the new building, now adorned like a bride with wreaths and flowery garlands. In its chief parlour there was an organ, a present from a well-wisher, who could not bear the idea that there should be no instrument to accompany the merry songs of the happy inmates. It was a joyful festival. The clergyman of Horn preached a sermon, and many friends present added words of congratulation and encouragement. The next day the twelve boys, their house-father at their head, marched in solemn procession from the old house to the new one. "A new house—a new heart," Wichern said to them on parting. "May all things be new with you henceforth and for ever."

Such were the ceremonies and festivals which were afterwards observed at the construction of every new house. More than thirty years have elapsed since, and many changes have taken place in this Swiss House. At present it is used as the printing office, with the exception of the first floor, which is inhabited by two brethren and a few boys.

It was not long before Wichern had his number complete again at the old house; and even a third family was springing up, which was

temporarily located at the Swiss House, where there were a few rooms unappropriated. But what was urgently wanted was a house for girls. Hitherto none had been received, and this solely for want of accommodation. Besides, a large kitchen was wanted, and a wash-house, and an infirmary. It was therefore settled that the best plan would be to build a large house where these apartments could be combined, and which would also have a spacious thrashing-floor, to serve at the same time as a meeting-place for family worship—the inmates already amounting to fifty individuals. Wichern could then settle in it with the boys, and leave the old-house to the girls. And what was purposed was done. The foundation-stone was laid on the 31st of May, 1835, and in October, Wichern removed with his family to the new spacious building, that, some years later, obtained the name of "The Green Fir," in honour of the Christmas-tree, which every year proves the centre of such fraternal fellowship, and the source of so much hallowed pleasure to the inmates of the Rauhe Haus.

"Labour has a gold bottom," says an old well-known German



THE "GOLD BOTTOM,"

proverb. Wichern constantly inculcated this on the boys. To keep them mindful of it he gave the name of "The Gold Bottom" to the fourth house, which was destined for work-shops. That there was urgent need of such an establishment may be gathered from what Wichern said of it in his festival address at the anniversary of this building :—

"I wish, my friends, that all of you could have seen how matters

stood with us in the first winter (1833), and in the spring of 1834. In those days, when there was no other house than the old one, the boys had to act all parts, and do everything. They were, each in his turn, chambermaids and charwomen: they sewed, mended, and darned; they were cooks and washerwomen. These kinds of work done, they walked out to the garden and the field. But what were we to do when wind and snow unmercifully drove us out of the garden? Early in the morning, and late in the evening, the boys contentedly put up with the school, but during the day they wanted some work for their hands. But what? And where? And how? We should have been at our wits' ends had not our garden *grown* a relief. Near the pond, over where the silver-white birches are, a large Canadian poplar, with an air of self-complacency and arrogance, lifted up its tall form to the sky. Who could love that tree? It was such a fluttering, silly fellow, giving no shade whatever, and looking like a living fright and an embodied weakness. But its wood might be turned to profit, and so we resolved to cut it down. What a hurrah! Axe and spade in hand, all pounced upon him; and though some strokes came down rather left-handedly, yet at length the old fellow had to bend, and his high top to kiss the ground. And now destruction **came** down upon him in its full weight. Saws ran through his **body**, and axes cut off his members. Soon he was divided into large blocks. Now secret thoughts as to what was to be done with him were revealed. We had become aware that shoes and boots are expensive articles, and we thought wooden slippers or clogs would better answer the purpose. That was why we wanted to have that old fellow's flesh and bones. We borrowed a chopping-bench and a large knife from a neighbour, and our dear W—— was the first who tried to fabricate a wooden slipper by means of these rusty instruments. He made but a poor thing of it at first, but at last he succeeded wonderfully well, and all of us cried, 'Well done, W——!' Now the other boys were put to work, and soon we stood in slippers like kings. Then other wants suggested other labours. Our friends E—— and G—— applied themselves to making matches; others cut spoons, which we thought would be a great saving, but it proved scarcely worth the trouble. Still all this gave scope for exercise, and we went on in this way, trying what our hands could do, till we succeeded better and better. It is true our workshop at that time was only a miserable barn, the walls of which threatened to collapse; and it was so wretchedly narrow, that every one stood in the way of his neighbour. Still there was a good germ in that ugly-looking hut, and it sprouted up beautifully in the spring of 1834."

The thrashing-floor of the Green Fir soon became too strait for the increasing number of attendants. Between seventy and eighty people came, every morning and evening, to family worship. A prayer-house was urgently wanted; but where was the money to come from? Happily, one day intelligence arrived that some friends in America had sent a considerable sum. This was the signal for the commencement of the eagerly-desired work, and on the 7th of October, 1839, the little Chapel—for such it may be called—with its pretty little spire and belfry, rose at a few yards from the Gold Bottom, so that the place of prayer was placed in sight of the place of work.

Meanwhile, the upper story of the Swiss House had become crowded. It lodged two families, each of twelve boys. This was an anomaly opposed to the fundamental principle of the establishment. Want of money, however, had hitherto prevented the building of a new house. But the thought occurred to Wichern that the difficulty might be met by the boys themselves. There were forty-three of them, varying in age from ten to twenty-two years. They had rendered practical assistance in the building of four houses. Why could they not build the fifth one with their own hands? The experiment ought to be made, and how glorious would it be if it succeeded! It would be a cheap house, and a monument of the power of good training at the same time.

One summer afternoon Wichern was sitting with two friends in an arbour. Their conversation, as usual, turned upon the *Rauhe Haus*, and Wichern mentioned the thought that had occurred to him.

"And how much do you think such a home-built house would cost you?" one of the friends asked.

"Why," Wichern answered, little dreaming of the intention with which the question was put, "I think it will come to something like 500 marks" (£30).

"Very well, I will give you that; but mind, the house must be built by the boys themselves, and by nobody else."

"Of course, of course," Wichern exclaimed, joyfully pressing his friend's hand.

He hurried home happy as a king. But alas! when quietly sitting down with the master-joiner to calculate, he found that he had underrated the cost by £18. And, what was worse still, his benevolent friend, on hearing that the house could not be built for the £30, might perhaps reckon himself free from his promise. Happily, this was not the case. "Try to obtain the deficit," he said; "I shall keep faithful to my 500 marks." Now, Wichern began to hesitate as to whether he

should commence to build or not. He resolved at length to delay till the deficit should be obtained.

"Do not plant vegetables at yonder spot in the garden as yet," he said to the farmer of the establishment; "perhaps God will send us the money in time, and then we shall want the ground for the house."

Days and weeks elapsed, but no money came in. At length the farmer one morning knocked at the door of Wichern's study. Senator Fritze, of Bremen, was then closeted with him.

"What about that piece of ground in the garden?" the farmer asked; "It is full time now to plant the vegetables."

"Well, I think you may as well take it," Wichern said; "for I do not believe our hopes will be realized this year."

Off went the farmer, and soon he was engaged with the boys turning up the ground.

"Without wishing to be intrusive," Senator Fritze said, "may I ask you what those hopes of yours are which you don't believe will be realized?"

Wichern told his story. The senator humbly requested to be permitted to make up the deficit. In a joyful voice Wichern called a servant.

"Tell the farmer not to plant the cabbages, as we shall have to put up a house: we have got the money."

The farmer and the boys could scarcely believe their ears when the servant brought them these tidings. They burst out into a hurrah. The whole establishment got into a merry stir when it was known that all hands would be called out next day for the building of the house. And how the boys did put their shoulders to the wheel! The house sprang up as if by the stroke of a magic wand. On the 3rd of October, 1841, "The Beehive" was solemnly opened.—*The Romance of Charity*. By John de Leifde.*

THE IRISH CHURCH DEBATE.

ON Monday, March 30th, the recent memorable debate on the Irish Church began—exactly thirty-three years after Lord John Russell had moved the famous "Appropriation Clause." It is not our practice to occupy our pages with the conflicts of political parties. But the great controversy on the Irish Church has manifestly important religious bearings; and we think it will be of service to our readers if we put on record some of the opinions that have recently been expressed by statesmen, especially on the religious aspects of this subject.

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In the course of his opening speech, Mr. Gladstone said :—" Having undertaken the great and heavy responsibility—for a heavy responsibility it is—of making this proposal, I wish to indicate concisely to the House the position in which, as it appears to me, the proposal, if accepted, would leave what I should then have to call, not the Irish Established Church, but, for the sake of distinction, I will call the Anglican Communion in Ireland. We should begin by a recognition of every vested interest. And I am bound to say, in speaking of vested interests, that it appears to me at least a matter for argument and consideration, whether we can strictly and absolutely limit the phrase to those who are in possession of benefices, or whether some regard ought not possibly to be had—though it would be premature to give an opinion upon the point—to the case of those who have devoted themselves to an indelible profession, that separates them from the great bulk of profitable secular employments, in expectation of the benefices which we have kept in existence by law under our authority, even though they may not actually have entered upon them. All I say is that I, for one, do not at this moment absolutely shut the door against them. I apprehend that if the Irish Church were disestablished, none would propose to deprive those who have worshipped in its sacred fabrics of the future possession and use of those fabrics, provided they are willing to maintain them, and to apply them to eligious purposes. I feel almost an equal confidence that the very same lenient judgment would go likewise to that which is inseparably connected with the Church—I mean the residences of the clergy. I apprehend I am not wrong in assuming, that the proprietors of advowsons would have the strictest and the most absolute claim to full compensation for the value of their property. There is another class—I am afraid not a very extensive one—the category of recent endowments; of persons, some of them even now living, some of them but lately gone from among us, who have out of their own means and liberality, built churches and devoted funds for the purposes of the Established Church in Ireland. Such endowments, I apprehend would, under all circumstances, be respected.

" Now, putting together these various items—and this is but an imperfect sketch—I believe that the effect of this much-dreaded disestablishment of the Church, conducted as I have endeavoured to describe it, would be this, that if the full money value of the entire possessions of the Irish Church, fairly sold in open market, were estimated, certainly not less than three-fifths, possibly two-thirds, would remain in the hands of members of the Anglican Communion. It would hold its property no longer amid an estranged and alienated population; it would hold it, I

believe, with the perfect and cordial goodwill of all sects, all parties, and all persuasions, both in this country and in Ireland. And along with these temporalities, I apprehend it would receive—I have no authority to say so, but it appears to me a logical and moral necessity in the case—along with that, from the very moment when its title is cancelled as an Established Church, it must receive that freedom of action, that power of falling back on its own internal energies, and developing them for its own good, which so many religious communities in this country value at such a price that they feel it to be a treasure far greater than all that the State can protect or all that the law can give.

“There are many who think that to lay hands upon the national Church Establishment of a country is a profane and unhallowed act. I respect that feeling. I sympathize with it. I sympathize with it while I think it my duty to overcome and repress it. But if it be an error it is an error entitled to respect. Yet what is the Church Establishment but an appropriation of public property, an appropriation of the fruits of labour and of skill to certain purposes, and unless those purposes be fulfilled, that appropriation cannot be justified. Therefore, I cannot but feel that we must set aside fears which thrust themselves upon the imagination, and must act upon the sober dictates of our judgment.”

Mr. Laing asked if the Parliament could maintain the existing Protestant Establishment and the present system of religious inequality in Ireland? On that point it was enough to say, that when a prominent Cabinet Minister like the Foreign Secretary told them that not one educated man in a hundred in this country would advocate the maintenance of that system, it was surely impossible that things could permanently remain as they now were in Ireland. If such an institution were sought to be forced upon the people of Scotland, they would not, as history showed, stand it; neither would the people of England for a moment stand any such treatment of themselves. No people with any sense of national honour and self-respect could submit to the Church of one-sixth or one-seventh of the country remaining for all time to come the Established Church of their nation. That was a grievance which time would not remove, but, on the contrary, one which, as Ireland grew more educated, more prosperous, and more imbued with a feeling of self-respect, would become magnified, and would rankle more and more in the minds of her population. What possible alternative, then, except disestablishment remained?

It was said, remarked Mr. E. A. Leatham, that the Irish State Church was a missionary Church, and that it ought, therefore, to be maintained. But there were other missionary Churches in Ireland besides the Pro-

testant Establishment. Was the House aware that there were nearly 200 parishes in Ireland in which there did not exist a single Churchman? Since 1834 the Church of Ireland had gained a footing in five parishes. The Presbyterians had, however, since that time gained a footing in 623 parishes, and other Dissenters in 526 parishes. One gentleman had called for the Coronation Oath to be read. As to the argument about the Coronation Oath, it was difficult to meet it with gravity. Archbishop Whately said that if this argument were admitted it would prove that we had four instead of three estates in the realm—namely, Queen, Lords, Commons, and the Oath. It was further argued that if the Legislature disendowed and disestablished the Irish Church, it would cause the withdrawal from all parts of the country of many useful and amiable gentlemen, as if the Church were a society for the diffusion of useful and amiable gentlemen!

Mr. Bright, in the course of his speech, said:—"I have heard people talk of the Protestants of Ireland being one quarter of the population, or about 1,500,000 persons. All that is fanciful imagination. The Episcopalians in Ireland are not more than 700,000. When the Census enumerators go round, if a man is not a Catholic or Presbyterian, he is put down, unless he can state that he belongs to some other sect, as an Episcopalian. Judging from what takes place in this country we may believe that out of those 700,000 persons there must be a considerable number who never go to Church, and who, politically and religiously, have no interest in the Church, and I therefore believe that it would not be possible for any one, speaking accurately, to show that the Episcopalians in Ireland in connexion with the Church number more than from 500,000 to 600,000 persons. That would not amount to much more than 100,000 families, or not much more than the population of Liverpool, Manchester, or Glasgow; and yet for this small population you have no less than twelve bishops and two archbishops, and you devote to their religion not less an income than is derivable from a capital sum of some ten millions or twelve millions sterling. When we have done far more than I have suggested should be done, we shall still leave them in as comfortable a position as the majority of the people of Scotland, as well off as eight or nine-tenths of the people of Wales, and as half, and not the least religious part, of the people of England. They would still be as well off as the English, Scotch, and Irish, who form the population of the colonies in North America and Australia.

"I suppose that it will be admitted that there are only two pretences on which the existence of the Protestant Church in Ireland can be

defended—one religious, and the other political. Now, as a religious institution, the Protestant Church has been a deplorable failure. The original hope clearly was, that the people of Ireland would be drawn from the Church of Rome and brought into harmony with the Church of England; but I venture to say that, from the time of the establishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland until now, it could not be shown, reckoning the people as all Catholics on the one side and Protestants on the other, that you have really added by a hundred persons perhaps not by one person, to the number of Protestants. It has not only not made the Catholics in Ireland not Protestant, but it has made them more intensely Roman than they are found to be in almost any other country of Europe or America.

“ Well, if this has failed as a religious institution, how stands it as a political institution? It has failed not only to convert the Catholics, but to secure the Union. It does not matter which Government is upon that bench; the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire was there two years ago, and on that occasion, by his consent, his colleague had to introduce a Bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. Now, the right hon. member for Bucks is on that side of the House, and he has to do the same thing. Nobody says it is not necessary; I am not prepared to say it has not been necessary on many other occasions, but surely if it be necessary, and if this House has this painful duty to perform constantly, it clearly shows that matters are not very secure in Ireland. In fact, Sir, it is one of the most painful things we have witnessed lately, that now the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland has become a thing so common it excites almost no remark. The measure is proposed in the House, scarcely anybody says anything about it, an Irish member makes a short protest, and the Bill is passed. So the liberties of one of the three kingdoms are suspended from year to year. Do you not know that of the half a million Episcopalians in Ireland, there are many—some of the Irish nobility, some landed proprietors, some magistrates, even some of the clergy and a great many Irishmen—who believe at this moment that it is of the very first importance that the propositions of the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire should be carried? I am certain, that there is an influential, a considerable, and as I believe, a wise minority who are in favour of a distinct and decided action on the part of Parliament regarding this question. If some Protestants and all Catholics are of opinion that we should remove this Church, what would happen now if Ireland were a thousand miles away, and we were discussing it as we might discuss some State affairs in Canada; if we were talking

for instance, of disloyalty among the Catholics in Canada, or Australia, on account of the existence of a hated Irish State Church there? Why the House would be unanimous in saying that the State Church in those colonies should be abolished, and that perfect equality and freedom in religious matters should be enjoyed."

"The Secretary for the Home Department made a very startling assertion with regard to a fear which troubles some that any malady which exists in Ireland across the Channel will appear in England; that, in point of fact, the desire to get rid of a State Church will, like any contagious disorder, pass the Channel—with a west wind I suppose—and make a lodgment, as it is said, in Scotland, and after that cross the Tweed and come to England; and I think the right hon. gentleman went so far as to say that he was so much in favour of religious equality that if it were insisted on that it should exist in Ireland by the disestablishment and disendowment of the Protestant State Church, then he would recommend the very same policy in the rest of the kingdom. Now, with regard to that, I will just give the House an anecdote which has reference to Scotland. Some years ago I had the pleasure of spending some days at the house of the late Lord Aberdeen, after he ceased to be First Minister. He was talking of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, and he said that nothing in the course of his public life, he thought, had given him so much pain as the disruption of that Church and the establishment of the Free Church in the country. But he said he had lived long enough to discover that it was one of the greatest blessings that had ever come to Scotland. There had been a vast increase in the number of churches; a corresponding increase in the number of manses or minister's houses; schools also had been multiplied to an extraordinary extent, and there had been imported, he said, into the Scotch Church a vitality and an energy which he had not known for a long period, while education, morality, and religion had received a wonderful impulse in consequence of that change."

In a speech of great dignity and power Mr. Coleridge stated, that he desired to show how this matter can be approached from an English Churchman's point of view, and what a false assumption is involved in the suggestion that there is any inconsistency in a man who prefers to live and die in full and undoubted communion with the Church of England, nevertheless desiring with his whole heart, and striving with his whole strength, to bring about the total disestablishment of the branch of the Church in Ireland. "No doubt," he continued, "it is a common notion that any man who touches or presumes to deal with the political condition and the social *status* of the Church thereby deals with

or touches the Church herself, and must needs be her enemy. And yet I venture to say a more baseless, groundless, utterly unhistorical notion it is very difficult to conceive. The Church existed and flourished ages before there were any such things as Establishments at all; she exists and flourishes at this moment in many countries—some of them colonies of our own, some of them foreign countries—in which there are no such things as Establishments. She is destined, in my belief, to survive for long ages their universal overthrow. With the doctrine, with the discipline, with the inner life and divine character of the Church, Parliament has and can have no claim whatever to intermeddle. Parliament did not create these things, and Parliament cannot alter or destroy them. But with the social condition, with the political surroundings, with the temporal accidents of the Church—with all that goes to make up the complicated idea which we express by the word Establishment, as it seems to me, the State has just as clear a right to deal as it has to deal with any other great institution of the country. Not more right, not less right, but just the same.

“Further, it is suggested that this is hardly a real agitation; that it is got up by English agitators for factious purposes, and that in the main the Irish people do not share it. Well, if that last statement be true, it is about the strongest argument in favour of our case which the wit or ingenuity of man could possibly devise. As Burke says, in one of his papers on this subject, human nature must be degraded before it can be safely insulted. If it were really true that the Roman Catholics of Ireland felt the English Establishment in Ireland to be no insult and no injustice, this would show that the iron had indeed entered into their soul, and that centuries of humiliation had at last done their work. But, Sir, nobody believes this. At least, whatever else they are, the Irish are brave and high-spirited. In this, if in nothing else, they are like ourselves. Make the case our own. Should we endure it for a single year? Should we ever rest until we got rid of what the First Minister of the Crown, not in ‘heedless rhetoric,’ but with excellent reason, has called an alien Church? Suppose it had pleased Providence that the first Napoleon, with the whole power of Europe at his back, had at last worn us out, and, instead of dashing himself against the rocks and snows of Russia, had succeeded in annexing us as a subject kingdom to his almost universal empire. Suppose he had installed Roman Catholic bishops in our cathedrals, placed Roman Catholic priests in our livings, created a Roman Catholic nobility, and governed us by a great Catholic ascendancy. Do you suppose that the people of this country would have rested before they got rid of what I find the hon. member

for Sheffield in 1849 called—and I adopt the term—‘a badge of slavery?’ Of course we should not. And what should we have thought if some one like the noble lord the member for Londonderry (Lord Claud Hamilton) had got up in the House of Assembly in Paris, and said, ‘This is a pack of stuff. The English are flourishing; they have got their commerce and their agriculture; the law is well administered; they have toleration for their religion; nobody really complains in England; it is a thing got up by a pack of French agitators in this country for the purpose of worrying, for factious purposes, the patriotic Government of His Majesty the Emperor.’ Of course it is idle to waste time upon arguments of this description; and I want to know why we are to stay our hands from plucking up by the roots this system.”

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

WHEN did ever public opinion travel so fast! Progress now is sometimes made so quickly that we hardly realize how far we have gone. It is almost with a feeling of surprise we now pause and remember that already have sounded on our ears the death-knell of the Irish Church;—that Church-rates are lying upon the brink of a precipice, over which one more step will roll them into their grave;—while an ever-increasing multitude is standing on the threshold of our universities demanding admission. The barque of religious and political reform is sailing as rapidly as its most ardent friends could desire—not, however, too fast. The hands of wise pilots are on the helm. The *Times* breaks out in wonder at the speed at which political opinion is moving,—thus, “The swift advances of public opinion in more than one direction are daily baffling political foresight, and undermining the very foundations of party discipline. We are all undergoing, consciously or unconsciously, a process of education so rapid that months now suffice to produce convictions which formerly could not have been matured in years.”

The determination that the universities shall be made national seems to be laying a more and more firm hold of the public mind. But, as the *Nonconformist* remarks, “There is the great fact that the two great universities must irrevocably be adapted to the wants of the nation.” Four Baptist graduates at Cambridge have given the Oxford graduates, who lately addressed the Archbishop of Canterbury in favour of resisting all changes, a very pithy reply. They tell his Grace something on the other side of the question, and inform him that the “number of Non-conformists has at that university been increasing for the last twelve

years, and has comprised two senior wranglers, one second, one fifth, one seventh, two other wranglers, two first-class classics, ten senior optimes, and one senior in the natural science tripos." The graduates further say to the Archbishop, that "The Nonconformists who have won honours, and those who have not, have been well known among us, and we do not hesitate to assert that in moral and religious excellence they have been far above the average. Had the whole university been like them," they add, "it would have presented a scene of purity and piety such as neither Oxford nor Cambridge has yet approached." They therefore ask his Grace "to promote the religious interests of the universities by encouraging such men to enter them."

Judgment has been given in the two Ritualistic cases which have for some time been pending in the Court of Arches. The Evangelicals have raised a large sum of money for the purpose of "trying this great issue—Shall the Church of England any longer continue a really Protestant and Reformed Church, or shall it be a 'delicate monster,' with two voices, one teaching justification by faith, and another salvation by the sacrament and the priest?" At first sight the decision of the Judge seems to go against the Ritualists, but, on careful examination, it proves as much in favour of the Ritualists as against them. Mr. Mackonochie, writing to the Bishop of London, expresses "the deepest thankfulness that a judgment conceived in such a spirit of deep and true catholicity should have been delivered." What really has been settled in the case? Mr. Mackonochie had previously discontinued elevating the sacrament, and the Judge counsels him not to resume it. He was charged with excessive kneeling before the elements. In this the Judge does not think Mr. Mackonochie can be condemned. The Judge condemns the use of incense in general, but it is only the bringing in of incense at the commencement of the celebration of the Eucharist, and its removal at its close, which is forbidden. Mr. Mackonochie was accused of mixing water with the wine at the communion, and he is enjoined not to mix them during the communion service. The Judge defends the practice of putting two lighted candles on the table during the communion, and commends the practice as primitive and catholic in its origin. Thus crosses and candles, splendid and symbolic vestments, gaudy processions and reverent gestures, may be retained. The result is that Ritualism is legalized in the Church of England."

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has written with wisdom and force upon the present aspect of the educational question. "Since," he says, "the sectarian system has in England most evidently failed to reach the needs

of the millions, a purely secular system will be established. Children are to lose the religious training which they received in National and British schools. We admit that there may be cases in which the loss will be appreciable, but we think they are few and far between. The lads of the village might generally carry in a hollow tooth all the religion they receive at the charity schools. Do not they learn the Church catechism? Yes; but that is not religion. It begins with an assertion of baptismal regeneration, maunders about behaving one's-self lowly and reverently to one's betters, in a manner suitable to an American negro previous to the late war, and has not a fraction of the simple religion of Jesus in it from end to end." Mr. Spurgeon would devote the day to the secular instruction of children, and one or two evenings a week to their instruction in religion.

Mr. T. R. Philips, according to his annual custom, has given a supper in the lecture-room of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to the students, ministers, and supporters of Mr. Spurgeon's College. About £1,300 was collected at the table.

An event illustrative of growing liberality and charity amongst Christians has transpired. Professor Maurice has lectured in the Weigh-house Chapel on John Milton, with Mr. Binney, who was surrounded by many of his Congregational brethren, in the chair, while an Evangelical clergyman moved a vote of thanks to him for his lecture. It is rumoured that perhaps the Dean of Canterbury will preside at the Cheshunt College Anniversary.

The Congregational Colleges of Airedale and Rotherham are to be amalgamated, and an enlarged staff of tutors appointed. A new building, capable of accommodating fifty resident students, is to be erected for the united colleges. Mr. Henry Hopkins, of Tasmania, has contributed the sum of £3,500 to the London Missionary Society, in addition to £800 previously given. It is stated that upwards of £37,000 has been raised by the *Church Association* towards the £50,000 at first determined upon for the purpose of testing the legality of Ritualistic doctrines and practices in the Church of England. The Rev. Albert Barnes, the well-known commentator, is obliged, through failing eyesight, to abandon the hope of completing his Commentary on the Scriptures. His labours in that direction will close with the last of three volumes on the Psalms, the first of which has just appeared. The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod has been attacked with illness in India, and ordered home. The *Pall Mall Gazette* notices the increase of noble and gentlemen preachers. Lord Teynham has been preaching in Staffordshire, and Lord Radstock in Paris. Lord Henry Cholmondeley

was engaged to preach at Cambridge, but illness prevented. He was, however, able to send a scion of the noble house of Farnham, the Hon. Somerset Maxwell. The Senate of Glasgow University has conferred the degree of D.D. on the Rev. William Pulsford, of Trinity Congregational Church, Glasgow.

A new school-room, in connection with Zion Chapel, Whitechapel Road, has been opened. The building has been erected gratuitously by several of the members of the Church, who thus employed their evenings and their Saturday half-holiday. The memorial stone of a new Congregational Chapel has been laid at Boston, Lincolnshire, by Mr. B. Scott, Chamberlain of London. The Rev. J. Frame, on leaving Horselydown, has been presented with a time-piece, and an address, in testimony of the high esteem in which he has been held. The Rev. J. Hoxley, on leaving Honiton, has been presented with a silver salver. A spacious lecture-hall, erected by the Clapham Congregational Church, in the locality of Grafton-square, has been opened. The Rev. Samuel Roberts, M.A., late of Llanbrynmair, has been presented with a purse of £900, at Hope Hall, Liverpool, as a testimonial of gratitude to him for his active labours in the cause of peace and freedom. A new Congregational Chapel has been opened near the Barking-road station, Cannington. The Rev. H. Allon preached on the occasion.

The Rev. R. G. Milne, M.A., has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Tintwistle; the Rev. G. H. Hobbs that of the Church at Bodmin, which he has held for twenty-one years; the Rev. J. Deighton that of the Church at Old Street-road, Hoxton; and the Rev. Josiah Bull the pastorate of the Independent Church, Newport Pagnell.

The Rev. J. Browne, B.A., has removed from Bamford to Barnsley; the Rev. J. Lewis, from Galway to Bangor; the Rev. James Frame, from Horselydown to the Congregational Church, Erith; and the Rev. A. Buzacott, B.A., to Clifton Church, Peckham.

Mr. G. W. Hickson, of the Western College, Plymouth, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Olney, Bucks; Mr. D. B. James Senior, student of the Western College, to that of the Castle-green Congregational Church, Bristol; Mr. J. Constance, of Bristol, to that of the Congregational Church, Southmolton, Devon; Mr. W. E. Darby, of New College, to the Church at Stock near Chelmsford; the Rev. E. Storrow, late of Calcutta, to that of the Congregational Church, Rugby; and Mr. Charles S. Slater, M.A., of Spring Hill, to the New Church, Addison-street, Nottingham.

DOWN THE THAMES.

NEAR OXFORD.

IN our last we told of the legend of Osney Abbey. The scene of the story was laid near to the spot of which we are now able to furnish an illustration.

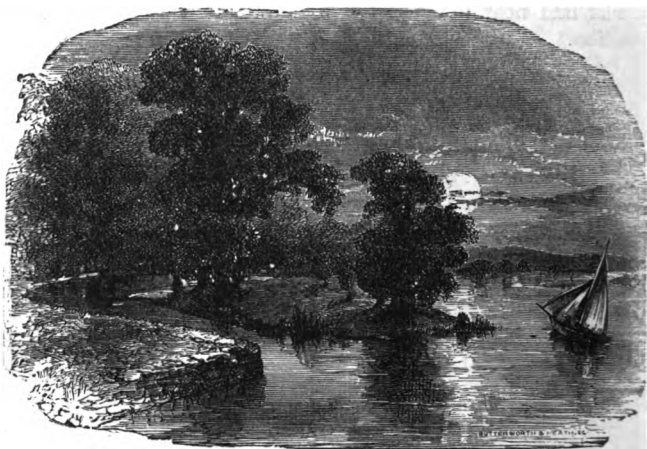


OSNEY LOCK.

Not far below Oxford the waters of the Thames unite with those of the Cherwell. The latter has its rise in the Arbury Hills, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire; it enters Oxfordshire near Claydon, flows past the town of Banbury, through Islip and several other villages until it reaches Oxford, when its waters divide, and surround an island appertaining to Magdalen College. In its further course it runs by the side of "Addison's Walk," and along the banks of the Botanic Garden, and Christ Church meadow, when it loses itself in the great river in whose company it journeys to the ocean.

Our old topographer, Camden, refers to the situation of the city of Oxford near the water of this river. "Where Cherwell," he says, "is confluent with Isis, and pleasant aits, or islets, lye dispersed by the sundry dissevering of waters, there the most famous university of Oxford showeth itself aloft in a champion plaine. Oxford, I say, our most noble Athens, the muses' seate, and one of England's stays. A fair and

goodly city, whether a man respect the seemly beauty of private houses, or the stately magnificence of public buildings, together with the wholesome site and pleasant prospect thereof." The interesting scene of the junction of the Cherwell and Isis is depicted in our sketch.



JUNCTION OF CHERWELL AND ISIS.

From the place where the waters of the two rivers meet, we are borne on the current to Iffley, about two miles distant. Rich meadows stretch out on either side, relieved by the hills of Shotover, Bagley Wood, and the slope on which stands the venerable church of Iffley.

ROBERT ANNAN.

ROBERT ANNAN was a man in whom life was intense. Of this very intensity were born the daringness of his sins, and the sincerity and remorse of his penitence. As a boy he was fond of play and adventure. As he grew up, the wildness of his character manifested itself. He became "reckless, wayward, ungovernable, and fierce." Defiant of all restraint, he plunged into every excess of sin. He soon became a ring-leader among the lawless, and was committed to prison for three months. Conscience then upbraided him, and good resolutions were formed, and prayers for deliverance were offered.

At the end of three months he was free ; but, instead of reforming, as

he resolved, he rushed headlong into sin with greater recklessness than ever. His father, as a last resort, gave him money and sent him to America, hoping that in a new sphere, and where he was unknown, he would betake himself to a better course. But no sooner had he landed than he yielded anew to his evil ways. "In his utter abandonment, one night, in a freak of mad indifference, or of wild despair, he threw himself across a railway and slept, escaping destruction only by some miracle of God's providence."

From the States he wandered, without money, half naked, in the cold of winter, into Canada, seeking employment. At length, reduced to the extremest want, he hired himself to a man who lived by rearing swine, and literally, in that far-off land, acted the part of the prodigal. He then enlisted in the 100th regiment, which soon afterwards was ordered to England, and encamped at Aldershot. Here he was surrounded by Christian influences, which wrought an outward reformation in his life. But as his nature was not changed, the old spirit of evil took possession of him. He deserted; and, "disguised in the cast-off clothes of a peasant, with a tattered jacket, a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other, he pursued his way across fields and through hedges towards London, which he reached in a miserable plight." But his liberty did not bring him peace. In his wretchedness, he enlisted in the naval service, under the name of Mackie, his mother's name. His bounty money was spent in trying in vain to drown his misery in drink. His ship was ordered to Gibraltar. Here what was his horror when he found that the regiment which he had left was stationed on the rock. He became so alarmed, that he gave himself up as a deserter, and endured the penalty of his offence. Once more he resolved to reform, and wrote to that effect to his parents, who, moved by his entreaty, and hopeful of improvement, procured his discharge.

Robert having now abandoned the tavern, the theatre, and his old companions, "became proud and self-satisfied, and reckoned himself" as good "as there was any use for." In the strength of his boasted goodness, he went "to a public house, to fetch away from the scene of temptation a friend of his own. His friend signified his willingness to go, if Robert would consent to drink a single glass. He did so; but immediately the desire to drink another, and remain with the company, took possession of him. The rest I need not tell: a drunken carousal followed. He was filled with confusion and alarm. 'What!' he said to himself, 'has it come to this again? Am I past all redemption? Surely I have sold myself to the devil! What shall I do?'"

Oppressed by his many failures, and with the sting of remorse in his

conscience, a sense of hopelessness took possession of his heart. About that time the Lord was working mightily in Dundee, and many stubborn hearts were subdued. Under a new sense of his helplessness, Robert attended a revival meeting in the Kinnaird Hall. There the arrow of conviction was deeply fixed in his heart. As he stood at the door, a young man urged him to decide for Christ at once, saying, as he bade him good night, "We shall meet at the judgment-seat." Robert trembled. He turned to enter the hall again, but on approaching he found the door was closed. "Great God!" he exclaimed, as he rushed down the steps, "am I shut out of salvation?" He tried to gain an entrance by another door, but could not find the way. To a man in his state of mind these things were omens of despair. "At midnight," writes Mr. Macpherson, his biographer, "he entered my room and stood before me, his eyes wild and red with excitement, and his countenance black and terrible. His whole body, a frame of iron, shook and quivered. Knowing something of the man, I feared he was about to lay hands upon me, and take vengeance for some words of reproof. Very different was the case. Robert had now no blows but for himself, and with words of keen and cutting self-condemnation he asked the question of questions, 'What must I do to be saved?' I pointed him to the Lamb of God, but in vain; Robert went away as he came, smiting on his breast and calling aloud for mercy." As he subsequently said—"The mountain of my sin rose before my eyes, and the wrath of God like a mist blinded me."

In the anguish of that time he went alone. For thirteen hours he lay in a hay-loft, in prayer and supplication before the Lord. The battle between sin and grace, which took place in that humble place, was more terrible to Robert Annan than all the horrid scenes of blood and violence he had ever before engaged in. Friends found him. "Robert," said one of them, "you are looking for a sign from heaven. You think if you heard a voice assuring you of salvation, or felt some strange thing within you, you would then believe and rest on Jesus. God gives you His word; why will you not rest on *that*? The Gospel of Christ 'is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' Believe, and it will be the power of God unto salvation to you. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Jesus says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Robert was then doing what he afterwards so plainly warned others from doing—he was "casting the anchor in the ship's hold, instead of throwing it overboard; seeking peace in his own heart, instead of looking out to Christ for it." At the end of three days he was enabled

to lay hold upon the word of Jesus, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." There he cast anchor.

And now a new life began; Robert Annan was unable to conceal the newly-kindled light of grace. He immediately set about his Master's business. The salvation of souls became the supreme passion of his soul, and for seven years, by night and by day, in the workshop, the meeting-house, streets, lanes, or open fields,—hooted at, and stoned,—amid a thousand difficulties he proclaimed the glorious gospel of the blessed God. To many a country parish did he carry the glad tidings of a Saviour's love. Though a working mason, he managed to save money enough to allow him the unspeakable pleasure of taking a preaching tour through the country. His method was quite in keeping with his nature; free, brave, and conscious of his divine message, he made no apology for his appearance.

In the summer of 1862, I met him at Huntly. I shall never forget his appearance, as he knelt beside me, his hands locked together, and his face upturned to heaven. The blue veins were on his temple like a fret-work of iron; the beads of sweat stood on his brow, tears gushed from his eyes, while from his heart there rose the most agonizing prayer I have ever heard. He was, indeed, wrestling with God; and, while I beheld him, thoughts of Jacob, Jeremiah, and Paul, dark Gethsemane and its mysterious agony, passed through my mind. He ceased, and a stillness fell on us, like the subdued calm of nature when the Almighty has spoken in the hoarse voice of His thunder.

In the autumn of 1863, I met him again at the village of Fordyce; he was then employed as an east-coast missionary, but, as he then thought, with little or no success. "The day" will reveal how far his estimate was correct; but his heart was moved for the village. I told him there were signs of blessing attending my labours there, but that they were few. "We must pray," he said, "We must have power with God before we have power with the people." All that night he spent in prayer. I was called away next day. He stood up in the evening in the street, where I had stood, and declared the word of God. Many hearts quailed under the mighty power of God. A great spiritual awakening took place, and many were brought to God. Robert was afterwards stationed at Aberdeen, where the fruits of his labours abide. In 1864 he returned to Dundee.

His love for souls was great. "He had occasion often to rise to his work at four o'clock; and, instead of taking rest in the evening, he went out to address a meeting or speak on the street. Sometimes he was so weary that on his way home to his meals he found it necessary

to seat himself on some door-step and rest. Yet no sooner had he taken his supper, than he went to his knees for half-an-hour ; and then, Bible in hand, took his way out to the blessed work of winning souls. Often, although exhausted with the duties of the day, did he, with another like-minded, run all the way, some two miles, to Lochee, where he conducted services ; and as they sped across fields with breathless haste, sinking to the knees in mud almost at every step, his companion was frequently well-nigh fainting ere they reached the place of meeting. And on returning home at a late hour, it was often not to rest ; for, moved with compassion on the lost, he would lay himself down before the Lord and weep and pray the greater part of the night."

During the last year of his life, he had but two supreme desires—for personal holiness, and for the saving of souls. He lived for nothing else, and the means he used to accomplish this :—the word of God and prayer. "The Bible was never out of his hands when he had a moment's leisure. The first thing he did on going home to his ordinary meals was to repair to his closet. Hours of fellowship with God was a small thing with him. Often was his meal untasted when he went away to his work : he had been eating other meat. Three successive nights of watching unto prayer was his frequent practice. He never went to bed on Saturday night ; the Sabbath always found him on his knees."

"God has given me a thirst," he says, "for saving souls, for saving poor drunkards and harlots ;" and in proof of this let us look into the wynds of Dundee, "where the light of day struggles in vain for admission. This seeker of lost souls is mounted on a chair, pealing forth in lusty strains a hymn, while around him gathers a motley crowd of coal-heavers, shore-porters, loafers, do-nothings, fish-wives, begging women, with ill-favoured babes in their arms, girls of the street, and others that defy all description ; and as they listen to the bluff, manly, kind-hearted preacher, his solemn utterances begin to tell upon consciences that have long slumbered, and his passionate appeals find a response in the tears that score many an unwashed face."

He longed, yea, hungered for holiness. "For three whole weeks he never went to bed, but prayed and fasted all that time, until even his iron constitution began to give way. Towards the end of his life he could hardly pass any one without affectionately pressing upon their attention the things of eternity. Coming home one night with his friend, he stopped to speak to four youthful wanderers on High Street. 'Come away,' said his friend ; 'don't you see it is within five minutes of twelve o'clock, and you are quite exhausted.' 'O let me speak to them. Poor

souls! I must speak to them.' He spoke to them, and they fairly broke down as he pleaded with them, weeping and entreating them to repent and turn to the Lord. He came away saying, 'I have left them in the Lord's hands.' This was his ordinary course: speaking to man for Christ, and speaking to Christ for man."

His last earthly Sabbath was spent as follows:—He arranged for family worship at half-past six o'clock in the morning, having, as was his custom, spent the whole night himself in prayer. He then went and asked leave of the police authorities to preach once more in Cutter's Wynd. This was to him a great joy, and he remarked to a fellow-labourer who met him that morning, "*I hae got mi ain place ance mair*; but gang ye to the streets, Willie." In the evening he preached again at Cutter's Wynd, and a second time that day to the gipsies. He was now nearing home. The evening of his life was drawing to a close. He had prayed that he might die triumphantly. Some time before, when speaking about heaven, Mrs. B—— had said to him, "I'll be satisfied if I manage somehow to get in." "What!" said Robert, pointing to a sunken vessel that had just been dragged up the Tay, "would you like to be pulled into heaven by two tugs, like the *London* yonder? I tell you, I would like to go in with all my sails set, and colours flying."

On the morning of Wednesday, 31st July, he rose at four o'clock, and spent a long season in secret prayer. "About twelve o'clock a boy, eleven years of age, fell into the water, and Robert, hearing the cry, plunged in to save him. Having reached the spot where the boy was struggling for life, he laid hold of him, and bidding him 'hang on by his neck,' he made way for the shore. But the current proved too strong for even the strong swimmer, and two boats put off to his assistance. The child was saved, but the man of God went down. He might have saved himself by letting the boy go; but he did not do so. The self-sacrificing and Christ-like man would save another if he perished himself. Waving his hand, as if bidding farewell—so says a spectator of the scene,—and with a smile on his face, he laid himself on his back and went down. Down! did I say? No; not down, but up! for the man himself, the nobler part, washed in the blood of Christ, and clad in the beauty of holiness, went up to be for ever with his God."

His death was felt as a "public calamity." The east-end of Dundee was turned into "Bochim." Poor out-casts bewailed, as if bereft of their only friend. "There is nobody now to care for my soul," said one woman. One man was found weeping upon his grave and crying out, "I have been a very wicked man," he said, "but the grace of God,

perhaps, will do for me what it did for Robert Annan. Noble Robert Annan! I wish I were like you." One, a poor fallen girl, who heard him preach the last Sabbath of his life, was heard crying and saying, "Oh! I canna get rest; I canna get rest. I think I hear him yet. The wa' o' the house is cryin' oot against me, as he said it wud do; an' the very stanes o' the street are aye condemnin' me. O what'll I do? what'll I do?"

Groups of working men stood about the streets speaking of the heroic death of the holy man, and many a "brave" heart melted in tears. On the day of his funeral a vast multitude assembled near the house where his body lay, and many pressed to take a farewell look of the brave laborious hero, whose "manly and massive features looked much as he had been often seen—mourning for sinners. Many brave men faltered beside that coffin. Never in the halls of kings did tears fall more fast and freely than those that fell in 'the *but* and *ben*' which was the humble and happy home of Robert Annan. Prayer was offered without doors, the minister standing on the stone on which was still legible, as written by Robert on the morning of his death, the word 'ETERNITY.' Some six hundred men, among whom was the chief magistrate, marched behind the hearse to the place of burial. Great crowds of spectators, many of them deeply affected, lined the streets; and numbers of women, dressed in mourning, followed the procession to the grave, weeping as they went. The great bell of the Old Steeple rung out a solemn peal—an honour, it is said, accorded to a working man for the first time in the present century."

And now, farewell, brave laborious hero! You now know as you are known. You rest from your labours and your works do follow you. May your mantle fall on some others as brave, and generous, and true. O, Dundee! Dundee! favoured of the Lord, hear the Master's voice calling to you from the graves of your departed minister and layman. M'Cheyne and Annan. Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!

Sp.

THE CHURCH—WITHIN.

BY THE REV. HENRY T. ROBJOHN, B.A.*

WITHIN the walls of an Independent chapel usually meet two distinct bodies—one circle within another—the Church and the congregation.

* We do not undertake to endorse every opinion advanced in this article; but we are happy to give our friend free expression to utterances which are worthy of thoughtful consideration.—ED.

The congregation consists of mere hearers of the Word, contributing however to the revenue; the Church consists of professed believers in Jesus, pledged to mutual edification, and to aggressive work. To the latter body—to the inner circle—is committed the privilege and responsibility of legislating for the good of the whole.

In all associations of men evils arise. We are not unwilling to admit, therefore, that there are evils to be found in Independent churches. But evils may be avoidable or unavoidable. We are persuaded that many evils in Independent churches are avoidable. Very many arise from defects in administration. Some of these arise from carelessness, from want of perceiving the importance of right method; others are to be set down to those "traditions of the elders," which we persist in following, and so make our theoretical Independency, which is simple, broad, and elastic—even grand—so poor a thing often in actual practice. Our object now is to suggest some improvements in our Church procedure. We shall not dogmatize, and therefore readers will kindly consider patiently what some may consider doubtful matters. On the other hand, there may be those who will deem our suggestions so simple, so purely a matter of common sense, that they are not worth writing down, and for that reason they may be impatient. But evils arise often in our Church procedure, through not taking counsel with common sense.

Let none cut us short, by here saying, "Where a Church is in a right spiritual state, there everything else will be sure to be right." A right spiritual condition is of immense importance, of more consequence than all beside. But disorder producing difficulty, and difficulty occasioning ill feeling, will keep a Church from getting into a right spiritual condition. And where there is now a healthy spiritual life, there is no guarantee against a "root of bitterness springing up to trouble us," if there be a senseless or careless conduct of Church affairs. All that any one could say on the spiritual conditions of Church prosperity, we would say with all the emphasis we could command; but there are other conditions less ethereal on which a word may be allowed, which are of real though subordinate importance.

Our Churches sometimes suffer from the want of *Order*, sometimes from the lack of *Publicity*.

1. From the want of *Order*. Perhaps they oscillate between two extremes of monarchical or oligarchical despotism and destructive license. In the freedom of private intercourse, we sometimes hear ministers say:—"I allow no business to come into my Church meeting; we have no nonsense of that sort; the deacons and I manage everything." No doubt this is often done from the best of motives, to pre-

serve peace, and to keep up the spiritual tone of the Church by making the Church meetings wholly devotional. But how can a Church work with all its might if it is not interested; and how can it be interested, if it is never taken into counsel? From this extreme the pendulum swings back to the other. Anybody is allowed to say anything, on any question, at any time. No one knows who in a Church meeting may jump up, what he may bring forward, or what he may say. We use the masculine pronoun, but we know Churches in which the same absurd liberty is allowed to the female tongue. The consequence of all this sometimes is, that our best people, the intelligent, the pious, and the wise, never attend Church meetings; its affairs are left to the turbulent and the immature. What we want is the blending of perfect liberty with perfect order.

This can be secured in our own country only in one way; by conducting all our Church assemblies according to that unwritten law of public meeting which has sway in England, to which all Englishmen profess to yield obedience, but which few really understand, and few therefore properly obey. It is the glory of the religion of Jesus that it can assimilate to itself and use whatever is right and wise, gracious and true, in the customs and law of every land. And this law for the conduct of practical debate has this claim on our adoption, that it is an embodiment of justice, securing the fullest liberty of every member of an assembly, consistent with fair play to all the rest. Indeed, the law is nominally allowed to govern our Church discussions; what we wish to see is a more intelligent understanding of it, and a more consistent and regular application.

Let us instance one or two enactments of this unwritten code. No business shall be brought forward without notice given at a preceding meeting, which notice must be in writing; and the notice must further be in terms of a proposition to be submitted for the assent of the assembly. Let this once be adopted as a standing order in the Churches, and the executive will no longer go to the Church meeting filled with anxiety as to what may or may not come up. The last part of the rule is important. You cannot tell the *real* nature of the business unless it be given in the form of a proposition, commencing with the word "That," &c. For example, a designing man might give notice that, at the next Church meeting, he would call attention to the spiritual condition of the Church; and then, in a thinly attended meeting, propose and carry a resolution destructive of the community. Make him tell you beforehand, in black and white, what he proposes to do. We have known Churches saved from ruin by insisting on this

simple rule. Let any member propose anything to a Church—never curtail liberty—the pastor is the guardian of the liberty of each, as well as of the order of the whole—but insist on knowing beforehand what the proposal is.

Another simple enactment is, that there should be no speech, certainly no debate, unless a substantive motion has preceded. No one should be allowed to speak save to the motion, and only once to the same motion; this is another as simple. The firm enforcement of only these principles would save our Churches from nine-tenths of their disorders. A very wholesome custom would be for every speaker instantly to sit down, whenever the President rises to rule on a point of order; this is the case in the House of Commons, whenever the Speaker interferes. It would prevent unseemly scenes that sometimes occur in deliberative assemblies, in which debater fights with debater, and all against the chairman, about some question of order, which he alone ought and should be competent to decide.

But that reminds us that all who occupy the chair are not so competent. Nearly every day we see in the public prints instances of the most absurd ruling. One of the most common errors is to allow any number of amendments to be *at the same time* before an assembly, when it is impossible to vote if there be more than one at once. At a recent meeting of a Town Council this error was committed; the question was a very important one; the consequence was the councillors knew not how to vote, and the meeting closed in confusion and scramble. Few men know really how to conduct a meeting from the chair, because so few are acquainted with "The Law and Practice of Public Meetings." No minister should be without this knowledge; and its acquisition is now easy through "The Handy-Book of Public Meetings," by J. Walter Smith, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. Any one acquainted with the principles there laid down, and their reasons, would be sure to conduct a meeting with that high impartiality which might defy impeachment. We are sure that the application of them, so far as possible, to Church procedure, would end many of the disorders from which Churches sometimes suffer. It would not be possible, perhaps, to induce a Church to adopt them all at once; but a wise executive would find no real difficulty in educating a comparatively unintelligent and rude village church up to the point of order; especially since it could and would be shown that the principles of order were also principles of freedom. The House of Commons (where these principles are carried out to the extreme of scientific perfection) is at once the freest and most orderly assembly in the world.

2. From the want of *Publicity*. The policy of Churches is often a policy of timidity and secrecy, instead of one of openness and daring. I do not believe in the practice of holding Church meetings with closed doors. To our minds a secret assembly is either already a corrupt assembly, or else is rapidly tending to corruption. Nothing would so much contribute to redeem Churches from licence and disorder, as allowing the congregation to attend all Church meetings as auditors of the proceedings, the Church members alone taking actual part in them. Public opinion is God's fresh air, to keep pure and wholesome the atmosphere of all deliberative bodies. "What!" says one, "the public opinion of the *World*?" Yes, indeed, dear friend, for even the world knows the right, though it does the wrong by virtue of common sense and conscience. We doubt exceedingly whether, in earlier times, the assemblies of the Church were secret, save as necessitated by the iron heel of the persecutor. But is not the Church a family, and ought not its affairs to be kept to itself? No! the Universal Church is a family, in which God is the Father, and our Elder Brother, Christ; but a particular Church is a public body, existing for the public good, and ought to have no secrets. The action of a Church ought to be like the life of a Christian man, so full of the glory of Christ that it should be for the benediction of men to see the bright reflection.

"But," perhaps it is said, "it is so nice to meet altogether, and talk over things. You know

‘We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground.’”

But that is just what we do not know. With all deference to the devout author of these lines, we do not ourselves believe in *We-are-a-garden-walled-around* Christianity. We bend before that higher authority, who said, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. . . . Let your light *so* shine before men, that they may see your good works, and *glorify your Father* which is in heaven." "But what about cases of discipline?" If the Church nominates *trusted* elder brethren to inquire, to report, and recommend the proper course to pursue, then nothing will be said or done that all the world might not hear. If, on the other hand, you make the Church-meeting, attended by both sexes and even children, a kind of moral dissecting-room, all we have to say is, that the sooner you drop the study of this kind of anatomy the better. Another important immense advantage of an open Church meeting would be, that they who wished would be able to witness the reception of members; and one of

our ablest and most successful ministers, afterwards president of three colleges, since deceased, once told me that more were led to decision by this means during his ministry than by any sermons he ever preached.

As a part of this policy of publicity, every Church should periodically print and circulate its financial statements. Let them be open, clear, competently *audited*, and then published to all your people. The more you trust the people in financial matters, the more will they respond with eager liberality. The more deacons keep things dark and mysterious, the less interest will the people have, the more stingy they become, and the end is balances year after year on the wrong side, and misery. All *unpaid* officers, as in all other societies, should be subjected to periodical election. There are many sad instances all over the country of treasurers allowing, through incapacity or worse cause, the finances to get into hopeless confusion, and the minister to starve; and then actually withstanding the efforts of the conscientious and the liberal to set things right. It is thus possible for one man, elected for life, to resist the Church, and to do endless injury. These evils are not to be charged on Independency, but on our senseless way of working it. On the other side, good and true deacons, secretaries, and treasurers are certain of re-election to their life's end.

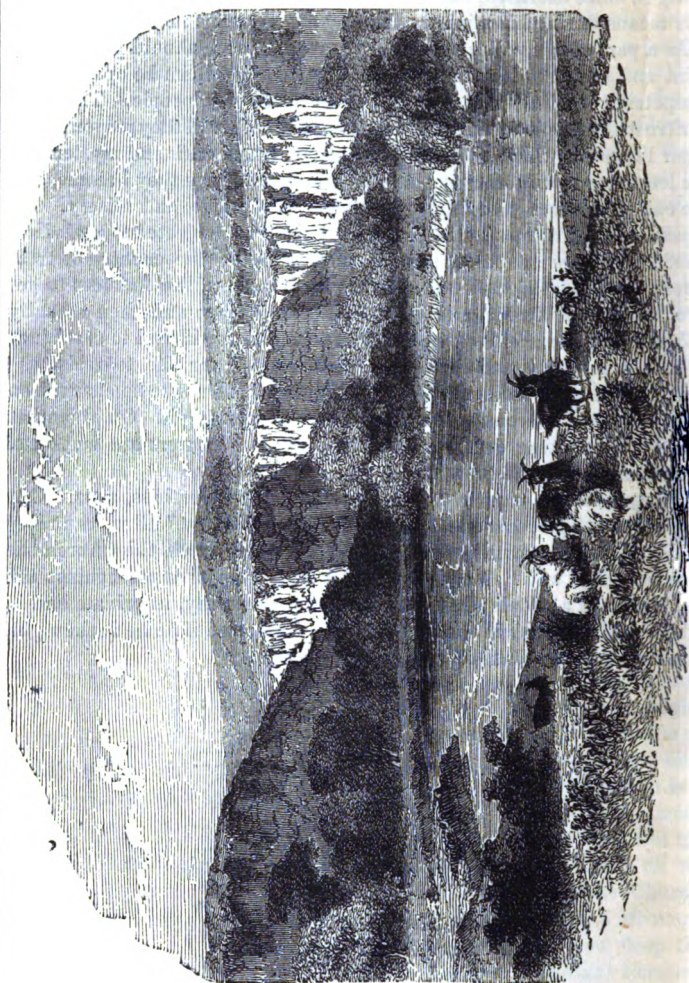
If any minister, approving in the main our suggestions, says, "Our people are not prepared so to change traditional usage," all we can reply is, What are we ministers for, if not to train and teach the Church the more excellent way? No wise minister will force changes against the convictions of a people; but he has every opportunity, in private and in public, gradually to win the people to his view; and if he be in the right, then time and the Lord of time are on his side.

A WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

I STAND with silent breath
To hear one little cry
Ring through the roaring sky,
And worlds of life and death.

Wake, timid soul, and be!
Two fathers wait thy birth;
The love of heaven and earth
Stands by to welcome thee.

Bayard Taylor.



BANKS OF THE JORDAN.

THE JORDAN.

THE Jordan—the “Descender” is to all readers of Scripture the most interesting of rivers, and yet probably the river of all others of which the most mistaken ideas are entertained. Had our good poet Watts ever stood beside the literal Jordan, he never would have penned the words, “On Jordan’s *stormy* banks I stand.” The poet pictured Jordan in his mind as a dashing foaming flood of waters, often made wilder by the storm. Instead of this, however, it is a quiet peaceful river, running a somewhat tortuous course from its source to the place where it is lost to sight. It is true, indeed, that the Jordan is rapid in its flow. From its fountain-heads it rushes down one continuous inclined plain, and its course is broken by many rapids or precipitous falls, where at certain seasons the river may have an aspect of wildness, but in general it has neither grandeur nor greatness. Travellers are often disappointed when they go in search of the Jordan. Toiling over a desert of sand, the long line of willow trees and the rich verdure which from the distance are seen to line the river’s side, excite large anticipations, and the traveller every moment expects to catch a glimpse of its shining wave. Not, however, until he actually stands upon the river’s banks, and looks down into its sometimes scantily-filled channel, does he behold the waters of the Jordan.

The Jordan may be said to have its source in a lake formed by many streams, which is the Merom of Joshua, the Hâleh of the Arabs. About twelve miles from its source the Jordan flows through the beautiful lake of Galilee, and it is said that its current is distinctly perceptible. The waters of this lake are deliciously clear and cool, rendered so no doubt largely by the passing through of the Jordan. A margin of the whitest sands surrounds the lake, which were often trodden by the feet of Jesus. And on these waters with which the Jordan mingles it was that Jesus walked and comforted His distressed disciples.

“How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee.

“Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow,
But thou hast loveliness above
What nature can bestow.

“Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea,
But, ah! far more the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o’er thee.”—*M’Cheyne*.

Many a spot of sacred interest might be noticed, if we followed the Jordan's course as it issues from the sea of Galilee until it falls into the Dead Sea. There is *Ænon*, near to Salem, where the last baptisms of John took place. There is Bethabara, where probably our Lord coming from Galilee by Samaria met John and was baptized of him, and where the heavens were seen to open and the Spirit to descend on Jesus, like a dove, as He went up out of the water, and a voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Still further on there is a spot which from its proximity to Jerusalem has been the scene of many an event of sacred interest, it is the fold *El-Mashra'a*, over against Jericho. A little to the south sleep the bitter waters of the Dead Sea in mysterious silence. Not far away are the moulding ruins of Old Jericho, whose walls fell prostrate at the blast of Israel's trumpets.

On one side of the river there is a perpendicular bluff, on the opposite a low beach covered with weeds, bushes, and drift. In honour of the great events which have taken place here, the Oriental pilgrims come annually to bathe. It was doubtless pausing here that Jacob's heart swelled with feeling of thankful emotion while his lips spoke the words, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." Here the waters of the Jordan rolled back, and stood and rose up upon an heap when "the feet of the priests that bear the ark were dipped in the brim of the water," in order that Israel's chosen race might take possession of the promised land.

"Jordan was driven back"

What hailed thee, O thou sea that thou fleddest? thou
Jordan, that thou was driven back?"

Here also the Jordan parted hither and thither, when the prophet of the Lord went over to be carried in a chariot of fire to the skies. Here Christ has been with His disciples, and many a holy word has here been spoken, as the repenting and converted have come to be baptized.

A ride of an hour-and-a-half from this point across plains of barren sand brings us to the shores of the Dead Sea, into which the Jordan flows. The river widens as it reaches its termination, and becomes about three hundred feet in breadth. It also grows more deep, turbid, and rapid, until it enters the gloomy region of the Dead Sea and is swallowed up in its waters, which are so bitter that none of the finny tribes can in them find a home.

W. G.

WORDS OF WISE MEN.

"TIME, like a long-flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is for ever lost and swallowed up there; and while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things with it which are not immortal. There is a limit appointed by Providence to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes of life, to all the works of the hands of men. Let us not dote upon anything here below, for heaven hath inscribed 'vanity' upon it. The moment is hastening when the decree of heaven shall be uttered, and Providence shall pronounce upon every glory of the earth, 'Its time shall be no longer.'"—*Watts*.

"You cannot repent too soon. There is no day like to-day. Yesterday is gone, to-morrow is God's, not your own. And think how sad it will be to have your own evidence to seek when your cause is to be tried; to have your oil to buy, when you should have it to burn."—*Mason*.

"There are three sorts of actions: those that are good, those that are bad, and those that are doubtful; and we ought to be most cautious of those that are *doubtful*, for we are in most danger of these doubtful actions, because they do not alarm us; and yet they insensibly lead to greater transgressions, just as the shades of twilight gradually reconcile us to darkness."—*Andrew Reed*.

"Beware of critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself. Consider every opportunity of hearing as a message sent you from heaven. For all the sermons you have heard, you will have to render an account at the last day."—*Leigh Richmond*.

"A man may look at glass, or through it, or both. Let all earthly things be unto thee as glass, to see heaven through. Religious ceremonies should be pure glass, not dyed in the gorgeous crimsons and purple, blues, and greens of the drapery of saints and saintesses."—*Coleridge*.

"The man who labours to please his neighbours for his good to edification, has the mind that was in Christ. It is a sinner trying to help a sinner. How different the face of things if this spirit prevailed, if Dissenters were like Henry, and Watts, and Doddridge, and Churchmen like Leighton."—*Cecil*.

"Afflictions are the same to the soul as the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold. It is good to be afflicted."—*Jay*.

Speaking once of listening to sermons, Rowland Hill said—"Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel."

The late Rev. J. A. James, referring to some professors, says—"There are some who would see all the proofs of conversion going on in the very next seat to theirs, and observe the fixed attention, the anxious look, the tearful eye, the serious deportment, and all this repeated one Sabbath after another, without the least possible interest, or ever exchanging a single syllable with the inquiring penitent. Shame, shame on such professors. Can the love of Christ dwell in such cold and careless hearts?"

"Every moment as it passes by, every pulsation of the sinner's heart is laden with the assurance that he draweth near to realize the death that never dies, to the flame that will never be quenched, to the deep unutterable sorrows of companionship with the lost."

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think
Before you further go,
Lest you should sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe."

"The path of the just shineth more and more. He is guided in his way by the counsel of God. He is supplied from the fulness of God. He is supported by the promises of God. He cometh towards the presence of God, 'where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.'"

"We are travelling home to God,
In the way the father's trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see."

On his dying bed, an eminent servant of God (Thomas Scott) said that he felt a greater degree of happiness as he reflected on God's promised mercy and regard for the sinner, than he did when thinking of any particular promises to the faithful. There is a resource for many in what is special, there is a fulness for all in what is universal.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

WE are happy to call the special attention of our readers to the following statement. Hitherto Independency in Nottinghamshire has been weak; now we believe that—apart from assistance obtained from without—it is putting forth far more effort according to its resources than any County in England. The results thus far secured have been remarkable.

“For some time past,” says the Circular, “there had been a conviction that the progress of Congregationalism in this County had been inadequate and discouraging; and it was felt that new and special agencies should be originated, if not to repair the past, yet to redeem the future. For such an enterprise it was obvious that the Churches of this County now enjoyed unusual facilities. The establishment of the Institute had brought hither a number of Christian workmen gladly prepared to aid—as a part of their College discipline and training—in the prosecution of varied forms of missionary and aggressive action.

“At this period a practical suggestion was thrown out. Would it not be possible—it was asked—to originate a large, comprehensive, and simultaneous movement among all our County Churches? Already some are acting—cannot all be induced to act, and to act together? Would not new enthusiasm thus be awakened? Would not new projects thus be inaugurated? Would not a more generous spirit thus be kindled? Would not larger results thus be won? Would not the hitherto separate and often isolated Churches of this County be thus drawn together into a unity of feeling, into a bond of brotherhood, which they have never known before?

“To deliberate upon these proposals a Conference was held on the evening of the 11th of March, 1867, at the Hounds Gate School Room, Nottingham, at which our honoured friend Mr. Samuel Morley presided—a Conference, we believe, larger, more widely representative, and more influential than any ever before held by the Congregationalists of this County. A paper, sketching the past history of Independency in this County, pointing out its present position, and indicating a course of action for the future, was submitted by the Rev. F. S. Williams.

“After carefully considering the facts of the case, it was resolved: ‘That this Conference has heard with much satisfaction of the important Christian enterprises contemplated by the friends of Congregationalism in Nottinghamshire; and being of opinion that many advantages may be secured by simultaneous and united action throughout the County, it is respectfully recommended by this Conference that the several

undertakings be incorporated into one comprehensive County Scheme.' It was also resolved:—'That a fund be opened, to be called the "County Fund," to which the friends of Congregationalism within and without the County be invited to contribute; the fund to be devoted, not to ordinary purposes of Church revenue, but to the erection or enlargement of Chapels, Mission-rooms, and Schools; to the liquidation of debts, and to other special denominational objects in the County; that any amounts recently promised to any such objects be included in this fund; that the contributions be made payable over a period not exceeding five years; that each donor reserve to himself the right to appropriate the whole or part of his gift; and that any balance not thus appropriated be distributed at the discretion of the Committee.' By a third resolution a Committee was appointed to give practical effect to these resolutions.

"A year has now elapsed—a year of deep interest to all who have watched the progress of events in the Congregational Churches of this County. It had, indeed, been hoped and expected that before the present time a complete statement might have been prepared of the several projects which are incorporated into this Scheme. But, on reflection, it will easily be understood that enterprises so large and varied, some of which involved considerable sums of money and heavy responsibilities, could only gradually be undertaken and only slowly be matured. In several cases months rolled on before any definite arrangements could be reported; some even now are virtually in suspense; others will probably yet be originated. Thus far, however, the results have been most gratifying, for they have equalled the expectations of the most sanguine. They will now be briefly stated:—

"I. CASTLE GATE CHAPEL.

"Castle Gate, as the oldest Church in Nottingham, deserves to be first mentioned. The new Chapel was opened in the year 1864; but with a debt remaining upon it, and upon some old property which had been removed in clearing the site, of £3,100. At a meeting of the congregation held in September last, it was resolved that it should be removed in the course of the current five years. The sum of £2,400 have been promised; at the Christmas meeting £560 were paid in as the first instalment; and it is believed that the whole £3,100 will be raised.

"II. FRIAR LANE.

"From the deacons of the Friar Lane Church we have received the following resolution, dated May 8, 1867, which had been unanimously adopted by the congregation: 'That with a view to remove existing en-

cumbrances, the Friar Lane congregation will raise a sum of not less than £500 in the next five years.'

"III. ALBION CHAPEL.

"This Chapel was opened in August, 1856, at a total cost of £3,788. A debt still remains upon it of £600, which the friends have now resolved to use their utmost exertions to remove. In the event of their raising £400, Mr. Samuel Morley has promised to contribute the balance of £200. Nearly £300 is already promised, and it is hoped, with the assistance of friends, that the Chapel premises will in the five years be entirely free from liability.

"IV. ADDISON STREET.

"The site on which this Church is built cost about £1,200, the whole of which is lent by seven gentlemen without interest. It is, however, in contemplation to sell about a third of the land which is not required for the purposes of the Church, but which it was necessary to include in the purchase. The total cost of the building has amounted, including walls, outbuildings, legal and other expenses, to £1,250, the whole of which will be raised by the time the new pastor—the Rev. Charles S. Slater, M.A.—enters on his ministry.

"V. NEWARK:

"A special outlay of £122 have recently been required for the improvement of the Chapel property. Towards this sum £106 have been promised. The balance will also be contributed.

"VI. GRANTHAM.

"Grantham is one of the most respectable and improving towns on the Great Northern Railway. It has a population of some 13,000 souls. The parish Church is about to be restored at a cost of £15,000 to £20,000. Other denominations have modern places of worship; but the Independent Chapel was built about fifty years ago, in the style of those days, is inconveniently situated in the least improving part of the town, and is unsuited to the position which Independency may be expected to take in such a town.

"The announcement of the County Scheme led the Grantham friends at once to resolve to share in its privileges and responsibilities. In doing so their intention in the first place was to re-pew the Chapel, and to build suitable School-rooms, for the want of which they had long suffered. Towards this project the congregation promised to raise £400, and Mr. Morley promised £150. Insuperable difficulties, however, to this line of action arose; but instead of being overcome thereby, it was resolved to enlarge the effort, and if possible to build a new Chapel and

Schools on a new site; and the friends were encouraged to this decision by the kind challenge of Mr. Morley, that if they would double the amount they had undertaken he would double his. The congregation has thus promised to raise £800, and Mr. Morley to give £300. After searching the town for some time in vain for a suitable site, they obtained a most eligible one at a cost of £800. It will, however, at once be seen that great efforts will need to be made to accomplish the work to which the friends have thus nobly put their hands.

“VII. MANSFIELD.

“Efforts were made by the Rev. Joseph Williams and by some of his friends to undertake the erection of a new Chapel here, and they were encouraged by the splendid offer of Mr. Morley, that he would contribute £500 if they would raise £600 among themselves. Other friends also from without took special interest in this movement and promised aid to it.

“But ‘since the idea was first promulgated,’ writes one of the friends, ‘many deaths and removals have occurred, Mr. Williams has removed to Leicester, and circumstances have become so entirely altered, that we may say that the hopes of those who co-operated with the County Scheme for a new Chapel seem just now swept clean away.

“‘Still we should not altogether despair, since one of the trustees is about to take a very active part for this self-same object, and it is possible that, with very much foreign aid, another effort may be made for a new Chapel for Mansfield, which, in the general opinion would, if opened free of debt, or nearly so, be essential for raising Congregationalism in this town to a proper position.’

“VIII. RETFORD.

“In addition to other and special efforts which have recently been made, the congregation are raising £30 a year for the five years for the improvement of their Chapel premises, and for the purchase of two adjoining houses, the possession of which will greatly benefit the property, and will also serve to supplement the income of the Church.

“IX. KEYWORTH.

“‘We want,’ the minister writes, ‘a good room independent of the Chapel as a School-room, and also class-rooms. We ought to have a good Day School connected with the place; and it would serve for secular lectures and for other purposes innocent and useful.’ Some efforts will probably be made to accomplish these objects.

“X. EASTWOOD.

“The Memorial Stone of the Congregational Church at this place

was laid on the 14th of October last, by James Allport, Esq., of Derby—the Building is now in course of erection, and will, it is expected, be open for Divine service, about midsummer.

“The Church is intended to afford accommodation for 600 persons, and the total cost will be about £2,500. The Committee, however, having in view the education of the young, propose also to erect Schools, so soon as they are in a position to do so, at an additional cost of—say £500.

“The necessity for both Church and Schools is becoming every day more apparent, inasmuch as there is a large and increasing demand for labour in the district, consequent upon the extensive nature of mining and other operations in and around the locality in which the Church is being built. At the present time there are many houses in course of erection in the immediate vicinity of the Church; and it is certain that within the next two or three years, the number will be very largely increased.

“Contributions amounting to £1,500 have been received from friends residing in the neighbourhood, and the Committee now appeal for assistance in raising the remaining £1,500 for the purpose of completing the work they have undertaken.

“XI. SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.

“This Church, under the pastorate of the Rev. Charles Wilson, has recently made special efforts for the removal of the debt yet remaining on the Chapel premises. To this object £10 have been raised; five persons have promised £5 each, and others will contribute smaller sums to the amount of £9 10s., making a total of about £45 to be paid within two years. Some £321 have recently been raised for Chapel improvements.

“XII. WORKSOP.

“The extreme insufficiency of their present place of worship has led the friends to resolve on the erection of a suitable sanctuary. A site by the principal road in a central part of the town has been secured at the price of £250 and paid for, and promises to the amount of £150 additional have also been made. It is unquestionable that Independency will never take its proper position in this rising and respectable town until it is provided with a suitable sanctuary in another part of the town. Further action is however at present in abeyance.”

“XIII. BURTON JOYCE.

“A mission, conducted by the students of the Institute, has been for some time established at Burton Joyce. The population of that village.

and of immediately contiguous villages, numbers some 3,000 souls. Worship has hitherto been conducted in a room in a factory; but it is now intended that a Chapel shall be built. A design has been approved for a Gothic Chapel with a large side aisle, the latter of which will serve either as a School-room or as a part of the Chapel. The whole building will seat 400 adults. The cost will be not less than £700. Mr. Morley has promised £100, and other friends have already made up the amount to £300.

“XIV. WESTWOOD.

“Some three years ago a mission was established in this newly-built village by the students of the Institute. Though there was a population of some 500 souls, there had been no place of worship. An Iron Mission Church has been erected capable of accommodating about 150 worshippers, at a cost, including outbuildings, planting, walling, &c., of about £200, besides for land £50. Towards this sum £156 10s. have been paid and promised, leaving a balance yet to be raised of £93 10s.

“XV. HUCKNALL.

“Another Iron Mission Church is in course of erection at Hucknall. The students have hitherto held their services in a cottage, which is crowded almost to suffocation. For some time it seemed impossible to obtain a suitable site; but now an admirable one has been secured at a price—below its market value—of £65. The Church will seat about 200 persons, and will cost, including outbuildings, &c., £200. Towards this sum, £125 have been paid or promised, leaving a balance of £140.

“XVI. ARNOLD.

“The upper end of Arnold contains a population of 600 souls; and is at least half a mile distant from any Nonconformist place of worship. In January, 1866, some working men rented a house for the purpose of establishing a Sunday School and other religious services; and the students of the Institute were subsequently requested to take charge of the mission. The room is, however, very small, damp, and uncomfortable, and it is earnestly desired to erect a small Chapel. Subscriptions have been collected to the amount of about £12.

“XVII. WARSOP.

“The present Chapel accommodation in this village is insufficient. A friend has offered a site on most moderate terms, and £50 as a donation, if a new Iron Church can be built.

“XVIII. THE CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTE.

“About four years ago the Institute was opened with thirty students, in a private house at Nottingham, and with an income of £800 a year.

In a few months it became necessary to remove to another residence; the students rapidly increased to more than fifty, and the income to upwards of £2,000. Applications, too, were received from various fields of labour for the services of students trained here to the amount of at least five-fold those who could be provided. Meanwhile, the insufficiency of the accommodation for so large a number of students rendered it imperative that some adequate and permanent arrangements should be made; and at a special meeting of the General Committee, held October 25th, 1866, it was decided that a suitable building, to contain Lecture Halls, &c., for eighty or one hundred students, and residences for the tutors, should be erected.

"An eligible site was obtained; the Congregational Churches of the town generously undertook to pay the cost of the land, amounting to some £900; and friends in the country at large have been appealed to for the cost of the building. The total cost of the land and building will amount to not less than £5,800. Towards this sum, about £4,415 have been contributed, leaving a balance still due of about £1,385.

"In submitting this Statement, it cannot but be felt that there is abundant reason in these facts for deep thankfulness to God, and for sustained exertion on behalf of every individual connected with the Congregational Churches of this County.

"Friends of Congregationalism in Nottinghamshire—whether actually resident in the County or not—who may not yet have taken part in this great enterprise, are entreated to ponder well its special and interesting claims. John Cole, Esq., St. James's-terrace, Nottingham, the Treasurer of the Fund, will be happy to communicate with friends in the County, or at a distance, on the subject.

"May the Spirit of Wisdom give us all—in the prosecution and completion of this undertaking—"the right spirit."

PARENTAGE.

I FIND the genealogy of my Saviour strangely checkered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations.

1. Roboam begat Abia; that is, a bad father begat a bad son. 2. Abia begat Asa; that is, a bad father a good son. 3. Asa begat Josaphat; that is, a good father a good son. 4. Josaphat begat Joram; that is, a good father a bad son.

I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son.—*Thomas Fuller.*

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

SINCE our readers perused our Church News of last month, great things have been done whereof we are glad. With undisguised joy we hail the day of religious freedom, which late events seem to indicate is not far distant; the day when State favour and State fetters shall be unknown in connection with religion. After long years of delay and of hollow promises, the representatives of the people in Parliament are seeking to do justice to Ireland. Hitherto the "wrongs of Ireland" have seemed to be only a theme for talk. Now action has been taken with an earnestness and decision which will alarm some, delight others, and surprise all.

Meanwhile, in the divisions which have taken place on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church resolutions, principles which have ever been dear to Non-conformists have been vindicated and honoured, and friends of religious freedom delight to prophecy, and foes to threaten, that the course events now take will lead to the breaking of the bonds which hitherto have united the sacred with the secular—Religion with the State.

Mr. Disraeli himself, speaking of the principle on which Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were founded, said, "if that principle were adopted he could see nothing that would prevent its application to England, sooner or later, and in his opinion much sooner than many anticipated." This is an avowal most cheering to religious liberationists, seeing that the principle so much feared by Mr. Disraeli is so likely to be adopted. The advocates of the English Church in Ireland are of opinion that the disestablishment of that institution is tantamount to its destruction, and profess to think that such a course would give a great encouragement and advantage to Popery. "A Church," as the *Methodist Recorder* truly says, "whose chief power lies in its endowments and the favour of the State, is not worth maintaining." And its advocates are unwise indeed to admit that their Church is so weak as that without the props of State help it must fall.

Mr. Gladstone's Church-rate Bill has been read a second time in the House of Lords, without a division. "For the first time," the *Nonconformist* says, "the House of Lords has given its assent to the principle of abolishing compulsory taxation for Church of England purposes. 'Assent,' did we say? Well, it was that kind of assent which people both noble and common give to what is submitted to them in the form of 'Hobson's choice.'" Their lordships have, however, referred the consideration of the details of the Bill to a select committee. How the Bill will fare in the hands of said committee no one can tell, and it would

appear that few are particularly anxious; for all feel confident of the not far distant triumph of the principles of religious equality. The *English Independent* says, "You can no more hinder its triumph by select committees than Canute could prevent the rise of the tide by his royal command." "We can wait," says the *Nonconformist*, "in sooth we would rather wait, if wait we may. But in case we can feel justified in choosing to wait, their lordships will never have another opportunity of closing this controversy on other terms than those which we have insisted upon from the beginning."

The Irish Burials Act, for throwing open the Irish churchyards so that service may be performed at the grave by ministers of any denomination, has been read a second time in the House of Commons. Mr. Newdegate asked why different justice was meted out to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and the Nonconformists of England?

Earl Russell has written a second letter to Mr. Chichester Fortescue, which has been published. The *Nonconformist* characterises it as "one of the best and most satisfactory productions upon the question of the Irish Church that we have yet read." The noble lord in this letter gives up the opinions expressed in his previous letter, and although he still believes in Church establishments, he adds that it is not in every country and at every time that they are good. He expresses his belief that the time has come for disestablishment in Ireland, and that the clergy must be left to the operation of the voluntary principle.

The Lancashire Congregationalists are making a noble effort to meet the growing religious wants of their district. Although the population of Lancashire has increased more than 325 per cent. in sixty years, while the accommodation for religious worship provided by the Independents has increased 900 per cent., there is, it seems, need for still further provision for the religious wants of the people. At the meeting referred to, more than £20,000 was at once subscribed, Mr. George Hadfield, M.P., heading the list with £3,000, and it is purposed to increase the sum to £30,000.

Dr. Livingstone, the renowned missionary and traveller, is safe! Letters from our Consul at Zanzibar, read at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, prove that he was safely prosecuting his journey through the African wilds half a year after his own letters accounted for him. We now know that in October last he reached Ujiji, where stores and letters were awaiting him, and where the serious loss of medicines he so much regretted would be repaired.

Another case of clerical bigotry has been made public. A lady was attended in her last illness by a curate, until he learned that she had not

been baptized. She asked to be baptized rather than be denied the benefit of the curate's ministrations, and was refused, and the next day died. As soon as she was dead, the curate called again, and informed her friends that the church burial service could not be read over the grave. The chaplain of the Burmantoft's cemetery agreed with the curate, and said that "Christian burial was intended for Christian people." The persons who made the application said they should make his decision known to the public. "I shall be glad if you do," he replied; "it is high time our principles were known." The corpse was at last interred without "Christian burial."

A new Congregational Church has been built at Russell Town, Bristol, at the expense of Mr. William Somerville, of Bitton Hill. The chapel cost over £3,000, and will at present seat 700 persons, and ultimately 1,000. A new Congregational Chapel has been opened at Wollerton. A new Church, for the congregation of which the Rev. A. T. Gowan, D.D., is pastor, has been opened at Dalkeith.

The following gentlemen have been set apart by ordination to the Congregational ministry:—Mr. J. H. J. Taylor, at Colne, Lancashire; Mr. J. McClune, Upper Swanston, Cambridgeshire; Mr. R. Nicholls, at Lee Chapel, Horwich, Lancashire; Mr. J. Whalley, of Nottingham Institute, at Stokesley; Mr. G. J. Hill, at Seamen's Chapel, London Dock; and Mr. F. Knowles, of Rotherham College, at Belper.

Recognition services have been held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. Morgan, at Pentonville-road Congregational Church; the Rev. G. Nicholson, B.A., at Union Church, Putney; the Rev. J. Fernie, at Burslem; the Rev. S. Clarkson, at Lytham.

The Rev. W. Aston has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Burton-on-Trent; the Rev. E. Bolton that of the Church at Brixton-hill; the Rev. E. Hill that of the Church at King-street Chapel, Northampton; the Rev. R. T. Verrall, B.A., that of Skinner-street Congregational Chapel, Poole; the Rev. W. Marriott, that of the Church at Oakengates, Salop.

The Rev. J. H. Lochore has removed from Dock-street Chapel, Newport, to Park Congregational Church, Llanelly; the Rev. J. De Kewer Williams, from Camberwell, to Union Chapel, Horselydown; Mr. S. Prosser, from Brecon College, to Rhayader, Radnorshire; Mr. V. W. Maybery, from Western College to Stoke-sub-Hamdon.

Of the May Meetings, which are being holden while we are going to press, we hope to speak in our next.

DOWN THE THAMES.

NUNEHAM COURTENAY.

NUNEHAM COURTENAY is a favourite resort of Oxford citizens and Oxford students; and beneath its umbrageous woods many a happy party gathers on the live-long summer days. The cottages depicted by the artist are delightfully situated; while, stretching around are the open glades, the solitary walks, the spacious park, the sunny slopes, the fruitful gardens of the demesne of Courtenay House.



COTTAGES AT NUNEHAM COURTENAY.

"From the height," says Mrs. S. C. Hall, "there is an extensive view of the adjacent country for many miles around. Oxford, with its domes and spires, and the venerable church at Iffley, the woods of Blenheim, the town of Abingdon, the hills of Buckinghamshire, the green hill downs of Berkshire, the historic Chilterns, Farringdon Hill, with its dark crown of trees, which gives it the local name of 'Farringdon Clump;' in short, on all sides are presented objects that add value to the fair demesne, while the winding Thames is ever present to refresh the eye that, withdrawn from the distance, seeks the beauty that is more immediately at hand."

A CHAT ABOUT MINISTERS.

"Good morning, Mr. Alford," said Mr. Barrett, as one day in the town of K—— he overtook a friend whom he had not seen for some time. "Good morning. Are you going my way? If so, I want a few words with you."

"With all my heart," replied Mr. Alford; and so they walked on together. "By the bye," he said, after a bit, "didn't I hear that you are losing your minister again?"

"Yes, indeed, he is off to Switzerland, they say, for a holiday. I only wish I could get as many holidays, I'm sure."

"But from what I hear," replied Mr. Barrett, "it won't be much of a holiday to him; it is for his health, is it not?"

"Well, yes, I suppose it is. The doctor says he ought to go. I don't know how it is, but certainly it seems to me that ministers are wonderfully delicate."

"And Mr. G—— was getting on so well, was he not?" continued Mr. Barrett.

"Indeed he was," exclaimed his friend; "we all liked him exceedingly, and the affairs of the chapel, which you know had been rather languishing, are looking up again most satisfactorily: congregation increasing, two weekly services begun, and a young men's Bible class. Then, Mr. G—— took so much interest in the Sunday-school, and tract distribution, and visiting the poor. We were to have had another tea-meeting, too, this week. We shall miss him sadly."

"No doubt," was the reply; "but perhaps it is hardly to be wondered at that he should be needing a holiday."

"I'm sure," returned Mr. Alford, "I don't grudge him his holidays—— do not think that. But it is rather disappointing in the midst of so much good for one's minister to go off on his travels or become ill. And that sort of thing has happened to us so often."

"Now, will you, my friend," replied Mr. Barrett, "let me say a few words on a subject that has long interested me, and on which I feel very strongly? Has it never struck you that we make a grand mistake in our ideas of ministers—that we expect far more of them than they can possibly do, and then we grumble when they fail? Did you ever try to imagine what it is to write a sermon?"

"Well," said his companion, with a smile, "to me it would be simply impossible, but to some I suppose not so difficult."

"No doubt," continued Mr. Barrett, "it is easier to some than to others, but I should say to every conscientious preacher it must be hard mental

labour—labour that requires a clear brain, an undisturbed mind, and the exercise of every intellectual faculty. So much for the composing; there is then the preaching of the sermon, which is in itself exciting, and the loud speaking in a heated atmosphere another source of fatigue. Remember that two, if not three, of these sermons must be written and delivered in a week, and by whom? By a man who is also expected to preside at evening meetings, to conduct weekly services, perhaps to take Bible classes; to say nothing of occasional public services and meetings, at which his presence is looked for; and to be ready at all times to receive visitors, to give advice and help, and last, but not least, to visit the sick in all weathers and at all distances. I have said nothing of attendance at funerals, evenings spent with friends, nor of the weight of responsibility constantly felt by a good minister, the individual interest he must feel in each member of his flock, and the sympathy with their sorrows and joys. Why, the wonder to me is not that they are *often ill*, but that they are *ever well*! and that in one week they find it possible to do the work of two or three!"

"I am struck by what you say," said Mr. Alford. "Indeed, I fear there is some truth in it, though perhaps you are a little severe, eh?"

"My dear sir," replied Mr. Barrett, "so far from being severe, I am most charitable, for you observe I call all this a *mistake*, whereas I might use a much harsher term in many cases. But 'evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart,' and I do firmly believe that in the majority of cases it is simply thoughtlessness. Indeed, I will go further still, and say that among a certain class the very love and admiration felt for the minister causes this selfish appropriation of his time and strength. These people know that his presence and the sound of his voice make them feel happier and enjoy the services better; and, while congratulating themselves on this proof of grace in their hearts, they little think it but one form of selfishness displeasing to God, who would have us take reasonable care of every one of His blessings."

"I dare say, too," Mr. Alford rejoined, "people of that sort never think of the kind of work a minister has to do, except what they can see themselves."

"Exactly so. I verily believe our congregations as a rule consider a minister's life an easy one, and if they observe him looking pale and tired in the pulpit, they only think how provoking it is that he should happen to have bad health. The fact is, that many of the class to which I just now alluded are incapable of either comprehending or appreciating what *brain-work* is; labour with the hands they can understand, but many of them probably never in their lives attempted anything of the

nature of literary composition, or experienced the feeling of real intellectual exertion of any sort. To hear these good folks talk, you would imagine that some thought the preacher a clever piece of machinery, wound up or set going by steam to work for them; while others seem to fancy that he is gifted with supernatural powers, as indeed he need to be to do all they wish!"

"But since the people are so ignorant and thoughtless," asked Mr. Alford, "why does not the minister enlighten them? Why does he undertake more than he feels he can do?"

"That is a fair question," returned his companion. "I often wish he would make a stand, and explain what he really can do and what he can't. But I suppose a good pastor is unwilling to think his people unreasonable, and to complain of their requirements. He is attached to them, and willingly spends his time and energies in their service. To suggest a change might be difficult and unpleasant; and besides, I say he ought not to have it to do. The people should manage it: it is for their own interest. Putting aside the question of right and wrong altogether, is it not plain that by overworking their minister they lose him, either for a time or altogether? Do we not continually hear that so-and-so has left on account of his health, or, as in Mr. G——'s case, that complete rest and change has been ordered? Whereas a *little* considerateness on their part would have rendered this unnecessary. Occasional holidays are beneficial to us all, but I would not have the life of a minister such a hard one as to make them absolutely necessary; and thus, by converting them from pleasant journeys into cures for weakness, deprive them of half their enjoyment and usefulness."

"Certainly you put things in a new light, Mr. Barrett. And now can you point out a remedy, as you know all fault-finders are bound to do? Besides, I fancy that you and I, having each of some influence in our respective congregations, ought to feel some responsibility ourselves in this matter."

"I am delighted," said Mr. Barrett, "to hear you say so, my dear sir. I am already doing what I can among my friends, and I hope with some result, but it must be a gradual work. In the first place, then, I would draw the attention of the people to the facts of which I have spoken. I would chose suitable opportunities of awakening their sympathy with their minister; and depend upon it if the wish to spare him be in their hearts, they will find ways of doing it. I would remind them that their Day of Rest is no day of rest to him, as his wife or sister could tell them when he returns home at night. This is unavoidable, but since he ministers to *their* rest and comfort and spritual health on that day, can they not

take some of the work off his hands during the week? Could not some means be discovered of relieving him of some of his weekly engagements? Could not a pious man be found able and willing to take a class? Is it not possible for the good people of a congregation sometimes to hold meetings for prayer together, without rendering it indispensable that a minister should preside?"

"There is one thing," interrupted Mr. Alford, "I should like to ask you. How do you account for the fact, that formerly ministers preached three sermons on a Sunday, yet stayed for years in the same place, and frequently lived to a good old age among their flock."

"I account for it," replied his friend, "in two ways: first, the quality and style of sermons that are required now are very different from what formerly contented the people. The immense increase of books and love of reading among all classes has rendered them much more fastidious, and has raised the standard of their intellectual demands. And then in those times there was not the prevalence of weekly engagements of which I have spoken. If the minister has the week at his own disposal, he will find no difficulty in producing three sermons on a Sunday, though I think the practice decidedly a mistake, and I am glad it is now almost universally discontinued. I am glad to see some remarks in an article in 'Good Words,' for March, that take the view I have always held, though more with reference to the sermons than the well-being of the ministers. I have the number with me, and will read you a sentence or two:—

"'It is a palpable hindrance to the efficiency of the clergy as preachers that too much work is expected of them in other capacities.' And here again: 'He (the preacher) must not only be an able and instructive teacher, but also what is termed a hard-working clergyman. If he attempt to shut himself up, and to secure the measure of studious retirement necessary to meet the weekly requirements for thoughtful teaching, he is regarded as destitute of a sense of duty, lacking energy, a mere man of words and not of action;' and much more to the same effect. Listen to this too: 'It is no exaggeration to say that the modern receipt for sermon-production in great cities and among rich and well-educated congregations is something like this:—take a man of talent, pay him shabbily, give him as much secular work as a lawyer or physician in good practice; insist on interrupting his studies at all times, and for all purposes, and then grumble when the Sunday comes round that he does not invariably produce two brilliant sermons, and join in the universal lament over the decadences of the pulpit.'"

"There, I am sure that is as strong as anything I have said."

"It is indeed. I must borrow that number of you some day, and read the rest. Meanwhile, our walk is coming to an end. I am very glad to have had this talk with you, for I see that the subject is of great importance, and one that demands our serious consideration."

"And I, too, am thankful that we met. Farewell."

S.

THE WIDOW'S REVENGE.

THE burgomaster of Gonda, in Holland, long the slave of Alva and of the Blood Council, fled for his life as the revolt broke forth in that city. He took refuge in the house of a certain widow, and begged for a place of concealment. The widow led him to a secret closet, which served as a pantry. "Shall I be secure there?" asked the fugitive functionary. "Oh, yes, Sir Burgomaster," replied the widow, "'twas in that very place that my husband lay concealed while you, accompanied by the officers of justice, were searching the house, that you might bring him to the scaffold for his religion. Enter the pantry, your worship; I will be responsible for your safety." Thus did the humble widow of a hunted and murdered Calvinist have her revenge for the life of a magistrate who had brought desolation to her hearth.

MEMORIES OF ARNSBY.

BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

EIGHT miles from Leicester is the pleasant village of Arnsby, a name perhaps unknown, but still not unworthy of being known. The fashion is too common for Englishmen to explore every country except their own; and to neglect a land, every scene of which bears the impress of events that might well serve to awaken our interest, and to kindle our patriotism and our piety.

The neighbourhood of Arnsby is elevated without being hilly, and far and wide may be seen the rich pastures and woodlands, the innumerable flocks and lowing herds, the quiet hamlets, and tapering spires of Leicestershire. But the tide of traffic that used to sweep along the turnpike road from Leicester to Northampton is now turned into other channels, and Arnsby slumbers in its seclusion.

The first object that attracts the notice of the visitor is the pleasant-looking chapel and parsonage, the spacious burial-ground, garden, and little farm. The name of the Baptist chapel may seem to some to be

sufficiently prosaic; but concerning this there is a story, and a true one, of affecting and romantic interest, well worth the telling.

In the beautiful valley that lies between Theddingworth, in Leicestershire, and Sibbertoft, in Northamptonshire, there once stood the hamlet of Hothorpe. Here, two centuries ago, one Benjamin Winckles was born, and here for years he lived with a respectable grazier, whose confidence appears to have been won by the integrity and devotedness of his pious servant. One way in which his fidelity was tested is amusing. It appears that the grazier had learned that a goodly, and withal a rich widow, living in the fens of Cambridgeshire, would be likely to make him an excellent wife; and he requested Benjamin to see and to sound the lady on the subject. Benjamin obeyed; but, returning with a reply that was unsatisfactory, the grazier said: "Well, Ben, perhaps you spoke a word for yourself." "Indeed I did not," was his answer; "I durst not in conscience utter a word of that kind, as I was sent on *your* behalf." "Well, well," rejoined the honest grazier, "I believe, Benjamin, you didn't; I sent you on your master's business, and I believe you did it, and not your own. But what did the lady say?" An explanation now ensued, in which it transpired that the widow had been very decided in the refusal of the master; but had intimated—in some way best known to ladies—that if Benjamin had come on his own account, she might, perhaps, have hesitated. The grazier seems to have been so much pleased with the honesty of Winckles that he recommended him to return to the lady and urge his own suit; he did so, and was accepted, and in the course of time they were married, and settled down in Cambridgeshire.

Though now residing some thirty miles away, Mr. Winckles undertook the pastoral charge of the Church of the little village of Kilby, about two miles from Arnsby, and of which it is believed he had been a member prior to his marriage. His people bore to him in 1697 the gratifying testimony: "Considering the distance of his residence, our gracious God wonderfully assisted him to fill up his place, greatly to our edification and comfort."

About the year 1701 Mr. Winckles removed to Arnsby, where he built a residence; soon afterwards a malt house was converted into a chapel; and in 1702 the pastor erected a chapel adjoining his own dwelling, part of which remains to the present day. One interesting aspect of the Christian life of those times now comes into notice. It appears that many members of the Arnsby Church resided at great distances, but they still retained a living fellowship with one another; for Church meetings were held as far off as Coventry, Northampton,

Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire, and in other places, deputations from Leicestershire being appointed to represent the brethren at Arnsby. By these means there was a union of heart and a zealous co-operation in their efforts to advance the cause of their common Lord, which could not have been secured by other means.

Success crowned the earnest and spiritual labours of Mr. Winckles, while his benevolence was limited only by his means. Not only did he preach without stipend, but he always provided refreshments for the poor who came from a distance to worship. He was also remarkable for scrupulous integrity in his dealings. On one occasion, it is said, he sent a servant to sell a horse at Leicester, and he rode at full speed after him in order to direct the servant to mention to any buyer a certain fault in the horse. When he reached the market he found that the horse had been sold, and he accordingly informed the purchaser of the reason of his hasty ride. The latter, however, interposed by saying, "You want the horse back again;" hastily paid the money, and rode off; and though Mr. Winckles called after him, designing to lessen the price, it was to no purpose.

Mr. Winckles died in the seventy-ninth year of his age, after a pastorate of between thirty and forty years; and he devised by will the Meeting-house to the Church, and the dwelling-house and land to his wife for her life, and after her decease as an endowment to the Chapel.

We now turn to another chapter in the history of the memories of Arnsby.

Robert Hall—the father of the Robert Hall of renown—was born in the year 1728, at the village of Black Heddon, a few miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne. When twelve years old, he heard a profligate youth repeat some dreadful things about the misery of the lost, which the clergyman had uttered at church a few days before. He was immediately seized with an overwhelming sense of his guilt, and of the terrors of eternal banishment from God, and he continued for seven years in a state of distress and despondency. But one day he resolved to look again into his Bible to see if he *could* open a door of hope, and his eyes fell on the words: "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." Gal. iv. 4. A new train of thought arose in his mind: Christ was "*made under the law*"—then he was not under it originally; and as he was thus *made* under the law to *redeem* them that *were* under the law, who are not under the law *now*, but are redeemed, there is a way of redemption for sinners from the curse of the law, and by this it is possible even *I* may be saved. This was to him glad tidings indeed; he devoutly studied the

Scriptures; his own salvation through Christ began to appear not only possible, but *certain*, and at length with the apostle he could say: "*I know in whom I have believed.*"

Mr. Hall now joined a Church of the Baptist denomination, was encouraged to attempt the exposition of the Scriptures, was afterwards called to the work of the ministry, and first entered on the pastoral office at Arnsby. The Church had at this time been greatly diminished; and for nearly six years he was unjustly deprived of the house and land, left by Mr. Winckles, and reduced to great straits and difficulties. For several years the utmost the Church could contribute towards his support was £15 per annum, and Mr. Hall records: "My family increased fast, having had fourteen children in all;" and then, he adds, "but I found my heart so united to the people that I durst not leave them, though I often thought I must."

On one occasion Mrs. Hall's faith seemed ready to fail. Though she commonly cheered her husband, she began to say that he would stay at Arnsby till she and her children were starved, when a person rapped at the door, with a donation of ten pounds from "a distant friend." At another time, after having invited two or three neighbouring ministers to hold a meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were weeping together because they had no provision to set before them, or money to buy any, when a person in poor circumstances brought several pounds, chiefly in silver and copper, wrapped up in a handkerchief, which she said "the Lord had sent them," nor would she give any information as to any medium of so providential a gift.

Mrs. Hall subsequently passed through the deepest waters of spiritual trial. So painful was her apprehension of perishing for ever, that, one day seeing her husband's watch hanging in her room, she took it in her hand and said: "I need not regard time; I have done with counting time; I have entered on an eternal state of suffering;" and with vehemence throwing the watch on the floor, she added, "I am as surely damned as that watch is broken!" But the watch was *unharméd*; and seeing this, she said with tears, "Well, *if* God save me, all heaven will be astonished; but none will wonder so much at His unparalleled mercy as myself."

Still deeper did this excellent woman sink under the pressure of disease of the brain; when, says her husband, "after meditating on her very affecting situation, and thinking with many tears on the lines of Dr. Watts—

"How would the powers of darkness boast
If but one praying soul were lost!"

I went into her apartment to pray with her, and I asked her how she did? With a serene countenance and a cheerful smile, she said, "I am well now, my dear. My burden is quite removed; it is gone like a stone from my heart. My sweet Jesus is come! is come! is come! Yes, my dear, He is come! He is come of Himself, and Himself is come! He is come of His own accord! I did not fetch Him, I could not, I durst not pray. I did not expect ever to have enjoyed His presence; I verily thought I should never see His face with comfort; but, O wonderful grace! my Jesus is come! He is come! He is come! He is come to me, and bids me come to Him! He says, 'Come unto me, ye heavy laden.'" Her strength being quite exhausted, she paused awhile, as she had before repeatedly done; for it was with difficulty she uttered her words. Recovering herself a little, she added, "Precious Jesus! Yes, my dear, He is precious to them that believe. He used to be precious to me, but never so precious as now. Oh, how I love Him! I love Him!" which words, I love Him, she repeated till she was exhausted. Some time after this she eagerly took hold of her husband's hand, and smiled, saying, "Mercy! Mercy! Sweet Jesus, mighty to save! Found in Him—living—dying—judgment;" and thus she passed from earth to heaven.

Robert, one of her children, when a delicate infant not two years of age, and unable to walk or talk, was fond of being taken into the burial-ground by his nurse. She was a woman of integrity and intelligence, and finding he was desirous of learning the meanings of the inscriptions on the gravestones, and of the various figures carved upon them, she gradually managed to teach him the letters of the alphabet, then to group them into syllables and words, and thus, at length, he could read. At a dame-school where he was afterwards placed, Robert showed an extraordinary thirst for knowledge, and had great delight in adding to his little library. In the summer season, when his school-hours were over, he would put his books, with "Entick's Dictionary," into his pinafore, and stealing into the grave-yard, which from an early and fixed association he regarded as his *study*, he would lie down on the grass and there remain, absorbed in reading and thought, till compelled to retire into the house by the deepening shades of evening. How great were the powers first exercised in that lonely spot—how profound the attainments, the foundation of which was then laid—and how powerful the eloquence which rose out of the lisps of that remarkable childhood, can only be clearly traced in the history of his labours at Cambridge, at Leicester, and at Bristol!

For his father he ever cherished a profoundly reverend affection.

Of him he once said, and with equal accuracy, though, unconsciously, he depicted himself:—"He appeared to the greatest advantage upon subjects where the faculties of most men fail them; for the natural element of his mind was greatness."

It is a specially memorable fact that Mr. Hall had the great happiness of observing the manifestations of decided piety in most, if not all, of his children, and of introducing them to membership with the Christian church.

The venerable man preached his last sermon—many thought with remarkable vigour—on a Lord's day morning. He intended to preach in the evening; but a prayer-meeting had to be substituted on account of his indisposition. He cheerfully conversed with some of his friends, and intimated that he was not much inclined to try some fresh medicines that had been proposed, but he added:—"I have not lived in the world so long as to be wearying of it, nor am I afraid to die." A few minutes afterwards he expired without a struggle, and entered on "the rest"—the keeping of Sabbath—which "remains for the people of God."

CALVINISM.—WHAT IS IT?

LET us explain the high, noble, moral doctrine of Calvinism. We allow the first principle that God of His sovereign grace has chosen men to salvation. We believe this to be a revealed fact. We believe it to be historically evident. We believe it to be philosophically necessary, as alone giving sufficient cause for certain Divine results in the soul. But the fact of this election is not revealed to any one. It may become increasingly manifest in the changed character of a man that he possesses a Divine life which none but God could give him, and which God could not give him without purposing to give it him, and which God could not purpose accidentally at the moment of His gift or without an eternal purpose. But the fact, absolute and apart from every spiritual and moral change, of any man's election is neither revealed to that man nor to any other. That fact is absolutely known to God alone. It could only be known by any man, of himself or of another, by a miracle of knowledge. It is not, then, this revelation to a man of his own election which separates him from all other men, and fits him for membership in a Christian Church. Verily, on such terms the membership would be small!

What, then, is our doctrine? Faith in Christ insures salvation. If a man believe, he has eternal life. This faith is conscious and personal.

It involves the recognition of, and trust in, Christ as the deliverer from sin, as the Lord of the will. Faith accordingly involves the profoundest moral convictions, and implies a great moral change. In trusting Christ as the deliverer from sin, there is involved the consciousness of sin in its curse and power; there is involved the sense of the righteousness and love of God in requiring and allowing the sacrifice of His own Son, and in giving His Son, the treasure of His grace, for our redemption. In trusting Christ as the Lord of the will, there is involved a perception of His authority and worth, and a sympathy with His law, which imply surely a quickened moral sensibility. So great is the moral change in this conscious act of faith, that it is a new birth of the soul. So great, moreover, that whilst man acts in this trustful acceptance of Christ more freely and spontaneously than in any other act of his life, yet God's heavenly Spirit alone could quicken him and produce this change. Such faith may be dim and weak, and will grow through life; but its growth is by the nurture of God's grace, as its beginning is of His quickening. This faith in Christ will seldom be attended by convulsive experiences. It may dawn and brighten from the beginning of life; but wherever it is it has this Divine, because moral character. Wherever it is, it is of God, and, being of God, is according to His will.

How, then, are men distinguished from one another, and how are they entitled to membership in Christ's Church? By the conscious holding of this personal faith in Christ. By what tests is this faith known to be genuine? By the holy life, and the growing fidelity of life, which prove that the faith was no counterfeit or phantasy of the emotions, but involved the great moral principles, and has been operative of the great moral results we have described. Obedience and endurance are the two tests which show the genuineness of faith. Such faith is life, and gives life; and such life, when developed in strength and beauty, gives assurance to the soul that it is the life of God, and is eternal. This is the Calvinism which has always been held in our churches, and taught by our great and worthy teachers.

Rev. J. B. Paton, M.A.

THE PRAYERS OF LUTHER AND KNOX.

WHEN Germany and the Reformation seemed to be lost, and human help was none, this was the prayer which that second Moses, Luther, went to lay down at the foot of the eternal throne:—"O God, Almighty God everlasting! how dreadful is this world! behold how its mouth

opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in Thee! If I am to depend upon any strength of the world, all is over. The knell is struck. Sentence is gone forth. O God! O God! O thou my God! help me against all the wisdom of the world. Thou should'st do this. The work is not mine, but Thine. I have no business here. The cause is Thine, and it is righteous and everlasting. O Lord, help me. O faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not on man. My God! my God! dost Thou not hear? My God, art Thou no longer living? Nay, Thou canst not die. Thou dost not hide Thyself. Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it. Therefore, O God, accomplish Thine own will. Forsake me not, for the sake of Thy well beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold."

But he had not done. Once more the tide of emotion and importunity bursts forth:—"Lord, where art Thou? My God, where art Thou? Come, I pray thee; I am ready. Behold me prepared to lay down my life for the truth. For the cause is holy. It is Thine own. I will not let Thee go; no, nor yet for ~~all eternity~~! My soul is Thine. Yes, I have Thine own word to assure ~~me of it~~. ~~My~~ soul belongs to Thee, and will abide with Thee for ever. Amen! O God, send help. Amen!"

During the troublous times of Scotland (when the Popish court and aristocracy were arming themselves to suppress the Reformation in that land, and the cause of Protestant Christianity was in imminent peril), late on a certain night, John Knox was seen to leave his study, and to pass from the house down into an enclosure behind it. He was followed by a friend; when, after a few moments of silence, his voice was heard as if in prayer. In another moment the accents deepened into intelligible words, and the earnest petition went up from his struggling soul to heaven: "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Then a pause of hushed stillness, when again the petition broke forth: "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Once more all was voiceless and noiseless; when, with a yet intenser pathos, the thrice-repeated intercession struggled forth: "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Mary and Cardinal Beaton; a land and a church of noble Christian loyalty to Christ and His crown, even unto this day. How could it be otherwise?

The history of the salvation and sanctification of human souls hitherto is the history of such praying as this, in spirit, if not in these, or any, uttered words. Such humble earnestness never offends the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, through Him, is the God of all grace and consolation.—*American Congregationalist*.

"TABOR'S GLORIOUS HEIGHT."

How many sacred associations cluster around the height of Tabor, and how much of beauty may be contemplated from its summit! It is the highest mountain in Lower Galilee, and one of the most striking in all the Holy Land. Rising to the north-east of the plain of Esdraelon, and surrounded on nearly every side by chains of hills, it yet stands aloof from all its neighbours. In its appearance it has so rare a combination of the bold and the beautiful, that pilgrims in all ages have expatiated upon them with tireless wonder and delight. "Stripped of every association," says one of them, "and considered merely as an elevation commanding a view of unknown valleys and mountains, I never saw a mountain which, for beauty of scene, better repaid the toil of ascending it."



MOUNT TABOR.

On its surface and slopes there are trees of various kinds, and bushes ever green; and it is crowned with little groves. Ounces, wild boars, gazelles, and hares, shelter amid the underwood; and "birds of every wing" beguile the traveller with their warblings.

The view to be obtained from the summit is wide and beautiful in the extreme. To the north are the mountains of Galilee, backed by the mighty Lebanon. To the north-east is the Mount of Beatitudes, with its strange outline and its many associations. To the east is the country of the Gadarenes, beyond which the eye catches a glimpse of the Sea of Tiberias, while to the south-east is the valley of the Jordan, and the high land of Bashan. To the south rise the mountains of Gilboa, and far away to the south and west the hills of Samaria. Carmel and the Bay of Acre are west by north, and towards them flows through the golden plains of Esdraelon "that great river, the river Kishon," now but a little stream. "Each feature in this prospect is beautiful; the eye and mind are delighted; and by a combination of objects and associations, earthly scenes which more than satisfy the external sense, elevate the soul to heavenly contemplations."

"I HEARD SINGING TO-NIGHT."

"I'll tell you what, I heard singin' to-night that made me wish I was in heaven, or good enough to go there," said an old backwoodsman to his wife, as entering their log hut he sat down to his evening meal. "Where did you hear it?" she asked. "At our neighbour's up yonder. ~~They must~~ feel something I don't know about, or they couldn't sing so." "When they first came here," said the wife, "I thought they were proud and ~~haughty~~; but they are real good neighbours, and I heard they were good church-folks too." "Well," said he, "I mean to go to church to-morrow, and see if I can't hear some singin' like that."

The singer knew that her neighbours were ignorant, rough, and unbelieving; nearing the decline of life, and unwilling to be approached on the subject of religion. The old wife especially was so nearly a heathen, that she would never enter a church, never allow the visit of a minister, nor listen to the reading of God's word, or even to the singing of a hymn. The man was a poor but honest day-labourer, who had ruined his worldly affairs by indulgence in strong drink, but had been lifted out of that pit, and been sober for many years. Still he was a rough swearing man, and his heart unsoftened by any religious influence.

One glorious summer evening, as the sun was going down, the lady seated herself at the window, and involuntarily tuned her voice to Mrs. Hemans' sweet vesper song, "Come to the sunset tree." She felt the spirit of the heavenly words, and sang with fervour. When near the

close of the hymn she cast her eyes to the field where her neighbour was at work, and saw that he was listening intently. Instantly the thought flashed into her mind, "Oh, if I could raise that poor man to think of heaven." She closed her refrain, and then commenced, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," singing it "with the spirit and the understanding also." The firmament above her foreshadowed the glories of that state described by the hymn, and the beauty of the green earth reminded her of the pastures above where the redeemed are walking by the river of life. And as she sang, the old man listened, almost spell-bound. The singer did not wish to call admiration of her full-toned voice; she wished to glorify God by leading one of His creatures to think of Him. "I will sing God's praises whenever he can hear me, and perhaps he may be led to praise the Lord himself," was her mental resolve.

The next Sabbath the old man was at church. This cheered the lady, and she said, "I will sing whenever he comes." Ere another week was closed he was at work again. This time she sang,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

Slowly, distinctly she sang, that he might take in the full meaning of the words, and feeling their sweet pathos in her inmost soul, she sang the hymn. The listener shook his head, and rubbed his hand quickly over his eyes.

The next Sabbath evening he was among the praying people of God, earnestly inquiring for the way of salvation. The singer had sowed seed, and earnestly asked the Lord to make him one of His own children. It may be that other influences led him to the house of God and to think of his soul, but certainly God had blessed the voice of music as one of His instruments.

Seeking further to do good, the lady encouraged his poor ignorant wife in many friendly ways, and one day invited her into the parlour to hear her piano. She had never seen nor heard such an instrument, and was wonderstruck. The lady called her daughters to her side, and all joined in singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," in old "Coronation."

"Do you like that?" said the lady.

"Oh, it's nice. I b'l'ieve I heered that tune somewhere when I was a girl, but I've forgot."

"Probably you heard it at church. It is often sung there. We cannot sing the praises of Jesus too often, for He came to save us poor sinners." Then they all sang, "Come, humble sinner, in whose breast," etc. The woman rose and said she must go, and was invited to "come again." "Oh, I'll come often, if I can hear you sing."

"Mother, you take a strange way to win souls; do you think you will succeed?"

"Why not, my daughter? Has not God commanded that *whatsoever* we do, should be done to His glory? And if He has given us voices to sing, should we not use them in His service? There are many ears that will listen to a hymn for the sake of the tune, that will not hear a word from the Bible. Our voices and our musical instruments should all be employed in winning lost souls."

MR. SPURGEON'S GRANDFATHER.

THERE is a spot in Essex, the name of which is as much associated with the life of my grandfather, now in heaven, as if Providence had rooted him to it, and constrained him to live and die within its bounds. What I am about to write is as nearly as my recollection served me the story as I had it from himself. I had been preaching within twenty miles of Stambourne, where the good old man proclaimed the gospel for about sixty years; and I received a pressing letter from him, saying, that as he was now eighty-eight years of age, if I did not drive across country to see him, we might never meet again in this world. Little did the grandson need urging to so pleasant a duty. Starting early I reached the village at eight in the morning, and found the venerable man on the look-out for his boy. He was remarkably cheerful and communicative, talking of his tutor at Hackney College, of his early life, his trials and his deliverances, the good men who had gone before him, and the occasions upon which he had met them. He then touched on what was evidently a favourite topic, and remarked that there was formerly a wood in what I think he called Honeywood Park, which was a very memorable place to him. In that wood he had groaned and wept before the Lord while under the burden of sin, and under a tree, an oak, then only a sapling, he had received the grace of faith, and entered upon the enjoyment of peace with God. It was a lonely spot, but henceforth it was to him no other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Often he resorted thither and praised the name of the Lord.

Sometime after this happy event, having to go from Coggeshall to Halstead, his route was over the hallowed spot. On the night previous he dreamed very vividly that the devil appeared to him, and threatened to tear him in pieces if he dared to go along that footpath and pray under the oak as he had been wont to do. The evil one reminded him

that there was another way through the farm-yard, and that if he took the farm-yard path all would go well with him. When my grandfather awoke, the impression on his mind was overpowering, and he reasoned thus with himself: Whether it be a dream or really a temptation from Satan I cannot tell, but anyhow I will not yield to it, but will show the devil that I will not do his bidding in anything, but will defy him to his face. This was the good man all over. Like Luther, he had a vivid impression of the reality and personality of the great enemy, and was accustomed to make short work with his suggestions. One day when in the pulpit it came into his head that the place where the sand was kept for sanding the brick floor of his manse ought to be boarded in. His next thought was what business had the devil to make me think about the sand closet on a Sunday, and in the pulpit too; it shall not be boarded in at all. I will let him see that he shall not have his way with me.

But to return to the story: my grandfather, then a young man, went on cheerily enough till he came to the stile where the two paths diverged, then a horrible fear came upon him, and he felt his heart beat fast. Suppose he really should meet the archfiend, and should find him too strong for him, what then? Better take the farm-yard path. No, that would be yielding to Satan, and he would not do that for ten thousand worlds. He plucked up courage, and tremblingly pressed on. The stile was leaped, the narrow tract through the wood was trodden with resolution mingled with forebodings. The oak was in sight, the sweat was on his face, the pace was quickened, a dash was made, and the tree was grasped, but there was no Satan there. Taking breath a moment, the young man uttered aloud the exclamation, "Ah, cowardly devil, you threatened to tear me in pieces, and now you do not dare show your face." Then followed a fervent prayer and a song of praise, and the young man was about to go on his way, when his eye was caught by something shining on the ground. It was a ring, a very large ring, he told me nearly as large as a curtain ring, and it was solid gold; how it came there it would be hard to guess. Inquiries were made, but no claimant ever appeared, and my grandfather had it made into my grandmother's wedding-ring, in memory of the spot so dear to him. Year by year he continued to visit the oak tree on the day of his conversion to pour out his soul before the Lord. The sapling had spread abroad its branches, and the man had become the parent of a numerous family, but the song of gratitude was not forgotten, nor the prayer that he and his offspring might for ever be the Lord's; the angels of God, we doubt not, watched those consecrated seasons with delightful interest.

To add to the solemnity of the secluded wood, his father, while passing by the spot, was touched by the hand of God, and suddenly fell dead. He could then feel even more deeply—how awful is this place! This made the annual visitations to the tree more deeply impressive, and we believe beneficial. They would have been continued till my grandfather's last year, were it not that the hand of modern improvement ruthlessly swept away tree and wood, and every relic of the past. His last prayer upon the dear spot was most ludicrously interrupted—as the wood was almost all felled, he judged by the pathway as nearly as possible where the long-remembered oak had stood; the place was covered with growing wheat, but he kneeled down in it and began to bless the name of the Lord, when suddenly he heard a rough voice from over the hedge crying out, "Maister, there be a creazy man a saying his prayers down in the wheat over thay're." This startled the suppliant, and made him beat a hasty retreat. Jacob must wrestle somewhere else; the man of God looked at the spot and went his way, but in spirit he still raised an altar in that Bethel, and praised the God of his salvation.

He has gone to his rest after having fought a good fight, but the prayers of Honeywood Park are blessing his children, and his children's children, to the third generation at this very hour. To them, and all the world, his testimony is, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," and equally does he instruct us to "Bless the Lord, and forget not all his benefits." It were well if all of us were as decided to overcome temptation, let it come as it may. To indulge in that which may even seem to be sin is evil—to strive against its very appearance is safety. Forgive, gentle reader, the egotism which made me think this odd story might have an interest beyond my own family-circle; it is no small pleasure to remember such a grandsire, and to recall an incident in his life is pardonable.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

"I CANNOT REPEAT IT."

In the middle ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to avenge himself upon a neighbour who had offended him. It chanced that on the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of this plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing

that all his words had no effect, he said, "My lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?"

The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the mercy-loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior, "Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ taught to His disciples?"

"I will do it," replied the duke.

He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." There the duke was silent.

"My lord duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me—if you dare say so—'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us?'"

"I cannot," replied the duke.

"Well, God cannot forgive you; for He has said so. He himself has given this prayer. Therefore you must either give up your revenge, or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you as you pardon others, is to ask Him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. God will meet you for all your victims. God will meet you at the great day of judgment."

The iron will of the duke was broken.

"No," said he, "I will finish the prayer. My God! my Father! pardon me. Forgive me, as I desire to forgive him who offended me. Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!"

"Amen," said the chaplain.

"Amen," repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's Prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself.—*Biblical Treasury*.

OUR MAY-MEETING WEEK.

THE religious Anniversaries known as the May-Meetings have come and gone. Never was it our privilege to attend meetings more full of interest, and more calculated to excite great hopes as to the future of our denomination, and the cause of religion in general. The arrangements made by the committees of the various societies were admirable, and contributed largely to the comfort and enjoyment of the numbers which attended the meetings.

The assembly of the Congregational Union was a great success.

Every year the Union seems to grow in importance. Old Weigh House was "too strait for us." The proceedings were commenced with praise and prayer. The Rev. T. Binney, in his own simple, beautiful, and appropriate way, led the devotions. Then came the Chairman's address, which is ever considered the event of the day. Dr. Raleigh, as always, was modest, grave, and great. The audience listened with rapt attention, and repeatedly signified its hearty admiration. Once or twice Dr. Raleigh attempted to omit certain passages of his address, in order to bring its delivery within a more reasonable compass of time, but the audience demanded every word; and the glowing thought, the chaste illustration, and the tender pathos which marked the discourse, produced an impression on the minds of all who heard it which will not soon be effaced.

At the conclusion of the address a vote of thanks was proposed to the Chairman, in seconding which, Mr. Barnes, M.P., amused the audience by saying, that he had a sort of property in the Doctor, and felt very proud of him. This right of property had arisen from the fact, that he was Treasurer of the College at Blackburn when Dr. Raleigh entered. He well remembered how the gentleman who introduced him said to the College Committee that Mr. Raleigh was not a man of any great or shining ability, but of deep piety and of much perseverance. In acknowledging the vote of thanks, the Chairman said that his own judgment of himself exactly accorded with that of the friend who had introduced him to college; and in a manner much calculated to encourage our younger ministers, stated, that anything to which he had attained had been reached by industry.

The report of the Union was read by Dr. George Smith, who narrated the proceedings of the Union during the past year. The Rev. R. W. Dale was appointed Chairman of the Union for next year. Mr. Dale said the assembly could give no rational reason for his appointment. But he accepted their vote knowing that they meant it well, and he would endeavour to do his best. The Rev. T. Binney proposed, and read a memorial to the Queen, expressing sincere congratulation that Divine Providence had watched over and preserved the life of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. He knew, he said, the spot well where the attempted assassination took place. It was a beautiful place, and he wondered that the man who went there with a pistol in his pocket did not, under the softening power of the beautiful scenery, cast it into the river. A resolution on the Irish Church question was ably moved by Rev. Enoch Mellor, who humourously referred to the various guns with which the supporters of that institution were fighting their battle, and in the opinion of the assembly he effectually spiked them.

The resolution, which was in support of Mr. Gladstone's policy of dis-endowment, the withdrawal of the Regium Donum, and grant to Maynooth, was unanimously passed. At the close of this, the first sitting of the Congregational Union, the ministers and delegates repaired to the City Terminus Hotel, where they sat down to dinner. The tables being cleared, the usual loyal toast was given and the National Anthem sung. After several speeches had been delivered by gentlemen from a distance, the company separated.

In the evening, the Home Missionary Society held its meeting in Finsbury Chapel, which was more numerously attended than on former occasions. Mr. Samuel Morley, the true and unwavering friend of that Society, presided. The Rev. J. H. Wilson, the Secretary, read the report, which told of much work being done in the more destitute parts of our country, and of much requiring to be done. Able speeches were again delivered, and cheering testimonies were given as to the good the Society was effecting in districts where the Gospel in its purity could not, apart from it, be heard. It was resolved that an earnest appeal should be issued to make the permanent income £10,000 a year, so that a hundred evangelists, besides the ordinary agency of the Society, should be constantly kept in the field. And thus ended our first day at the May meetings.

On Wednesday the annual sermons in connection with the London Missionary Society were preached. In the morning the venerable Dr. Halley delivered an elaborate discourse at Surrey Chapel, in which he contrasted the state of society to-day with that of society fifty years ago. In the evening the Rev. Samuel Martin's Chapel, Westminster, was crowded, to listen to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The sermon was to young men, and, in Mr. Spurgeon's own able and earnest style, was well calculated to interest and benefit.

The Colonial Missionary Society held its anniversary meeting on the evening of this day. The chair was occupied by Mr. Leeman, M.P. The report told of Churches in the Colonies prospering and growing into independence amid great difficulties. The claims of the Society were ably advocated by gentlemen, amongst whom were some who had laboured under its auspices.

Thursday was specially the London Missionary Society's day, and Exeter Hall platform, floor, and galleries, were densely crowded. The chair was occupied by W. E. Baxter, Esq., M.P., of Montrose, who said it had been an early ambition of his life to take part in a meeting of this Society in Exeter Hall. Twenty-five years ago, the Chairman said, three young men, students of the University of Edinburgh, in parting with

each other, naturally put the question, "When shall we three meet again?" One of the three suggested that it might probably be in a quarter of a century, on the platform of Exeter Hall. The three young men were the Rev. Dr. Mullens, the Rev. Durant Philip, and himself, and, singularly enough, he added, about a quarter of a century afterwards, they did meet on this platform, at the Annual Meeting last year. The report read by Dr. Mullens was one of the most cheering as regards matter, and one of the most beautiful as regards style, which has been listened to for years. Assemblies often dread reports, and thinking it vain to follow the line of facts and figures, sink, for the time of their delivery, into a patient acquiescence. Not so with the report given of the London Missionary Society. Paragraph after paragraph elicited the applause of the assembly as it caught the cheering facts expressed, and as it moved to hopefulness for the future. Our readers will remember that last year was one of heavy financial embarrassment for the Society, and it was glad news for the assembly to hear that the difficulties on that point were at an end. The income of the Society from all sources, for last year, was stated to be £111,306; the expenditure was £110,244, leaving a balance in hand of £1,062. The report narrated the circumstances connected with the loss of the Missionary ship. It also stated that arrangements have been made with Messrs. Hall, of Aberdeen, to build another vessel, of 200 tons, at a cost of £5,000. The more spiritual facts reported were as satisfactory as the financial. During the year no less than forty-four offers of service had been received from young men, and several of the Society's missions had been visited with special tokens of God's presence and power. Three missionaries were introduced to the assembly who had returned for a season of rest from foreign toil: the assembly greeted them with great enthusiasm, giving them a hearty welcome to their native land. Especially warm was the reception given to the Rev. Mr. Nisbit, who, after twenty-eight years of foreign service, had only the day before set his foot on the shores of England, and dared scarcely trust himself to speak in the English tongue. There were two excellent Missionary speeches by gentlemen who had just returned from the foreign field. The Rev. W. Muirhead told, in a cheering manner, of the progress and prospects of the Gospel in China, where he had laboured twenty-one years, and he gave some pleasing instances of conversion to the truth. The Rev. W. Jones, who has been instrumental in forming a Mission in one of the retired corners of the Empire of India, gave some interesting details of his labours in that country; his work led him amongst some of the most barbarous tribes. There is one tribe to which Mr. Jones referred of 3,000 people,

who live wild in the forest, without houses, clothes, or agriculture. He spoke of districts which he visited where he found every man, woman, and child religiously drunk, and where the priests are bound by the rules of their religion to be always drunk. The Rev. Robert Robinson mentioned, among other cheering announcements, that Mr. Graves, instead of his annual subscription of five guineas, had put into his hand a cheque for £1,000.

On Friday morning the Congregational Union met for its second session in the Weigh House Chapel. Papers were read on the subjects of "Education" and "Evangelisation;" that on Education, by the Rev. H. Allon, was a model as to length, and prudent in its suggestions. Some looked forward to the discussion which should follow this paper with grave apprehensions, knowing the difficulty of the subject. These apprehensions proved groundless, and the discussion brought out very fully the opinions of Congregational ministers in general upon the question. In a resolution, carried with only two dissentients, the "Congregational Union virtually declared that it no longer confounded voluntarism in Education with voluntarism in Religion." It was also evident that while some preferred the present system of denominational schools, the large majority were in favour of unsectarian schools, supported by local rates.

The paper on Evangelisation was read by the Rev. W. H. Davison, of Bolton, and it was followed by a discussion, in which many references were made to the great good accomplished by that agency, especially in our rural districts.

On Saturday morning a numerous company of ministers and delegates, invited by the Rev. Dr. Raleigh, sat down to breakfast in Myddleton Hall, Islington. The Rev. J. Kelly, Dr. Raleigh's old pastor, spoke words of congratulation, and referred at length to the past of the Congregational Union, and to several of its distinguished members, who now had passed away. The Rev. Newman Hall also made a speech which, like all his speeches, was tender and earnest, in which he urged the preaching of the Gospel in greater and greater simplicity. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was very cordially received. He told of how glad he was at being present, and of how brotherly Dr. Raleigh had always been towards him; he stated that when he was preaching at the Agricultural Hall, the Doctor closed his own Church one Sunday morning, and came with all his people to listen to him. Mr. Spurgeon went on to speak of the work his own Church was doing, touching many points of interest and profit to Nonconformists in general.

A Presbyterian friend of ours once called his general assembly "a

shaking-hands-society." And how many a kindly greeting, how many an interchange of thought and feeling, takes place in connexion with our May gatherings, we need not tell.

SINCERITY IN ERROR.

SOME people tell us that it does not matter what our creed is, so long as we are sincere in believing it. Now, we do not undervalue sincerity; we must not overvalue it. But if sincerity is not everything in the affairs of this life, can it be everything in regard to the affairs in the life to come?

Here is a man who is sowing what appears to be black ashes. A friend accosts him, saying, "What have you got in your bag?" He learns that it is the hulls of buckwheat—the chaff of old wheat; and he says, "What are you sowing chaff for?" "Why," the man replies, "I have the impression that, if a man is only faithful and sincere, it makes no difference what he sows!"

Does it not make a difference? Suppose a man to sow twitch grass, thinking that he should reap hay. Would he? Suppose a man should plant crab-apple trees in his orchard, and think he should in the autumn gather pippins? Would he? Suppose a man should sow thistle-down, thinking it was wheat; would any amount of botanical sincerity on his part, secure to him a harvest of anything better than the seed sown?

It is good to be zealously affected, and it is good to be sincere in a good thing.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE chief news of the past month relate to the great festal gatherings of our religious communities. Our newspapers have been filled with reports of anniversary meetings; and most of them have been of a very gratifying character. Indeed we hardly remember a time when the general tone of the May-meetings was so cheering as it has been this year. This remark applies to other denominations, and applies equally to our own. The reports of all our societies speak of improved finances, interest, and prospects. The income of our various societies for the last year was as follows:—

Irish Evangelical Society	...	...	...	...	...	£2,773
The Colonial Missionary Society	...	...	...	...	...	3,091
Congregational Board of Education	...	...	...	...	...	1,485
The London Missionary Society	...	...	...	...	...	111,306

These sums make a total, for denominational purposes of a missionary character, of £118,855. Such a sum wisely spent, however far it may come short of the actual wants of the various fields in which we are engaged, represents an amount of Christian effort, which cannot but be followed by great results. This sum does not, of course, represent the full amount of the Christian liberality of the Congregationalists of England. Many societies of an undenominational character are largely sustained by them; such as the Tract and Bible Societies, City Missions, and Missions for the Jews, Ragged School and Sunday School Unions. It is truly cheering to peruse reports which tell of so much being done for God, and so great desire to do more.

A French writer on the Irish Church question struggle, says, "The chances are in favour of Mr. Gladstone; and in favour also of those ideas of religious liberty the cause of which he has pleaded in full parliament, and which will infallibly make their way in liberal England. Once proclaimed so solemnly these ideas will not pass away. There will still be many a battle to fight, but they will end by prevailing, not only as a measure of sound policy toward Ireland, but as a more comprehensive truth. And there can be no mistake about the matter; it is the commencement of a resolution which, in its moral bearing, is not less great than the revolution accomplished twenty years ago by the proclamation of commercial liberty." A fund of £50,000 to oppose Mr. Gladstone's resolutions is, it is said, proposed to be started. The *South London Press* says that "Mr. James Lord, of Wandsworth, the originator of the movement, has subscribed £1,000 by way of start." Preparations, it is said, are being made in New York for a meeting in favour of the disendowment of the Irish Church. Many clergymen will take part in it, with a view to advocate religious freedom, and to show, by American example, that it is possible for the Church to prosper without governmental support. Several English clergymen of eminence have signed a petition in favour of Irish Church disendowment.

The *Record* has been angry with Mr. Spurgeon for allowing his Tabernacle to be used for a meeting which advocated the disestablishment of the Irish Church; alleging that Evangelical Episcopalians greatly aided in the erection of the Tabernacle, and implying that Mr. Spurgeon was therefore under some sort of obligation not to lend his building for such a purpose. Mr. Spurgeon replies:—"It may be, and I trust was the fact, that many Episcopalians gave small sums at collections towards that object, and to such I am still indebted; but, so far as our accounts show, there were no donations of any mentionable amount from any persons known to us as Episcopalians, with but one or perhaps

two exceptions, and those happen to be persons whose views upon the Irish Church are quite as much in harmony with mine as with yours. I am not ungrateful for the very minute aid which was thus accorded, but it is made to figure so largely in your journal, and other kindred papers, that I thought you must be labouring under some misapprehension. I should scarcely imagine that any man out of Hanwell would assert that I accepted the donations referred to with an implied contract that I was henceforth bound to the expression of opinions favourable to the Establishment. No sort of condition was appended to or implied in these kind but comparatively trifling gifts, or they would have been indignantly refused. I do not believe that any gentlemen in the whole Episcopal body would be so little-minded as to offer a voluntary contribution to a member of another Church, and then twit him upon the reception of it."

The Rev. M. Punshon has safely arrived in the United States of America. He had scarcely set foot on shore before he was called upon to preach the opening sermons of a New Church at Brooklyn. The Synod of the Church of Scotland in England, known to some as Dr. Cumming's Synod—an off-shoot of the Scotch Established Church—has lately met. It is not a very powerful assembly, and but a few hours sufficed for the discharge of business of the annual meeting. Dr. Cumming wished for a vote of sympathy to be passed with the Irish Church, but the feelings of other members were so much opposed to the proposal that it was not persevered in.

The Rev. Dr. Littledale, who is a Ritualistic lecturer, lately appeared in Liverpool, and gave utterance to sentiments which, we fear, are becoming too common amongst his class. The gentleman is reported to have said that, "a Church which could produce in its highest lay and clerical ranks such a set of miscreants as the leading English and Scottish reformers, must have been in a rotten state, as rotten as France was when the righteous judgment of the great Revolution fell upon it. We do not make heroes and martyrs of Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and the like, yet they merited quite as much admiration and respect as Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Hooper." The statement was received with hisses and cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Shame!" The reformers, he went on to characterise as "utterly unredeemed villains, for the most part," and as "base traitors, who were deservedly executed." Well may the *Daily News* put the inquiry as it does: "We should like to learn on what theory a Protestant State can be called to give a gentleman of Dr. Littledale's opinions a peculiar *status* and privilege as a teacher of the people, while a stigma is fixed by law upon thousands

of ministers of religion in this country who steadfastly uphold the principles of the Reformation."

A report was circulated in the newspapers that Mr. Thomas Cooper, the well-known lecturer, was dead. Mr. Cooper writes to the *Lincoln Gazette* :—"The Nottingham papers of Tuesday say I am dead. I can assure you I don't think it is true. I don't remember dying any day last week, though they say I died at Lincoln last Friday."

It is thought that the Rev. Donald Fraser, of Inverness, will be invited to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, Regent Square, London. This Church is vacant by the death of Dr. Hamilton. In most of the thirty-two Wesleyan districts of Britain, and the nine districts of Ireland, an advance in numbers is reported, especially in those of Manchester and Newcastle. In Cornwall there is still a decrease, owing to the depression of the mining interest. The Earl Cavan has been preaching to large congregations in the Congregational Chapel in Warminster.

An esteemed correspondent, who is rightly jealous for the honour of our greatest hymn writer, supplies us with an erratum to an article in our last number. It was not Dr. Watts who wrote the hymn containing the line, "On Jordan's stormy banks;" it was Dr. Stennett, "whose hymns," says Rev. Josiah Miller,* "without displaying special poetic genius, are good and useful."

The Rev. D. R. Vaughan has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the United Churches of North Frodingham, Beeford; Mr. W. M. Arthur, of Lancashire Independent College, to that of the New Road Congregational Church, Thornton, near Bradford; Mr. W. E. Darby, New College, to that of the Church at Stock, near Chelmsford.

The Rev. G. Burgess has been recognised as pastor of the Congregational Church, Old Independent Chapel, Ware, Herts; and the Rev. W. H. Jellie, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Vine Street, Rochester.

The Rev. H. E. Arkell, late of Hackney College, has been ordained as co-pastor with the Rev. G. Smith, D.D.

The Rev. T. M. Herbert, M.A., has removed from Bowdon to Cheadle; the Rev. A. W. Johnson, from Reading to Woodburn, Bucks.

The Rev. W. Jones has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Bromsgrove; the Rev. J. Wild, that of the Church at St. James Street, Nottingham; and the Rev. W. Gill, that of the Congregational Church, Woolwich.

* "Our Hymns: their Authors and Origin."

DOWN THE THAMES.

ABINGDON.

PASSING on from Nuneham we come to Abingdon, in the vale of the White Horse—which vale takes its name from the figure of a white horse cut in the side of the chalk hills, and which has remained there from time immemorial. Abingdon, though now a place of little note, has an important position in British history. The old hospital of Abingdon was built by a rich merchant named Geoffry Barbour, in the reign of Henry V. The bridges over the Thames first gave Abingdon importance, for they occasioned the high road from Gloucester to London to be made through the town. Previously the fords here were very dangerous, and to avoid them the road turned another way. The merchant Barbour, seeing that bridges would be of great value to the town, gave one hundred marks towards the cost of their erection; and, Leland says, three hundred men were employed at one time upon them, at the rate of a penny per day, which was “an extraordinary price in these times, when the best wheat was sold for twelve pence per quarter.”



From Abingdon, in our course down the Thames, there is little to attract our attention until we arrive at the ferry of Clifton, near which there is a small hill, crowned by a very pretty church. Within a mile or two of Wallingford there is a stream crossed by a narrow bridge. This is the famous river Tame, and at this spot it joins the Thames. A row up the Tame brings us to Dorchester, near which, on the portion of land between the Tame and the Thames, there are the remains of an ancient military intrenchment, by means of which the passage of both

rivers could be commanded. This military work has been attributed to the Romans by some writers, and by others to the ancient Britons, and consists of a dyke, into which the rivers might be turned, with high embankments on either side.



CLIFTON HAMPTON FERRY.

Not far down the Thames from where it is joined by the Tame is Wallingford, once a place of note. There are evidences that the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes, had here their settlements. Although old historians describe the castle of this town as "impregnable," time has levelled it with the dust, and traces of it are to be found only in a few heaps of rubble and stones. During the civil wars the Empress Maud was beseiged in Wallingford Castle by King Stephen; just as famine was about to cause the Empress to surrender, her son, afterwards Henry II., arrived in time for her rescue. On the banks of the river a conference was held, in which it was agreed that Stephen should possess the crown while he lived, and that Henry should be his successor.

OUR SCHOOL.

"SWEET CELTIC."

A KIND friend, who knew that we came into frequent contact with people who spoke Irish, gave us three Celtic Testaments which he happened to have, but long did we seek before we found any one who was able to read in the Celtic tongue. Our search ended happily at last, as I am

going to tell. It had become a habit with our elder boys to call for us on Sunday nights and go with us to chapel. A little knot of some ten or twelve lads clustered closely round us as we walked and talked, and then they formed a very orderly, and (to us at least) a very interesting part of the congregation. After service they escorted us home, and with many a cordial "good night to ye, taycher," went on to their own various dwellings.

On one such occasion a little boy began: "Ye were asking, taycher, for somebody who could read Celtic. Would you be afther wanting them still?"

"Yes, Tom; certainly. Do you know of any one?"

"Why, ye see, our house is full entirely wid' the reapers, an' one of them—John Connor he's called—was singing Irish songs last night, an' he said he had a book of them at home."

"Well done, Tom," I said; "It's a good thing to keep your eyes and ears open. We'll see after John Connor."

Next morning betimes we were at little Tom's house, and John Connor came at our summons. "Was it me ye were wanting, ladies?" he said, courteously, with a shade of surprise in his bright sunburnt face.

"We hear you read Celtic, Mr. Connor?"

"I can, then," he responded. "Did ye want anything reading?"

"Yes, this"—and showed him the open Testament, and pointed to the third chapter of Saint John's Gospel. He took it eagerly, and began to read. We had waited long and impatiently for this hour when we should see an Irishman reading the Word of God in the musical accents of his dear mother tongue; and, as the words flowed from John Connor's ready lips to us, they were "sweet Celtic," too. One and another drew near as he continued to read, and when at the end of the chapter he lifted his eyes, he looked around wonderingly at his auditors. "'Tis good reading intirely, ma'am," he said at length, as with some reluctance he prepared to hand back the book.

"Perhaps you would like to read the rest?" said my friend.

"Sure, an' I would, ma'am."

"Then we will lend you the book, if you will read it out * as you have done just now. You will take care of it, I'm sure, and we can have it again before you go."

"That I will, my lady, and thank you kindly." So we left him, hopefully, with "the good seed of the kingdom."

All that day, as little Tom told us, he read to many listeners, so that they could hardly find time to eat. Next day he, with many others, had

* *Aloud*—Hibernicism.

engaged with farmers in the country near to begin the corn-harvest; and from different people during his absence, we heard of John Connor. "Is it John Connor?" said one harvest-man, whom we accosted. "I've been working next farm to him all the week, and spending the nights wid him, too."

"What, at the public-house?" we asked.

"No, then, indade, my lady; sorra a bit did any one of us go nigh the public-house at all, an' sorra a dhrop did we drink, barrin' 'twas water itself."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Why, sure an' this was the way it was thin, ma'am. John Connor, he had a book wid him, my lady, all in Celtic it was, an' beautiful readin'; an' some of his mates tould us he'd read to them in the morning out of it, an' he was going to read them some more at night. So we all wint over to the big shed the farmer had given them leave to sleep in, an' he did read an' read, my lady, that night, an' every night."

"How did he see?" we inquired.

"Why, sure, my lady, that was what I was afther telling ye. The master there didn't give us beer at all at all, but *beer-money*. So we bought candles wid' the money, an' matches, and between us they lasted all the while."

"Were there many of you then?"

"Well, there was nineteen wid' John Connor, and thirty wid' me an' some more from the next farm; sixty or seventy of us, my lady."

"And did you stop at it late?"

"No, ma'am; John wouldn't. He said 'twouldn't be right to the master, for we'd be too tired to work; and the Lord Jesus he read to us about *He* wouldn't like it. I'm going back to look for some more work out there: I'd like to keep near John Connor."

From one and another we heard the same welcome story. The sixty or seventy busy harvest-men, after their day's toil, forsaking the public-house and going without their beer, that they might listen to the Word of God; yet, with new-born conscientiousness, going in good time to rest that they might "do right by the master," and "please the Lord Jesus."

The fortnight or three weeks of harvest came quickly to an end, and we were told that John Connor had returned to his lodging. There we found him, thinking, as he said, to call on us and bring us back our book.

He had it in his hands as he talked to us, and held it with a close, yet reverent clasp, like some loved treasure. He also told us of the

nightly readings; "An' 'twas wonderful intirely, ma'am, how they'd listen. Poor, tired gossoons, workin' out in the hate of the sun all day, an' thin lyin' on the straw, my lady, an' niver a wink of sleep among them for listening to me a reading. Niver! niver was such a harvest-time to my thinking; an' all the lads say the same."

"I'm glad you have had such pleasure in it," I said. "That is the book, I think?"

"True, for you, ma'am," he replied; "this is the book, an' I return it to yez with many thanks, for sure it's been a blessed book to me!" And, as he spoke, his lip and voice quivered sadly, and his eyes glistened as through tears.

"Then, maybe, you'd like to keep it, John Connor?"

"Indade, an' I would, then, ma'am dear. 'Twould be more to me than anything else in the world."

"Then keep it, and may God's blessing go with His word."

He stood a moment in perfect silence, as though overwhelmed with the value of his new possession. Then, first raising it to his lips, he pressed it to his heart, and exclaimed, "I'll keep it, lady; I'll keep it till I die, and I'll read it out to every one that will hear me." With many thanks and blessings he took his leave of us, and we saw him no more. He returned to his native country with his treasure; but we look on with joy to another grand harvest-time, in the good hope of seeing and greeting John Connor.

As time passed, and our work increased upon our hands, the health of my companion began to fail, and we were obliged to seek some means of placing our School upon a more permanent and efficient basis than it could possibly attain while depending solely upon ourselves. In this endeavour I am thankful to say we met with complete success; dear Christian friends belonging to all denominations combined to make the cause their own; and a neat and commodious building, with gardens around it, now shelters a good and useful Ragged and Industrial School.

The transfer to other hands, however, hastened—what would in any case, have soon occurred—the scattering of our older boys. They had clung to us, but they now dispersed in all directions to make their own way in the world. It has seldom been our lot to see any of them since, and how they have fared we know not.

The last peep I had at the face of an old scholar, was one day—years ago now—when turning into a short street, I saw at the further end of it, a ragman with his bag over his shoulder. There was something strangely familiar in his gait and figure, and I smiled to myself, as I

thought over my very heterogeneous list of acquaintances, and concluded that I could number no ragman among them. I was, however, soon corrected, for as he drew nearer, the ragman's bag was suddenly made fast to the button of his coat, and with out-stretched hands, and beaming face, he crossed the street to meet me. Nor could I longer disown him, though a manly beard now decked his chin, and his voice had deepened since the old days when I had known him. It was Mike Dennis's eldest son.

He had come over for a day or two to see his father—his mother had been long dead—and to try to find out his old teachers. I took him home with me, and we had a long and pleasant talk over the old times and the new. I congratulated him on his clean and respectable clothing, and he told me that he was able, by fair dealing, industry, and economy, to make a decent living, and put a little by.

"For ye see, taycher, dear," said he, "I'm all alone now, but sure I'll not want to be always so!"

I told him of a ragman I once had known, who, by industry and the fear of the Lord, had made a fortune, and had lived an honourable and useful life.

Mike laughed and shook his head at the "fortune," but hoped by God's help, that the life of honour and usefulness might be his. He gave me the message from his soldier brother, to which allusion has been before made; and at parting I presented him with a Bible, which he promised to read daily. And so we bade each other farewell.

Mike, Jack, Tom, Martin, and many another, once well known, and well beloved, where are they? May we not venture to hope that they may yet be our joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus? And that the song of the redeemed on high, may be swelled by some who once belonged to "our school," and were numbered among "its scholars."

Bath.

M. I. K. C.

THE CONVERTED SOLDIER.

A TRUE STORY.

It is not to the rank and file of the army we ordinarily look for religious men. Yet there has been a "church in the army." Now and again God has raised up men amongst the officers like Hedley Vicars and Havelock, and in the ranks men like Sergeant Marjouram; and by such instances He has magnified His mercy, and also illustrated the adapta-

tion of Christianity to men in every situation of life. And so was it with one of whom we have to speak.

Thomas C—— was born in the year 1797 in a small town of South Lincolnshire. His parents were not pious, but he was sent to the Sunday-school, and enjoyed such religious advantages as that institution, then in its infancy, could afford. He was also to be seen from Sunday to Sunday in his place among the antequely-dressed choristers at the parish church. But he grew up irreligious like his parents, and as a youth was careless and thoughtless, and ready for any wild enterprise. At the early age of eighteen he married, but in three weeks left his wife under pretence of seeking work, and did not return till his daughter, whom he had never seen, was twelve years of age.

During this period he was serving as a soldier, first in the East Indies, and afterwards at St. Helena. In India he witnessed several solemn events that might have moved him to serious thought; but they were blows that fell without effect on his impenitent heart. Once when he was stationed at Trichinopoly, a comrade, when walking across the barrack-yard, was struck by the hot simoom, turned round two or three times, and then fell and died. On another occasion many of his fellow soldiers were cut down by cholera. He too was laid low by it, but raised up again by the preserving hand of God.

On his removal to St. Helena in 1820, Napoleon was still living, and was to be seen sometimes pacing up and down in his dreary solitude. The young soldier was a witness to the extraordinary vigilance there employed, under the direction of the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, to prevent the possibility of a repetition of the mistake at Elba in the escape of the powerful prisoner. The slightest negligence of a sentry on watch was treated with the utmost severity, and it was not unusual for men to receive three hundred lashes—an amount of punishment, happily, now impossible. There, too, a strange sad incident happened. An artilleryman overbalanced himself, fell out of a boat, and was devoured by a huge shark. Soon afterwards the shark was caught by a fisherman, and inside of it the man was found with his regimentals sufficiently preserved to identify him, and his bones in such a state of preservation that they were taken out and buried. The monster had literally swallowed the man. In India the young soldier had been as if without any religious privileges, but at St. Helena he attended public worship with his regiment; yet so thoughtlessly as to receive little or no moral benefit.

He returned to England in 1828, a drunkard, a swearer, and without any regard to the claims of true religion. Thus he continued for about two years. His faithful wife, who had persevered in believing in his

return, found a worse affliction in his presence than she had felt in his protracted absence. He was the habitual frequenter of the public-house and the terror of his home. And it was his custom, when others went to the house of God, to visit a neighbouring village and waste his time and money in bad company and drunkenness.

But on one occasion when thus going on his usual errand, a storm overtook him soon after he had left his dwelling, and a very solemn impression was made on his mind. He returned to his home. The money that was to have been spent in dissipation was restored to his wife. The house of prayer, so long neglected, was visited. His real spiritual condition was revealed to him. He looked back to the time when in India he used to laugh at the idolatrous worshippers as they bowed down to their wooden gods or danced around their strange fires; and now he felt that he had been like them, having no hope and without God in the world; but with the added guilt of having had better knowledge. The truth heard in God's house at first confirmed his fear and made it intelligent, but the Gospel soon showed its power to remove fear and give peace. Every sermon seemed specially applicable to the attentive hearer now that his heart was opened. The first that he heard was on the text concluding with the words, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." The second text was, "And He beheld the city and wept over it." And the third, not the least affecting to the astonished and awakened hearer, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." The preachers were followed by the changed man from place to place with eager interest. And before he had courage to ask it, he longed for Christian conversation with those to whose words a deaf ear would before have been turned. The truth was now received in the love of it; there was a childlike faith in the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world; and then followed wonder, and joy, and unutterable thankfulness. The prayers of the faithful wife, whose very life he had not long before threatened to take, had been heard. The lion had become a lamb. He who had regarded himself as utterly abandoned, had grasped with eager hands those weapons that are not carnal but spiritual. He enlisted under the banner of the Great Captain of his salvation.

A few years afterwards, Thomas C——, having already dwelt in three quarters of the world, thought he might improve his worldly condition by going to live in the fourth. He therefore set sail with his family for America. But not enjoying good health there, nor meeting with the success he expected, he soon returned. On the voyage, and when in the middle of the Atlantic, their vessel came into collision with

a German emigrant ship. For a long time both vessels were in imminent peril, and they were with difficulty separated. Nor did the passengers know the full extent of their danger till they met with a great storm soon after. If that storm had arisen a little sooner, the ship would doubtless have foundered. But the chequered life of the wanderer was again preserved; and now for years he has found a quiet Christian home in the town whence he first set out on his unprofitable wanderings.

Pleasant is it now to hear him pour out his earnest soul in the prayer-meeting on behalf of soldiers on their distant stations and sailors on the dangerous seas! Gratefully does he tell with tearful eyes of the change God wrought in him, and thankfully do those around him see the reality of that change proved by subsequent years of faith and peace and Christian fruitfulness! No one is more ready than he to offer the helping and guiding hand to any brother man who is in sin and seeks deliverance. And he is glad, too, to cheer Christian labourers by humble but grateful reference to his own remarkable history. The lesson from this incident is one of encouragement. For more than thirty years Divine long-suffering spared this man; and now its purpose of blessing is revealed and fulfilled. For more than thirty years events sad or cheering were alike powerless to produce any spiritual impression, yet afterwards the saving change was wrought. The once profligate soldier has for more than thirty years served as a "good soldier of Jesus Christ," and patiently and hopefully awaits the last shout of victory through the blood of the Lamb.

J. M.

THE FEAST OF INGATHERING.

WHEN the children of Israel entered Canaan, so great were their mustering numbers, that while column after column covered the shore of that promised land, thousands filled the channel of Jordan, and thousands more had not reached its brink. There were those who had attained their highest hope; those who trembled in the passage between the arrested billows of that river, and those who toiled still amidst the desert thorns and sands, not catching a view of that deliverance which was now begun. Yet was all assured. The most distant step was marching to victory and rest. Each tribe was in its place. The whole people was in progress. It was a uniform movement. It was an unbroken train. First and last, only sooner or later, were speeding to their country of inheritance. Shout was prolonged by shout from those who were foremost, and from those who were behind. It was one

great armament impelled by a common spirit, throbbing with a common life. The triumph of every one momentarily advanced. "All passed clean over."

So, dear Christians, onward hasten the pilgrim saints of the Most High. Innumerable are the throngs which have found their way to heaven. An entrance has been ministered to them. At this hour many feel the pains of death. Jordan is driven back. What companies still crowd this desert world, and shall increasingly crowd it, but all journeying to the same goodly place! "Now is their salvation nearer than when they believed." The glorified, the dying, the living—they are marshalled into one procession, and constitute but one host. There is no interval nor interruption in their array. In mighty series they urge their course or find their rest. The gate of heaven is never shut. They who enter in encourage those who follow them. The succession never fails. They come! They come! From the four corners of earth, from the four winds of heaven! The celestial conquerors bend from their thrones to meet them! And they who are still in this wilderness, with death between them and heaven, are not cut off from that congregated infinite,—“Ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect.”—*Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton.*

EMPTY PEWS.

BY A SUBURBAN PASTOR.

PUBLIC worship is a divine institution. God willed it, appointed it, commanded it. It is a fitting accompaniment of the Sabbath. The day of rest would have gained only half its advantage if it had not been also a day of worship. The *secret* worship of the closet is good, and nothing could compensate for its loss. The *social* worship of the family is good, and many a home is rich in benediction through the day, in answer to the family prayer of the morning. But there are good results to be gained from the *public* worship of the sanctuary, which may not be looked for elsewhere.

The sanctuary is God's chosen resting-place, dwelling-place, meeting-place, with His people; a place of divine manifestation, of sacred fellowships, of holy joys. Here, in thousands of cases, the hungry have been fed, the perplexed have been guided, the weak have found strength, the sorrowful have been made to sing, and the dead have been quickened into spiritual life.

No wonder, then, that love to God's house should be one of the

features in the family likeness of God's children. No wonder that the child should be heard saying to the Father—"I love the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." Impatience almost becomes a virtue, when its only murmur is, "When shall I go and appear before the Lord?" What would be enthusiasm elsewhere, becomes sobriety here, though it can only express itself in this impassioned language—"As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

In times of persecution, when the privilege of meeting is denied, its value is especially understood. There have been times in our own national history when many miles have been walked, and many dangers braved, for the enjoyment of a single service. Many a meeting has been held on the mountain and the moorland, in caves and dens of the earth, in the darkness of the night, when, as in Madagascar, the *singing* had to be in *whispers*, lest the place of meeting, if discovered, should be made the pathway to the prison. "The word of the Lord was precious in those days"—precious in the sense of scarce, and precious in the sense of valued.

Among the many changes which have come over the Churches in modern times, I am afraid we must note one here. Thoughtful men amongst us have seen, with sadness, something like a depreciation of public worship. Our enlarged and easier intercourse with the continent has done us no good in this respect. The large amount of modern periodical literature, provided avowedly for the "Sunday at home," has helped to foster the impression that the sermon read will do quite as well as the sermon heard. Then there are some hearers in our days, as there were in apostolic days, who have "itching ears;" hearers who are attracted by novelties, who crave excitement, who like sensational preaching, and who are to hear only what they call "splendid sermons." Such persons go with the tide and help to swell the crowd, without apparently ever thinking of the pain which their absence gives to their own pastor and fellow worshippers, or of the effect of their example on others.

Ministers cannot compel their people to attend against their will, and they would not if they could. If they go not with a willing mind, they are not likely to remain with pleasure, or return benefited and blessed. But surely the pains-taking efforts of a conscientious minister to instruct and edify his people, ought not to be treated as a thing of nought, or his heart to be dealt with as though it were a thing of iron or stone.

Who can tell what it cost the loving heart of Philip Doddridge

to have to write a sentence like this?—"Several places appear empty on the Lord's day, which greatly troubles me." James Harrington Evans, when writing to his flock in 1885, says—"Forgive me when I say that by absence, without conscientious upright excuse, you despise not man, but the Lord. By your absence, your pastor not only loses the cheering influence of your personal presence, but he misses the benefit of your prayers as he preaches. This is a double loss." Dr. Boah, in a letter to his people, addresses them thus—"Your attendance on the ministry of your pastor should be conscientiously regular and devout. It would be impossible to explain to you the pain which a pastor experiences in discovering a negligent disposition in the members of his Church."

These extracts express what many a good minister has felt. If the private diaries and the study lamentations of such men were allowed to speak out, many more might be added to them. I will only add two—both of which come from the pen of the late Richard Winter Hamilton, of Leeds. In 1845, he went to Switzerland in search of health. Writing to his beloved people from Lausanne, after having assured them of "the care and love of a pastor's heart," he goes on to say—"Let me exhort you on the subject of *attendance*. To me it has been delightful and refreshing to hear more than once, that in my absence you have filled up your places and encouraged my supplies. But you must forgive me when I say, there has often existed ground of complaint. No congregation can boast faster and more steady adherents: many are an honour to us in this respect—they are never voluntarily absent; but of others, it can only be affirmed that they are inconstant: anything turns them aside. Their frequent vacancies discredit the appearance of our congregation. They discourage and injure the general cause. A scribe well instructed, a faithful servant, whom his Lord setteth over His household, will endeavour to preach truth in its harmony and analogy; will set forth doctrine, promise, consolation, precept, in their connection; will give to every one a portion, his portion, in due season. How can this be done, but by persevering diligence in the use of the means? In vain the pastor brings together the different parts of the whole counsel of God, unless his hearers be present to see those parts in their variety and their fulness. Hence, many may cavil at a ministry of the Word as disjointed; whereas, the fault is solely with them: it is disjointed—but only to them; and they make it so by their occasional and fitful attendance. I was much struck by the remark I met with in an old divine: 'The impotent man lay thirty-eight years at Bethesda, but never ceased to be carried thither;'

suppose that he had given up all hope, and resolved to be borne no more on the day when Jesus visited the pool and restored him. From how great blessings does careless attendance shut us out !”

Not only when surrounded by the beauty and grandeur of Swiss scenery did the thought of these irregularities trouble Dr. Hamilton, but when lying on his “bed of languishing,” after his return home. Three years after, and with almost a dying effort, he wrote to them again on the same subject, in these words:—“I can have no desire to grieve any of you ; but fidelity compels me to remark, how often have I stood in the place of instruction, anxious to warn and to teach every man, when I have looked for your attendance in vain. Nothing has so much enervated my ministry, nothing has so much sunk my heart, as your casual and irregular appearance in the house of God. What can be thought, how can it be explained, that professing Christians of long standing can allow every novelty to divert, and every inconvenience to deter? The young and the thoughtless might be expected thus to be drawn away ; but better habits of steadfastness may well be demanded of those who long since sealed their vows of union with the disciples of Christ. Let me implore you to cultivate orderly, punctual, unintermitting regard to the service of God.”

Amongst our numerous readers there may be some who—without thought, and certainly with no intention to wound others—have placed themselves in the ranks of the absentees or the rovers. If so, I would very earnestly ask such to go back, and read again those weighty words of Dr. Hamilton, and then try and think what it must have cost such a man to write such sentences as these. For my part, I would not, for a great deal, have to bear the reproach of having made light of the teachings, or wounded the heart of such a minister.

I hope soon to say a few words about the reasons assigned for absenteeism.

QUIETNESS OF SPIRIT.

I REMEMBER when I should have flown like a lapwing from house to house, from town to town, to justify my own dear self's own dear character. But of late I have in some measure learned one may be tolerably at ease though other people may say more than they ought. And if conscience is on my side, if the matter affirmed be not true, I sit quiet, and do not feel myself bound to make everybody as wise as myself.—*Rev. John Newton.*

MOUNT HOREB.

HOREB is one of the most sacred places of the world, and no spot can the traveller visit where feelings of more reverent awe are excited within him. Many of the places, sacred through holy association, have been changed by the circumstances and necessities of society, and change has done much to mar scenes which one would fain have kept inviolate.

Not so, however, with respect to Horeb. The Holy Mount has ever been a desert solitude, and so it continues until this day. From base to peak it remains unchanged as when its crags looked down upon the hosts of Israel, and its slopes were trodden by the feet of Moses. It almost seems to the beholder as if it were but yesterday that the glare of the lightning from Sinai illumined Horeb's slopes, and the voice of the trumpet and the thunder resounded amongst its caverns. Horeb and Sinai are names which are now, and which anciently have been, applied to different peaks of the same range of mountains. Both names are also occasionally applied to the whole range of mountains.

Our friend the Rev. Henry Allon has given an interesting account of his visit to the Holy Mount. "The sun was setting as we descended upon the plain from the Nûk Hâwy, and a flush of wondrous crimson clothed the front of Horeb with fire. This rapidly faded into a dusky twilight brown; then the moon arose on the south-east across the Jebel Fureiâ, and the whole scene was gradually touched and lighted by its pale radiance, until it ultimately rested in a luminous silver green, which, by the time that we reached Horeb, suffused the whole mass in solemn splendour. At that moment, singularly enough, some light fleecy clouds upon its top assumed the form of rays shooting upward, as if some faint lingerings of the olden glory still streamed from it. And thus we rode across the plain, scarcely a single feature altered, where for twelve months the Hebrews were encamped, where they heard the sound of the awful trumpet and the voice of God, and saw the mountain altogether in a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire.

"Almost unconsciously we fell apart, that we might surrender ourselves to the thoughts and feelings which the almost awful solitude of this moonlight approach to Sinai inspired. The cleft face of Horeb looked down grandly and majestically, just as 3,000 years ago it did, upon the scene of the people's fear and vows—the scene, also, of their licentious idolatry. And there, down its eastern side, Moses with the tables of the law in his hands, descended from Jebel Monsa, and heard the riotous shoutings and singing. . . . The next morning we



ascended Jebel Monsa, which, according to Dean Stanley, is 7,564 feet above the level of the sea. . . . About halfway up we passed through a cleft of the mountain under two arch-ways, distant from each other about ten minutes walk. At these, in the good old times, monks used to stand to confess all pilgrims, a process necessary to enable their passage. Hence, it is said, that no Jew was ever able to get through. The second archway opens upon a secluded little plain—a singular amphitheatre in the very heart of Sinai, surrounded by magnificent peaks and walls of granite,—in the centre of which is a little enclosed garden, with a solitary cypress standing at its entrance, and near it a spring and a pool of water, the latter large enough to supply the refreshments of a bath. A few paces from the cypress is the chapel of Elijah, said to be built over the place of the prophet's abode in Horeb. One compartment of the chapel contains the cave in which he lodged, a hole just large enough to contain the body of a man, and into which, as I ascertained by experiment, he might creep. Here he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and stood at the entering in of the cave, when after the storm and the earthquake, which rent the mountains upon which he gazed, the Lord passed by and spoke to him in the still small voice. Of course, no credence can be given to these monkish traditions, beyond the probability that the divine manifestation took place in some such locality of the mountain, and there is no other so likely as this. . . .

"After spending about an hour upon the summit, and reading the sacred history associated with it, we descended to the little plain; but instead of leaving it through the archway leading down to the convent, three of us started for the summit of Râs Sûfsâfeh, about two miles distant. Our path wound through narrow valleys, and over rugged masses of granite. . . . In one or two places are little chapels—one dedicated to John the Baptist, another dedicated to the Virgin of the Zone; the latter is the most northern, and is at the foot of the precipice of Sûfsâfeh. Two willows grow near it, which gives its name, Mountain of the Willow, to the peak. From this chapel the ascent of about 500 feet to the summit is very steep and arduous; it is, indeed, a rough scramble up an almost perpendicular ravine, over huge detached blocks of granite. We accomplished it in about twenty minutes, and then we stood upon Horeb, the Mount of God, on the very summit of the central peak, once covered with clouds and darkness, and refulgent with the glory of the Lord.

'Where all around, on mountain, sand, and sky,
God's chariot-wheels have left distinctest trace.'

. . . . We could not doubt that this was the scene of the law-giving, and that the two summits, Jebel Monsa and Râs Süfsâfeh, were the mountains of divine manifestation to Moses and the people respectively. On this supposition there is not a requirement of the narrative that is not perfectly fulfilled. No place or conditions can be conceived of more suitable for such a manifestation. For a while we surrendered ourselves to its almost overpowering associations and solemnities. We could almost fancy that the mountains still felt the awe of His presence; that the atmosphere still thrilled with His voice; that all around still bore the impress of His touch."

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

THE late Dr. Wilson lived to see his eightieth year. In his last hours he opened, with some difficulty, the desk at his side, and made the archdeacon read the last paragraph of his letter to his children at home. He reminded his friend that Monday next was the day appointed for the vestry meeting. "I fear I cannot be there," he said, "but you will manage it all for me, will you not?" He was asked, "Do you feel any pain?" "None whatever," was the reply. Occasionally his mouth was moistened with an orange as it became parched; and some of Dr. Webb's pomegranates were the last things tendered to him. "Now you had better go," he said, as the night drew on; "I only thought I should like to see you once again before you retired." He was asked to send a summons at any time during the night if he wanted anything, and was then recommended to compose himself to sleep. "SLEEP," he replied, "I AM ASLEEP ALREADY. I AM TALKING IN MY SLEEP." Remarkable words! Death, in his case, was felt without being realized; it was the "SLEEP OF DEATH."

WORDS OF WISE MEN.

NO. II.

"TIME, like a long-flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is for ever lost and swallowed up there; and, while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things with it, which are not immortal. There is a limit appointed by Providence to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes of life, to all the works of the hands of men. Let us not dote upon anything here below, for heaven hath inscribed

'vanity' upon it. The moment is hastening when the decree of heaven shall be uttered, and Providence shall pronounce upon every glory of the earth 'It's time shall be no longer.'"

WATTS.

"You cannot repent too soon. There is no day like to-day. Yesterday is gone, to-morrow is God's, not your own. And think how sad it will be to have your own evidences to seek when your cause is to be tried; to have your oil to buy when you should have it to burn."

MASON.

"There are three sorts of actions: those that are good, those that are bad, and those that are doubtful; and we ought to be most cautious of those that are *doubtful*, for we are in most danger of these doubtful actions, because they do not alarm us; and yet they insensibly lead to greater transgressions, just as the shades of twilight gradually reconcile us to darkness."

ANDREW REED.

"Beware of critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself. Consider every opportunity of hearing as a message sent you from heaven; for all the sermons you have heard you will have to render an account at the last day."

LEIGH RICHMOND.

"A man may look at glass, or through it, or both. Let all earthly things be unto thee as glass, to see heaven through. Religious ceremonies should be pure glass, not dyed in the gorgeous crimsons and purples, blues and greens of the drapery of saints and saintesses."

COLERIDGE.

"The man who labours to please his neighbours for his good to edification has the mind that was in Christ. It is a science trying to help a science. How different the face of things if this spirit prevailed; if Dissenters were like Henry, and Watts, and Doddridge, and churchmen like Leighton!"

CECIL.

"Afflictions are the same to the soul as the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold. It is good to be afflicted."

JAY.

Speaking once of listening to sermons, Rowland Hill said, "Suppose you were attending to hear a will read where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No! you would not, you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the Gospel."

The late Rev. J. A. James, referring to some professors, says, "There are some who would see all the process of conversion going on in the very next seat to theirs, and observe the fixed attention, the anxious look, the tearful eye, the serious deportment, and all this repeated one Sabbath after another without the least possible interest, or ever exchanging a single syllable with the inquiring penitent. Shame! shame on such professors! Can the love of Christ dwell in such cold and careless hearts?"

Every moment as it passes by, every pulsation of the sinner's heart is laden with the assurance that he draweth near to realise the death that never dies; to the flame that will never be quenched; to the deep unutterable sorrows of companionship with the lost.

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think
Before you further go;
Lest you should sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe."

"The path of the just shineth more and more." He is guided in his way by the counsel of God; he is supplied from the fulness of God; he is supported by the promises of God; he cometh towards the presence of God "where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

"We are travelling home to God
In the way the Father's trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see."

On his death-bed an eminent servant of God (Thomas Scott) said that he felt a greater degree of happiness as he reflected on God's promised mercy and regard for the sinner, than he did when thinking of any particular promises to the faithful. There is a resource for many in what is special; there is a fulness for all in what is universal.

THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTE, NOTTINGHAM.

On the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June last, a series of services were held in connection with the opening of the New Congregational Institute at Nottingham. They may be characterised as a sermon, an inauguration, a public meeting, and a conference. On the evening of the 17th, Dr. Raleigh, of London, preached in Castle Gate Chapel to a large congregation, including many influential representatives of Independency from various parts of England.

At eleven o'clock on the following morning the Inauguration Service was held in the beautiful Lecture Hall of the Institute. Mr. J. R. Mills, M.P., in the absence through severe illness of Mr. James Sidebottom, presided. After solemn dedicatory prayer had been offered by the Rev. Dr. Morton Brown, and a statement had been made by the Rev. H. Ollard, the Chairman addressed the meeting. He showed that Nonconformists had always advocated an educated ministry. The early Nonconformists who left the Church were all University men, and they carried with them the love of literature as long as they lived. They were, however, thrown entirely upon their own resources, and were unable to make much headway from the great difficulties which were thrown in their path. Religion languished under the Act of Uniformity until the revival took place under the eloquent teaching of Wesley and Whitfield. As religion began to flourish colleges were established, and now they had the present Institute growing up amongst them—calculated, as he believed, to do a great amount of good.

The Rev. J. B. Paton then addressed the meeting, and in the course of his remarks said :—

“The ministry which the Institute trains is a Mission ministry. Our older colleges supply our wealthier Churches. But there are many Churches in large towns and in rural districts which need a special ministry for the special work to be done in them. Scholarly efficiency here would not be required, and if a minister had it he would only have time to lose it. Energy of character, power of speech, a sound understanding, knowledge of men, and an absorbing devotion to the work of the Gospel, these must be the pre-eminent endowments of those who will be the pastors of Mission Churches. And such men are found in our Churches; men who cannot be learned in any tongue but their own, or studious of many books save one; men who reveal in Christian work an indefatigable zeal, and capacities which will deserve and will repay careful training. These men seek for training; these men we purpose to train, train to be a mission ministry, train to be pastors of Churches where the gifts they have are specially needed, and where the gifts they cannot acquire would be useless if they had them. . . .

“But that is not all our work. Our Churches have of late been quickened by compassion over the multitudes of our land who wander in the ways of death. A new ministry, wholly evangelistic or missionary, is needed. The term evangelist, as we now use it, comprehends three descriptions of service. First, it denotes one who goes into destitute and populous districts to preach and gather souls to Christ,

and gradually to raise up around himself a Church, sustained for a while only by a County Association, and usually superintended by those who support him. Second, it denotes one who is the minister of a large Church in town or country, to sustain and conduct the Mission labours of that Church. Again, thirdly, it denotes a preacher of the Gospel who has no settled sphere, who assists his brethren in the ministry in seasons of special prayer and effort. Noble work in any department is the work of an evangelist; work for which, in a special manner, men need to be carefully selected and thoroughly qualified. Such work should not be rashly undertaken by any man, and we should endeavour to give him every equipment, to inspire and help him in every way, so that he shall not labour in vain. For the work will be well done just as you select and fit your workmen. Further, evangelists must be men of tried and confirmed spiritual character. They work much alone, they have not the incentives and safeguards of other Christian ministers, they walk in dark places, they breathe in deadly atmospheres, they sink in deep waters that they may save some. Surely, then, we must be careful whom we send on such a mission, we must know those we send by the knowledge of a wise probation, and whatever discipline may do to strengthen and shield their souls for so perilous yet so glorious a service, we must give it. 'Tis a mistake to suppose our evangelists should not be trained for their work."

The Rev. Frederick S. Williams made a statement of the material and financial results of the five sessions' work, which was then drawing to a close. "Before this Institute was founded," he said, "we had already eight colleges in England and Wales connected with our Denomination. All were engaged in one work, a work the importance of which cannot be over-estimated, but it was one work: the training by a lengthened philosophical, classical, and theological curriculum of our ordinary ministry. But meanwhile there were some who had come to ask themselves whether there were not other kinds of public and Christian service, over and above that which the regular ministry can undertake, and whether precisely the same training is required for mission and for village pastorates which may be essential elsewhere? . . . But another question now presented itself: can the men be found willing to enter on such work? Supposing we establish an Institute in which to train such men, will there be found the men to train, without interfering with those who are suited for the longer course of our elder colleges? Can we, over and above all these, find men who will devote themselves to these new orders of service, and who will accept the special training which the Institute is designed to give? The answer to this question is found in

this one single fact, that during these five years of our existence we have received applications for admission to this Institute from, I believe. more than 300 men.

"From these applications it became, from time to time, the duty of the committee to make the wisest selection, and the result has been that during the last five years, 101 students have been received on probation, in addition to several who were received as private students with a view to their subsequently making application to be admitted as probationers.

"It was stated by the originators of the Institute that it would be a special solicitude of the committee to co-operate with and to supplement the operation of the elder colleges; that for some of *their* students it might be found that our course of study might be better adapted; and that some of our students might develop abilities for a fuller collegiate education than we propose to give, and such in all cases should be transferred to them. These expectations have been fully realised. We have had recommended to us, by the officers of other colleges, five students in all, who have been accepted. On the other hand ten have been received from the Institute into New College and Cheshunt, and four more at the present time are candidates for admission to Spring-hill—men whom the committee of the Institute recommended without a misgiving, and among whom are some whose intellectual gifts and Christian devotedness are above human praise.

"Doubtless our friends have seen from time to time announcements in our public journals that such and such a student of the Institute has received an invitation to such and such a pastorate. But there is something else our friends have not seen. They have not seen any public intimation of an equally large number of invitations to our students to occupy various interesting posts of evangelistic and missionary toil. The figures stand thus: Up to the present time 21 students have settled in pastorates, while those who have gone to evangelistic labours are 22. Nor let the word 'pastorate' mislead. One pastor, for instance, preaches in two chapels, which, according to the testimony of the secretary of the County Association, would have been closed if our student had not gone there, and not far from it are some Independent chapels that have been abandoned or sold. Another is a pastor in the midst of what is emphatically called 'The Black Country.' Another is pastor in a chapel where the congregation, before your student went there, often numbered but a dozen; but where the Church has been increased to several times that number. Another has accepted a pastorate under the auspices of the Home Missionary Society; and another has become pastor of a station under the charge of the Irish Evangelical Society.

Concerning them all, we may assert that every one of the students who have become pastors have entered cordially upon the kind of work which it was the express design of the Institute to carry on.

"One part of the training of all our students is practical. And amid their various ministries of the Gospel, they have been more or less regularly engaged in originating or carrying on eight mission stations in this town, and two others are in contemplation; also nine in this county, two in Derbyshire, one in Leicestershire, one in Northamptonshire, and two in Lincolnshire—twenty-three in all. Another result of these missionary labours of your students has been that two chapels have been erected in this county, and that two others are in contemplation.

"In regard to our ordinary revenue, I am happy to give you, on the whole, a satisfactory report. . . . In the future it is not our intention to run into debt. We can now receive and train 100 students or more. According to the measure in which the minds of suitable candidates shall be moved towards this work, and according to the degree in which the liberality of our Churches shall be enlarged to maintain them, we hope year by year to extend the influence and augment the usefulness of this Institute. Beyond this line of things we do not propose to go. . . .

"In conclusion. History tells us that twenty centuries ago, on the very spot where to-day we have gathered, there might be seen, year after year, on each May Eve, a huge watchfire burning. Round the blazing pile, through the livelong night, the worshippers swept on from east to west their choral dance, and bore aloft their crowns and garlands, and ever and anon they sang their sacred hymns, now plaintive as a dirge, now loudly as the shout of them that strive for mastery; while far away down the valley of the Trent, on the dusky hills of Charnwood, on the green slopes of Belvoir, and amid the dense oak forests of the north, men turned to gaze upon the red watchfire, and thought of the Lenten rites and of the carnival of the morrow.

"Dear friends, we have assembled to-day to celebrate holier mysteries. We have come, not to offer worship to the sun, but to pray that here the beams of the Sun of Righteousness may shine afresh over spirits, and that here men may be raised up who shall bear the light of His redemption to the hearths and hearts of men. Here we would have the flame of our own zeal re-kindled. Here we would pile a watchfire, the light of which shall be seen afar. And as year after year the messengers of peace go forth from this spot to enlighten the darkness, to stay the sins, and to assuage the sorrows of our race, we trust that in many a valley of this county, and in many a county of our beloved land, the faces of men will turn again and yet again towards this height, that the light

of hope will kindle in their eyes, and that their lips will gratefully say, 'How beautiful upon yonder hills of Sherwood are the feet of them that bring glad tidings.'"

The Rev. Thomas Binney next addressed the meeting with more than his accustomed power. Interesting speeches were then made by the Rev. J. Radford Thomson, formerly one of the tutors at Cavendish College, and by the Rev. James Matheson, and the meeting then adjourned to dinner.

Mr. James Sidebottom, in the lamented absence of his father, occupied the chair, and addressed the meeting with singular modesty and grace. It was subsequently announced that the building was out of debt.

In the evening there was a public meeting at Friar Lane Chapel, in which Dr. Morton Brown, Rev. J. G. Rogers, Rev. T. W. Davids, and Rev. J. Mullens took part; and on the following morning there was a Conference of deep interest on "The Methods of Missionary Work," Mr. Henry Lee in the chair. The series of services, of which we can thus give only a brief account, left a most deep and happy impression on the minds of all who had the privilege of being present.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Nor a few were some time ago startled by the announcement that the Dean of Canterbury was to preside at the Centenary Festival of Cheshunt College. It was, it seems, the Dean's paper on "Conscience," which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, which led to his having this opportunity offered him of putting the sentiments expressed in his paper into practice. The words spoken by the Dean, as president of the Festival, were earnest and wise, and such as secured the approval of all who heard them. The Dean made no offers of unions or alliances of an impossible nature, but expressed the respect, esteem, and sympathy of himself, and others who thought with him, for Nonconformists, and the work in which they are engaged. "I heartily wish," said he, "prosperity to this and like institutions; prosperity—let the word be truly understood—to Dissent itself. For this, gentlemen, is your true prosperity; not to swell vastly in apparent numbers—not to flourish on the ruins of other Churches, but to give in the best example of this godly purity, this orderly method of the English faith, to lay up for yourselves and us such store of this garment which no moth can corrupt, that, in the crisis of England's Church, we may bless God that we possess Dissenters." Such practical sympathy will

be regarded as of far more value and importance than many proposals for alliance or Christian union, and the Dean's noble words are utterances for which thousands of Nonconformists will thank and love him.

Mr. Gladstone's Suspensory Bill has been rejected in the House of Lords, as everybody expected. The debate occupied three nights, and on the last night continued for ten hours. In the course of the debate the Bishop of Oxford read,—“in a tone,” says the *Record*, “of mock solemnity and unctuous mimicry”—two passages from some printed speeches of Mr. Spurgeon. In the one Mr. Spurgeon had spoken of the blessings of voluntarism; in the other, of the stinginess of certain Baptist churches, and the two statements were pointed out by the Bishop as incompatible. Mr. Spurgeon, in reply, says:—If the Bishop of Oxford, after having in such a becoming manner, with such solid reasoning, defended the union of Church and State, should nevertheless be found at some future day pleading for starving curates, or even preaching for the excellent society which relieves distressed clerks in holy orders with pecuniary grants and bundles of cast-off clothing, or if we should hear him deploring that a clergyman should, according to advertisement in the *Rock*, be subsisting upon buttermilk and potatoes, would his Lordship be charged with inconsistency, and would it be commendable for some humorous member of the venerable bench in tones of mimicry to make him the subject of public ridicule? The case is precisely parallel to mine, but if there were any fun in it, it would surely lie in the folly of the person who should imagine the nonexistent inconsistency.”

Before our readers peruse these pages Church rates will be amongst the things of the past. The House of Lords have honestly accepted the principle of the bill passed by the Commons. “Compulsory Rates,” says the *English Independent*, “would, under the altered bill be wholly and unequivocally abolished.” “Some of our friends,” says the same paper, “are afraid of the effect of the permission which it gives to owners—if the occupiers allow a month after a rate has been assessed to pass without paying it—to pay it in their stead, and then take their place in the management and disposal of the rate. This permission could hardly have been refused. It seems in all respects fair. . . . It is said that when the owners pay the rate they will reimburse themselves by raising their tenants' rents; but that is a bit of social tyranny which they may be guilty of whether this act passes or not, and no legislation can guard against it.” It transpired in the debate that there are no fewer than 700 Acts of Parliament in existence relating to Church Rates.

Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, it seems, are filling the clergy everywhere with dismay. The Bishop of Kingston and the Jamaica clergy have been holding a congress to protest against disestablishment. The Clergy Bill, it would appear, expires at the end of the present year, and those who get their pay under it suspect that it may not be renewed, and that they may be left to the voluntary principle. Some of the clergy tried to establish their claim upon the public funds by asserting that to "terminate the established Church in the island would be to remove the last glimmer of faithful light, and leave 500,000 persons in darkness," and that "without the establishment Christianity and civilisation cannot long continue." "This," says the *English Independent*, "is modest, truly, for a Church, which, according to the Jamaica Blue Book, only pretends to furnish accommodation for 47,630 persons, while the same authority allows that other denominations, not including Jews, provide accommodation for 127,870, or nearly three times as many. That the Governor of Jamaica is not inclined to ignore the Nonconforming ministers may be gathered from the fact that after a recent tour of the island he publicly thanked the Baptist ministers for the part they had taken in restoring confidence." A Kingston paper prophesies "that the Church, as by law established in Jamaica, is doomed."

Archdeacon Philpots has been lately holding a visitation in Devonshire. In his charge the Archdeacon expressed his wonder that Mr. Spurgeon should have lent his Tabernacle to be the stage on which to denounce that pure and holy branch of the Church of Christ. He wondered "whether to the Brights, the Mialls, and the Morleys there assembled, in the midst of their vociferations, there ever occurred or obtruded itself on their minds that solemn sentence of our beloved Lord, whether a still small voice ever whispered in their ears, 'It is written, My house shall be made a house of prayer, but ye have made it'—what?"

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, at a meeting called for the purpose of promoting Mr. Gladstone's election to the Chancellorship of Edinburgh University said, "I have spent days in the same house with Mr. Gladstone. . . . I know no man living, of any Church or of any denomination, in whose hands I could more trust the interests of any cause, being confident that he would bring to those interests all the honesty and integrity of a man of the highest Christian principle and the most sterling conscientiousness."

At a meeting lately held in Carlisle in favour of the disendowment of the Irish Church, the Rev. W. A. Wrigley, an Independent minister.

said that his presence in that meeting had cost him, with some people, his religious character. He had been in the habit of appearing on the platform of the Bible Society, but a few days previously a clergyman had told him that it would be impossible for himself and others to meet Mr. Wrigley on the platform of that society so long as he kept the company he did.

The proposals of the present Government to found a Roman Catholic University in Ireland, so suddenly withdrawn when it was found they were distasteful to the country, are likely to yield the Government a little trouble. The two Roman Catholic prelates charged on behalf of the Catholic Church in Ireland with the conduct of negotiations on that point, have written to Lord Mayo to protest against his lordship's assertion that the negotiations were broken off owing to the unreasonable nature of their demands. They say they were invited to make suggestions, and they made them, not supposing that their preliminary requisitions would be considered final. The prelates hint that the Government made their offer simply to answer their own purposes.

There is a party growing up in the Church of England of high character and intellectual power, the members of which believe that the prosperity of that institution will be best promoted were it freed from its state servitude. Mr. Vernon Harcourt may be considered as amongst the foremost of that party. In a speech lately delivered by that gentleman, he gave utterance to words which do him credit. "Did religion," he said, "depend upon establishments? When the fishermen of Galilee went forth to convert the heathen world . . . they conquered not by carnal weapons, but by the word of the Spirit, and the shield of faith; and to tell him, therefore, that religion must depend upon establishments and endowments was to convince him that persons who used such arguments did not appreciate the true character of religion. Was it an establishment that supported Luther at the Diet of Worms? Was it an establishment that conquered the Armada? Was it an establishment that gave strength to the Huguenots at the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Was it establishments and endowments that supported the martyred saints of the Waldenses, whose bones whitened the valleys of Piedmont?"

The death of the Queen of Madagascar is announced as having taken place on the 1st of April last. An illness which commenced on her return from a visit to the coast in the autumn of last year has proved fatal.

A noble monument has been erected at Worms to the memory of Martin Luther. Our own Queen telegraphed to the King of Prussia a

message of deepest sympathy with the event. The monument is, it appears, a work of great magnitude. It consists of a large group, in which, with other precursors of the Reformation, Walde, Huss, Savonarola, and Wycliffe are prominent. In the centre of this group is a representation of Luther as he stood before the Diet of Worms, uttering the memorable words "Here I stand! I can do no other! God help me. Amen."

Death has deprived the Congregationalists of England of one of their most honoured leaders. Dr. Vaughan is now no more amongst us, but is gone home to receive the reward of his life of labour. The doctor died at Torquay, over seventy years of age. "The good old man," says the *Nonconformist*, "has gone to his rest with the affection and regret of all among whom he worked. He has left his mark upon Congregationalism; has enhanced the position of his own denomination by his literary labours; has won for himself a reputation as a divine and an author which will shed a halo around his name."

Mr. R. Lewis, of Brecon College, has been ordained to the ministry at Glasbury; Mr. J. Ritchen, from Airedale College, at Woodhouse, near Sheffield; Mr. F. W. Brown at Oldham Common, Gloucester; Mr. W. A. Linington, from the Nottingham Institute, at Thetford, Norfolk; Mr. W. G. Holder at Rotherfield, East Sussex; Mr. J. Woollard at Keld, in the valley of the Swail; Mr. W. Spurgeon at Nether Stowey, Somerset.

The Rev. J. Forshaw, of Airedale College, has accepted an invitation to the co-pastorate of the Congregational Church, Osset, Yorkshire; Mr. F. Webster, of Airedale College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Kirkby Stephen, Westmorland; Mr. F. Robinson to that of the Congregational Church at Oaken Gates, Salop; the Rev. J. Hall, late of Osset, to that of the Congregational Church, Marple Bridge, Derbyshire.

The Rev. M. G. Astbury has been recognised as pastor of the Congregational Church, Halesowen; the Rev. E. G. Cecil as pastor of the Congregational Church, Lymm, Cheshire; and Rev. J. Frame as pastor of Avenue Congregational Church, Erith.

The Rev. J. W. Tapper, LL.D., has removed from Wood Green to Burgess Hill, near Brighton; the Rev. D. B. Hooke from Over, Cheshire, to the Old Tabernacle, Norwich; the Rev. T. Hall from New Mills, Stockport, to the Mission Hall, Derby; and the Rev. W. Griffith from Hitchen to Eastbourne.

DOWN THE THAMES.

PANGBOURNE AND MAPLEDURHAM.

THE villages of Whitchurch, in Oxfordshire, and Pangbourne, in Berkshire, are united by a long and narrow, but picturesque bridge, from which are obtained pleasant views of the river. There are few more beautiful spots than this to be found in all our course along the Thames. Richly-wooded hills arise on either side, groves of noble trees adorn the banks, and numerous bright green islets abound and form what has been called a painter's paradise. Pangbourne has many attractions as a residence, and is sufficiently retired, although the Great Western Railway has a station here. Pangbourne was held, according to Domesday-book, by Miles Crispin of William the Conqueror. Its Manor and Church were afterwards granted to the Abbey of Reading.



PANGBOURNE.

Pangbourne subsequently formed a part of the possessions of Edward, Duke of Somerset; who was executed in the year 1553. It was then granted to Sir Francis Englefield, by Queen Mary; and its owner becoming a fugitive, it reverted to the crown, "as appears from an expli-

fication of the Inquisition for the finding of him." The house is mentioned by Leland as a fair manor-place, that had belonged to the Abbot of Reading.

Three miles from Pangbourne we pass Hardwicke House, with its clustered chimneys and pointed gables, so characteristic of the fine old mansions of the Tudor period. Here Charles I. spent much of his time.

Passing onwards we soon have a view of rich beauty—the Church and Mill of Mapledurham—and then on to Mapledurham House, another and far nobler manor-house. It is one of the finest in England ; it is,



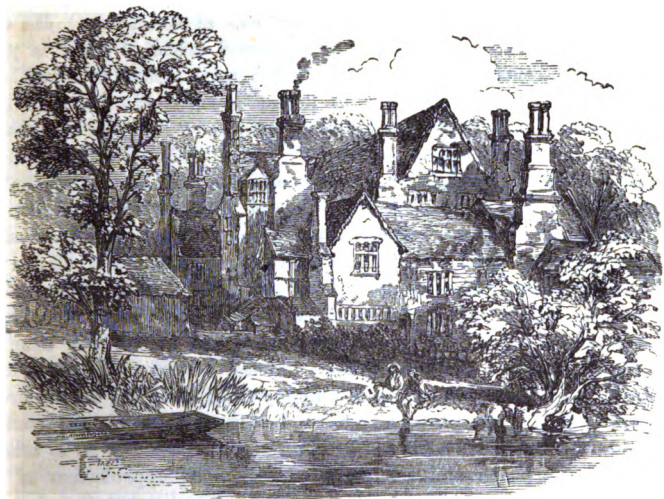
MAPLEDURHAM MILL.

indeed, a matchless pile of decorated chimneys, pointed gables, bays and oriels, and all the other elements of an Elizabethan mansion of the richest style. "There are in the house, it is said, several secret rooms and passages, used in the time of the Commonwealth, by the Royalist party for the concealment of troops or priests, as the case might be."

Its name, "Mapledurham," is a corruption of Mapulder-ham, meaning literally, the residence or manor among the maple-trees. Mapulder was the Saxon and early English name for maple-tree.

The front of the house is towards the east, and is approached by a splendid avenue of elm trees nearly a mile in length. The grounds are very fine, and extend to the water's edge; and the trees, which are varied, dip their pensile branches in the flowing stream. And when

the setting sun casts his mellow radiance over river, trees, and richly-wooded back-ground, lighting up turret and tower, of the grand old mansion, we have a scene of much rich and quiet beauty.



MAPLEDURHAM HOUSE.

One of the most picturesque objects at Mapledurham, is the mossy old water-mill depicted above, embosomed in rich foliage, behind which rises the great tower of the curious old church; while in the distance, and almost hidden by lofty trees, we see the turreted outline of the old manor-house.

THE MOTHER'S TOUCH.

In a long room, one winter's evening, in an old yard in the depths of London, a missionary had been holding a religious meeting; he had just dismissed it, and was still standing at his desk, when four young men, out of the number of his hearers, came and placed themselves before him. They were thieves. The missionary looked at the filthy, ragged, and destitute beings in silence. "Sir," said they, "can you reclaim us?" "What, four of you?" "Yes." "Have you ever been in prison?" "We have." "Well," said he, "if you are sincere, I will

do what I can for you, but I must know a little more about you first; I will meet you to-morrow morning at your lodging-house. If you are sincere, you will follow the advice which I now give you, Go home and pray for yourselves."

At the appointed hour the missionary was at the house. He saw each separately, and when the second entered, asked, "What is your name?" "George —." The missionary looked at him; long experience had made him apt in detecting sin. He felt sure that the young man had given him a wrong name. "How old are you?" "Twenty." "Have you a mother?" "Yes, sir." The missionary paused and looked at him: there he stood—a complete wreck; clothed in a ragged pair of trousers, a filthy ragged shirt, with an old cap in his hand, shivering with cold. "Young man," asked the missionary again, "have you got a mother, and does that mother know where you are? does she know the condition of her child?" He struggled against the emotion which these words excited, but he could not overcome it. He wept aloud. Again the missionary asked his name; this time he told him the truth. He then related his sad history. He went back to the time when he was a good and happy child, dwelling in the house of his poor but honest parents, in a market town in a distant county. He told of his mother's care and love, and how he used to go to school, both to the Sabbath and the daily school, of the approbation of his teachers, and of the prizes he had gained. Then came the days of youth, and the hour of temptation; he committed a sin against the laws of man, and, terrified at the consequences, he ran away from his father's house, without telling any one where he was going. He came to London, where he thought no one would be able to find him; but he forgot that no man can earn his living without a character, that the honest person who earns an honest living must have as good a character for honesty as the richest merchant. Then he told how he fell from poverty to beggary, from beggary to robbery, from robbery to imprisonment, and how he came out of prison the companion of thieves and beggars, with no other means to keep himself from starving but stealing or begging, no other home but the lodging-house or the streets.

Such he was, when, amidst his fellows in the crowded cellar, he had first seen the missionary. It was on a Sabbath evening, when the shouting, the brawls, the riots, the fightings, the noise of the thieves bringing in their booty, where the police dared not follow, were hushed for a moment, and a short silence was obtained, while the missionary's voice was heard declaring God's message of love, and the invitation to return to holiness and Him. From the cellar he had come

to the meeting, and there, hearing again the declaration of God's mercy to sinners in Christ, which he had been taught in his childhood, he conceived the hope of an accepted repentance. He spoke again of his mother's love. "I used," he said, "to keep rabbits, and my mother used to come and stroke them while I held them, and it's like as if I can feel my mother's hand touching me; I cannot forget my mother's touch."

The missionary was appalled at the details of sin and crime which had been poured into his ear; "but when I heard this," he said, "I felt that there was hope for him, that his heart was not irrecoverably hardened." Upon inquiry, he found the father and mother were still living in the same place. "But I cannot go home, sir," he said; "I dare not go home for what I did there, and," he added, looking at himself, "in such a state." "Well," said the missionary, "we will see. I will write to your parents this day." When he heard this, he wept again, and blessed and thanked him, and said, "If ever I get home I will never leave it again." The missionary hastened to a friend whom he thought likely to assist him. This friend encouraged him to write to the parents of George. In a few days came two letters, one to the missionary, the other to the friend he had named. The letter to the missionary was from a stranger; it told him that the father was very poor, but, that yet out of his poverty, he had found means to arrange the matter for which his son had fled from home; he therefore need not fear to return; "and if," continued the writer, "he has indeed been brought to repentance, the joy will be *unmeasurable* to his father and mother, who knew not until now whether he was alive or dead." The letter to the friend was from the father: "Since he left his home, we have never heard of him till now, to the great grief of his mother and me, and all friends; and this day I can describe my feelings only by saying, I am happy, I am distressed; I am happy God has spared his life; I am sorry he is in such a condition, I am distressed that I cannot help him. But, dear sir, if you can but restore our son to us, we shall be for ever indebted to you, and I hope the Lord will open his eyes that he may see aright." But how was he to return home? not half-naked, and in rags. By the help of his friend, the missionary procured him a comfortable suit of clothes, and also the money to pay his journey. It was a happy evening when George, and another rescued in the same manner, met at the missionary's house. Very early next morning, before it was light, they were to leave; all that night the missionary sat up with them, reading, praying, and giving them advice. When the hour drew near, he himself went with them to the train.

The missionary parted with them in prayer. A few days afterwards he received from George the following letter:—

“This is to inform you of my passage home, and how I was received. My father was waiting at the station for me; he had been there two hours; he did not know me, but as soon as I got hold of his hand, and said, ‘Father!’ he began to cry. I got home, and was so gladly received. One had hold of my hand, another was caressing me, and others were crying, but all so glad to receive me. I then told my father of your kindness to me, and the kindness of your friends to me when I was in distress, and I hope you will tell them I am getting ready to go to the place of worship this morning; I do cherish a hope that I am come to be a prop to my father’s house. The words that Mr. — said to me I shall never forget. My friends, I do indeed intend to follow your course of life, and ’tis a pleasure to me. All give you all their best respects, and do thank God for my return. I thank God too. I am happy now.”

“I am happy now!” Would that such might be the experience of every thief and beggar! Does your heart respond to this wish? Then give your help. There are those who have hold of the rope whereby they trust to effect this deliverance, and there is no hand, however feeble, that may not give them some aid. Help the Society which sends out messengers of mercy into these dreary abodes. Help with your gifts, help with your efforts to awaken the sympathy of others, help with your prayers!—*Sunshine; or, Believing and Rejoicing.*

ON HEARING.

BY THE REV. JOSIAH MILLER, M.A.

WE often see in magazines and newspapers articles on preaching. Preachers are favoured with many hints, and have the advantage of much criticism. But we seldom see an article on hearing. Yet the subject is not less important to the hearers themselves, and the preacher who is so much influenced by them. To the hearers he seems to be, the “observed of all observers;” the one subject of attention and criticism; but from his elevation in the pulpit, he is able to observe them and form a judgment. Many stars look upon the one man, but the one man in his turn looks on the many stars, and sees their differing degrees of brightness. This subject has not altogether escaped the notice of the great minds of our time. Tennyson, our poet laureate, has pictured in his well-known piece, the unintelligent rustic who, making a point of going to church, when there, puts up his feet and

thinks of nothing, and to whom the clergyman seems to be "beeing" on till he has done. And Millais, our great painter, has spoken to many on the same topic, by his two pictures, "My First Sermon" and "My Second Sermon,"—in the first, by the dilating eyes of the listening child, seeming to suggest a mind opening to a world of wonders; and in the second, by representing the same child asleep, reminding us how often in our public assemblies wonder gives place to weariness, and sleep overmasters the faculties, just when they should be most intelligently alive and awake.

Our blessed Lord said, "Take heed how you hear;" and he taught by the parable of the sower, that the same doctrine presented to different minds is barren of results, or produces small or great results, in accordance with the kind of reception those differing minds give to it. It is manifest that public worship, in which from week to week we have fellowship with God's people, and communion with God Himself, and by which we have our minds and hearts filled with the great, and elevating, salvatory truths of our holy religion, must, if intelligently engaged in, be of the greatest advantage to us. How then should we hear? There should be such meditation upon the benefit of the public means of grace, as would lead us to look forward to them with interest, and to make prayerful preparations for them. And there should be, if possible, such an arrangement of the labours of the previous day as will enable us to engage in the services of the sanctuary, with our spiritual powers in a healthy, active, and receptive state. It is a matter of regret that this reasonable requirement is still neglected by many, who, making the Sunday a day of utter prostration that excessive toil may be given to the service of mammon on the other days of the week, cannot be glad when it is said, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." And when actually engaging in public worship, it is necessary that there should be a mental effort to keep out intruding thoughts, and to profit as much as possible by public ordinances. A minister being called to visit one of his regular hearers who was near death, was met by this distressing statement: "It is no use visiting me; I have been for years accustomed to take advantage of the quiet time in my pew to go over my business affairs, and I feel that God will not hear me after thus habitually mocking Him." It will be reasonable that the hearer thinking most of the claims of God, should also not overlook what is due to the preacher, who is bringing to bear the studies of a life on the subject in hand, and is presenting to the hearer what is the result of the prayer and anxious study of the week, and what he believes to be of the greatest moment to those addressed. It will also much conduce to our pleasure and benefit

in worship, if we have at our side some neighbour who was neglecting God's house, but whom we have induced to come with us and for whom we are offering silent prayer; and if we habitually "pray for the peace of Jerusalem," long for our minister's success, and "esteem him very highly in love for the work's sake." It is also essential to good hearing, that it should be followed by prayerful meditation and good fruit in Christian effort and life. The oft-repeated saying of the woman who being asked if the sermon were *done*, replied, "It is preached but not done," has in it much meaning. A faithful ministry will provide us with "manna for the week," and our success in hearing will be seen in the diligence with which we gather that manna, and the perseverance with which we partake of it day by day throughout the week.

Many hearers are not aware of the great responsibility they have in respect to the preacher. As he looks around upon his congregation, he may be greatly discouraged by the listlessness or levity of a few, or greatly encouraged by the intelligent interest of those who attend regularly, cheer him by the response of their kindling countenances, and whose lives he knows are a continual testimony to the sincerity of their profession. The eminent American preacher, Milburn, who was at one time Chaplain of Congress, being afflicted with blindness, most deeply regretted that he was thereby deprived of the stimulus of the responsive looks of his auditors. Some hearers on the alleged ground of avoiding distraction from surrounding objects, close their eyes during the sermon, and thus make it possible for uncharitable persons to say that they are asleep. This plan is we think most disadvantageous to the hearer, who thus loses all that might be learnt of the preacher's meaning, from his changing countenance and action, and is certainly most discouraging to the preacher who has no means of knowing whether the meditative hearer is or is not asleep. Dr. Guthrie produced a sensation some time ago by saying that he had seen a congregation in Scotland in which several hundred persons were asleep. The censured congregation, awaking to a sense of the reflection cast upon their minister or themselves, resented and controverted the statement. This led to an explanation. The sermon was a very good one, it was only the ventilation that was at fault—a very unsatisfactory explanation, showing that both subjects—hearing and ventilation—needed "ventilating." The late Dr. Andrew Reed gave the following emphatic testimony to the importance of the hearer to the preacher; he says:—"After all my preparation, I preach most by my people. I get on if they get on; and I cannot get on except I can take them with me, and sometimes one trifling person will put me out. I was for a long time troubled by a man with a stony face, who sat before me,

and thankful I was when he disappeared; he had no soul, and he took away mine." Dr. Reed also gives an anecdote of the celebrated David Garrick, to the same effect, showing how much the success of his dramatic readings depended on the sympathy of his audience. It will be well for the preacher to enter the pulpit determined that in God's strength he will secure the attention of the most listless, and, by holy ardour and earnestness, impress the most careless; but it will also be not less promotive of spiritual benefit if each hearer will "take heed how he hears," and if there be in our congregations an increasing number of godly hearers who will resolve that the zeal and effort, the earnest sympathy and fervent prayer of the pew, shall make the pulpit a fire of love and a fountain of life in the temple of the Lord.

NEWARK.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.*

BEFORE commencing the subject of my paper, which is "How to work Mothers' Societies so as to make them effective means of reaching, educating, and saving the working-people of England," allow me to speak for a moment, first, of their importance, and secondly, of the value attached to them by the members themselves. First, of their importance. I have often felt surprised that the ministers and officers in our Churches have looked upon them as *very secondary* means, and, in some cases, have considered them *unimportant*. It has always seemed to me that, if properly and earnestly carried out, they would be the *foundation* of everything that is good. If mothers could be taught to feel of importance, what I call the *minute* training of children, which is watching over them at all times, putting in a word of council, reproof, or encouragement, and binding the children to them with the cords of love, what a change would be felt in every department of Christian labour, especially in the Sunday-school. I confess I never leave the school without the miserable feeling that the children have never been taught the first lesson in life (that of *obedience*), and that before I meet them again, all remembrance of my instruction will be gone, or marred by the influence of home. It has been asked, what does the world want most? I am sure every heart will reiterate the reply, "*Good mothers.*" In reading the lives of good men, we see how much they were influenced by early

* This paper is from the pen of Mrs. Midwood, of Manchester. It was read by Mr. Midwood at the Conference on "The Methods of Mission Work," held at Nottingham in connection with the recent opening of the New Institute.

training, and we are not surprised to find the mother of the Wesleys was a wise, holy, estimable woman, any more than that the mother of Nero was a murderess. If, therefore, the impress of the mother is stamped upon the child, especially upon the boy (and he is the germ of future society), unquestionably the attention of all *thinking* people, and most of all the *Christian Church*, should be turned to adopt the best means of reaching and educating them. Is it not truly said that "She who rocks the cradle rules the world?" and while we see the mothers in the highest circles of society leaving their children to receive their early impressions from the minds of ignorant nurses, and the poor mothers toiling only to supply their little ones with food and raiment, can we wonder that the world is what it is? During the last seven years I have had in my societies nearly five hundred mothers, some of whom never attended a place of worship until roused to a sense of their responsibilities at a Mothers' Meeting. It is a very difficult matter for the wife of a working-man, surrounded by little children, to take her place among Sabbath worshippers; but the quiet hour at the Mothers' Meeting is always a rest and pleasure, and soon creates a desire for further instruction, and leads them to the House of God. Is not this an important reason why great efforts should be made to further this work? It is true that in the world we sometimes see a pious mother weeping over her wayward son, or a pious son rising up in the midst of a godless family, but I strongly believe it is the exception, not the rule. We never have a command without a promise, and the injunction "to train up a child in the way he should go" is followed by the promise "that when he is old he shall not depart from it."

I must now say a few words, secondly, about the value these Meetings are to the members, and the pleasure as well as instruction they derive from them. To illustrate this, I shall be obliged to give some instances from my own experience; I do so merely to enforce what I wish to say. At the close of one of my Meetings, an old woman said to me, "I do wish we had Mothers' Meetings when I was young, my children would have turned out better than they have done." A young mother said, "My children will have to thank God all their lives that I ever attended a Mothers' Meeting;" another said, "I thought I knew how to bring my children up, but I find I know nothing of training;" and another added, "There never was peace in the village before the Meetings."

I shall not, I hope, be misunderstood if I transcribe a letter I received from a Society I was obliged to leave:—

"We, the mothers, have heard with unfeigned regret that you and your

kind family purpose leaving this village. We cannot express to the full extent how sorry we are, for we may see daily what blessings you bestow, either one way or another, to some poor soul. We are afraid, when we review the past, that we have often grieved you, and now we come to contemplate what a loss we shall sustain. We don't know what to do, nor what to think. We are well aware that we may bid adieu to Mothers' Meetings; and look what blessings they have been to many poor sinners! If you leave us and go to another field for to labour, as you said, we, perhaps rather selfishly, think you will have a great work unfinished in this village. We do assure you that we mothers in this district will promise you anything, and by the assistance of our Heavenly Father we would perform the same, if we could induce you to stay amongst us; if, on the other hand, you feel that God wills that you should leave us, we feel it our bounden duty to say to you, our kindest of earthly friends, that we will act as becometh Christians, and strive to let you feel that all your teachings have not been in vain.

"Humbly hoping you will not take these few lines amiss,

"We are,

"THE MOTHERS AT THE BROOKSIDE."

I have met with numberless instances of gratitude and affection, and many a care-worn mother has said that our Meetings were her only pleasure, and that she has looked forward to them all the week. Thirdly, I must proceed to the more immediate subject of my paper, "How to work these Societies." I have never had the assistance of a Bible-woman, and I can only give my own experience. I think it would be out of place in this paper to give a *detailed* account of my plans, but I shall be glad to give particulars to any lady who may wish to have them, so many things branch out from a Mothers' Society. It is my opinion that *one* lady *only* should undertake the management and instruction of each Society; I am certain it works better; she can have as much assistance as she needs from young people in the distribution of the sick and clothing funds, and in all the minor duties.

General plans may be formed, but local circumstances often oblige us to vary them; for instance, in a prosperous district, a sick fund is not wanted, and I have been told that arrangements can now be made at a Co-operative store, which precludes the necessity for a clothing club.

I am now trying a Society without the two latter. But, in the place where I was most successful, and my numbers the largest, I had all these things combined. I had also a Mothers' Bible Class on the Sunday afternoon, first in one cottage, then in another, and the mothers in the immediate neighbourhood attended; these were very much valued, and

always pleasant and profitable to myself. I also met on the Saturday morning (at a room we called the Nursery) any mother who wished to consult me about the health of the children, and I gave them practical illustrations of my method of *bathing* children; all these things work well, and make our influence greater, and the bond firmer—but I always feel most anxious about the *real conversion* of each mother. Without this great change I know that no improvement can be permanent. I try in all Scripture lessons to convey some fresh thought for the week, and urge its practical bearing. In some Societies the members are encouraged to bring a text and repeat it at the meetings; but our numbers are always too large. I therefore select one for the benefit of all; singing, of course, forms part of our service. After the Scripture lesson I always read something interesting, and take care that it conveys a useful lesson for mothers. Occasionally I talk to them about domestic matters—nursing the sick, the importance of ventilation, fresh air, pure water; and the advice given has often been faithfully carried out.

I do not think this work requires extraordinary talent, but only a loving, sympathising, earnest heart; true piety there must be, or it cannot be carried out in all the essential points. It must be begun, continued, and ended with prayer. I once conversed with a lady who had joined two others in the formation of a Mothers' Society, and inquiring about their progress, she replied, "We cannot decide whether we should have extempore prayer, or a form, so we have been obliged to confine ourselves to reading a chapter in the Bible." I need not say that that Society did not exist long. If ever there is a time when the heart is moved to plead for our fellow-creatures, it is surely when we meet those tired, weary, often ignorant, helpless mothers, on whom depend the welfare of so many. I must not omit to say, that a strong love for children, and a desire to be the means of shielding them from harsh treatment, helps on the work. I remember feeling abundantly repaid for my efforts one day when a mother said to me, "I have never struck my child since you said at the meeting, 'A moment's thought is passion's passing bell;'" and another added, "I never beat my children now for breaking anything." Once more, I say, that if Mothers' Societies could be vigorously worked in every district, their influence would soon be felt throughout society. I have often found that the working men have been much moved by the improvement in their wives; I knew one who walked from the place where he was working—six miles—to take care of the children while his wife came to the Meeting, and one mother, speaking of the change for the better in her husband, added, "You see, he sees such an improvement in me." If I can do anything to encourage

ladies to commence this work in places where it has not been tried, I will gladly do it. Conscious as I am of the imperfection of my labours, I can yet say that nothing has yielded me so much satisfaction ; discouragements we must meet with in this, as in every other good work, but let us be cheered by the assurance that the cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its reward, and that soon we shall see the dawn of the millennial glory, when, instead of misery and wretchedness, thanksgiving and the voice of melody shall be heard in our land.

AN APT ANSWER.

SOME twenty years ago the Committee of the Sunday-School Union appointed deputations to go into the country districts, visit the Sabbath-Schools, and confer with the teachers on various means that might be devised for increasing the efficiency of their work. One of their visits was to Leicester, in January, 1844 ; the deputation was courteously but coldly received, their kindly design not being understood. "Pray, sir," said one of the officers of a School to Mr. Cuthbertson, "What is your object in coming?" "We have come," was the reply, "like Joseph, to see if it be well with our brethren, and well with the flocks." The interview proved to be as pleasing and profitable as the answer was shrewd and appropriate.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

THE removal of a minister from one place to another is a step in which the interests of many may be involved besides his own. Much will depend upon the originating cause. If it arise with himself rather than from some outward movement, in which he had no concern, he has great room to question its propriety. I have known some who had taken such a step unadvisedly, and have had reason to regret it all their days. They have been transplanted from a soil congenial to them, and in which they flourished, to a place of larger dimensions but uncongenial to them, and there they drooped and withered.

But God may prepare a man in a lesser sphere for a larger one, and may direct him to it by such indications of His will as would make it sinful in him to refuse to obey, and to distrust God for the help that will be needed. There may also be unwillingness to be disturbed in our present ease and repose. Neither of my two principal changes was sought after, nor even desired by myself. Having employed the best means for informing myself of the Divine will, I felt satisfied that even

if I should make a mistake, "God would not condemn me, or fail to support me.

In some respects, one or two such changes in a minister's life, after a residence of some years, may prove of great advantage. In the place which he is leaving he may have effected all the good for which he was fitted, and another may carry on the work to greater advantage. His own powers, too, may receive a new excitement from the change, and some quality may be drawn out which had remained under eclipse before. He can make alteration in his mode and habit of living, and many other little changes which he has found to be desirable, with much more ease, and with less observation by others, than he could have done in the place where his habits had been formed.

But in all such cases the intimations of the Divine will are to be carefully watched and obeyed. Nor will they be difficult to discern if such intimations be sought for. Christ holds the stars in His hand, and is ready to determine the proper orbit for each of them. Well, therefore, may ministers sing—

"Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where *He* appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do His will below."

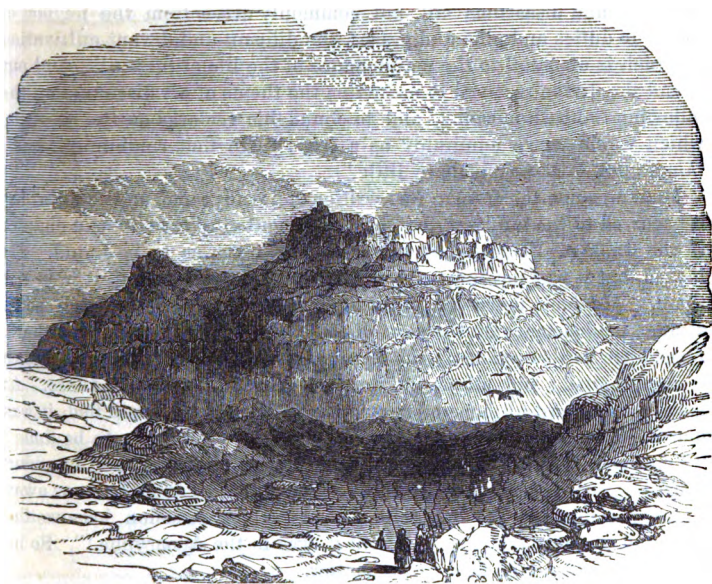
Memoir of Dr. Leifchild.

MOUNT HOR.

MOUNT HOR is in the same country with Sinai, though not in the same neighbourhood. It forms one of the chain known in Scripture as "the mountains of Seir," the ranges of which have been spoken of as, "the black mountains from which the Edomites looked down." Another writer says, "the land of Idumæa lay before us in barrenness and desolation, no trees grew in the valley, and no verdure on the mountain tops. All was bare, dreary, and desolate." Of this range, Hor is the highest summit, and its towering height serves as a landmark for travellers from afar. Dr. Wilson who climbed to its summit, speaks of the wild sublimity, and grandeur, and terror that were spread around.

"We were seated," he says, "on the very throne, as it appeared to us, of desolation itself. Its own metropolis of broken, and shattered, and frowning heights—ruin piled upon ruin—and dark and devouring depth added to depth—lay on our right hand and on our left. To the rising sun, Mount Seir, the pride and glory of Edom and the terror of its adversaries, lay before us, smitten in its length and breadth by the

hand of the Almighty stretched out against it, barren and more desolate, with its daughter the 'City of Merock,' overthrown and prostrate at its feet. To the west we had the great and terrible wilderness, with its



MOUNT HOR.

deserts, and pits, and droughts spread out before us, without any limit but its own vastness, and pronounced by God himself to be the very 'shadow of death.' It was the type and representative to us of that day of the Lord, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up."

MISQUOTED TEXTS.

An eminent and honoured minister was once placed in a curious predicament. On the previous Sabbath he had preached on the subject of growth in grace; and he had argued that, as in the natural world, so in the spiritual, life does not ordinarily develope by spasmodic efforts and great crises, but by the silent and gradual assimilation of aliment

and by the growth of faculty and function. In the course of the following week he was musing on the fact that the antithesis of this was also true: that the decline of spiritual life is not usually to be traced to some one great and disastrous fall, but commonly arises from the neglect of the little duties and gifts and graces, the diligent and devout cultivation of which is essential to the maintenance of the life of the soul. And our friend the divine resolved to make this the theme of his discourse on the following Sabbath morning, and to found his remarks on the passage, which would serve admirably as a text: "He that contemneth *small things* shall fall away little by little."

In due course the sermon was written and ready; and, on the Saturday it occurred to the minister that he had forgotten to turn to the chapter in the Book of Ecclesiastes, in which the text was to be found. He looked, but it was not there; in the Book of Proverbs, but it was not there. He took down the invaluable "Cruden;" but through some strange inadvertence on the part of the Concordance, it was not there. Assistance was summoned; the Bible was ransacked; the Concordance re-investigated; but all to no purpose—the text was not there. At last, when almost all hope of tracing the fugitive passage had fled, it was found—in the Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus xix. 1. What was to be done? "You know," said the minister, in telling us the story, and laughing heartily over his past perplexities—"You know I couldn't throw away a good sermon, and the only one I had for the occasion, because the text, and the only text that would fit it, was in the Apocrypha!" So he resolved to put a bold face on the matter.

Next morning he went into the pulpit, conducted the introductory part of the service as usual, and then, opening his Bible, said somewhat as follows: "Last Sabbath morning we saw that the growth of the Divine life was by littles," and he recalled the train of thought that had been followed. "I propose to show you that the antithesis of this is true also: that declension in godliness is to be traced, not so much to some one great calamity or apostasy in the religious life, but to the neglect of seemingly small means of grace and matters of duty; and I shall connect the remarks I have to offer you with the words of the Hebrew proverb: 'He that contemneth small things shall fall away little by little.'" The congregation had already taken their Bibles in hand to find the text, and no sooner were the words announced than a great rustling of leaves showed that the people—as their pastor had done before—were turning to Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, but of course expecting that the precise passage would be indicated. But no! The preacher was proceeding with his sermon; and the congregation, thinking that he had

omitted to mention the passage by mistake, laid down their books, and gave their usual undivided attention to the discourse. On their return home, however, their investigations were renewed. "Never," said their minister afterwards, "did a congregation so search for a lost passage, and so study Proverbs and Ecclesiastes as did that people that day." Next morning the truth leaked out: the text was in the Apocrypha!

It is said, too, that the late revered Robert Hall prepared a funeral sermon from the text, "In the midst of life we are in death," and then found that the passage was not in the Bible, but in the Book of Common Prayer.

So much for texts that are not texts; but we have now to speak of texts that are mutilated or misquoted. There are many who, in meetings for prayer, as well as in sermons, speeches, and conversation, are in the habit of misquoting and sometimes caricaturing Biblical phraseology in a way which is not only undesirable, but is also communicative and contagious. Indeed, there is in some quarters a kind of traditional or conventional Scripture phraseology which passes from lip to lip, and seems to be regarded as if it were the Word of God itself. We will cite some examples.

There are some expressions in common use among us which have a sort of resemblance to certain passages of Scripture, and are quoted as such. "Ah, sir," said an old lady not long ago, "I am often comforted by the promise that 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'" But the words are a line from Sterne; and the only passage of Scripture that bears any resemblance to them is that contained in the prophecies of Isaiah: "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." (Isaiah xxvii. 8.) Again, we are sometimes enjoined "not to be wise above that which is written;" and the admonition may be needed, but it must not be supposed—as it often is—to have the authority of Scripture, for there is no such passage in the Bible. It is not uncommon, in Sabbath evening prayer-meetings, to hear our brethern ask that their pastor may have "seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire." We cannot say that the metaphorical language here employed is very obvious in its meaning, or very beautiful in its expression. But on this tastes may differ: we only remark that the words are not scriptural. Another objectionable phrase is sometimes used in prayer-meetings, where it is asked that the Lord, or the Spirit of the Lord, "would go from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel." But—as we fancy Mr. Spurgeon has somewhere remarked—"oil *does not go* from vessel to vessel;" and we think that the comparison has as little to recommend

it for its rhetoric as for its theology. We need not add, that it has no scriptural warrant.

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast." "Well," perhaps our reader is ready to say, "that, at any rate, is Scripture." But no, it is not; though it is *not unlike* a passage that is scriptural: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." (Proverbs xii. 10.) There is another text concerning the use of which there is a most strange perversion even among divines. The other day a man of business quoted it to us in defence of his confessed undue absorption in his worldly engagements. "You must allow," he said, "that it is a scripturally enjoined duty to be 'diligent in business.'" We replied that we allowed nothing of the sort. But it is not surprising that he was inaccurate, for we venture to say that even among our most eminent preachers the text is hardly ever quoted correctly. We have seen the passage taken as the text of a sermon: the text was copied correctly, and a few times quoted correctly; but through the remainder of the discourse the popular misquotation was substituted. The text is: "*Not slothful* in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." (Romans xii. 11.) Dr. Caird, for instance, misquotes it.

There are passages of Scripture in common use among us which, by a slight alteration, have been wrested from their original significance. Not only in sermons, but in the secular literature of the country, we often hear the statement or admonition, that such and such a subject is so plain, or should be made so plain, "that he that runs may read;" and the figure supposed here to be employed is that of writing being so large and distinct that, even while one is in haste or even in the act of running, he need not pause to decipher the characters, but that as he runs he may read. "The prophet," says one commentator, "must write legibly, that those who will not read deliberately may not avoid a cursory view." But this is neither the form nor the meaning of the scriptural expression. "Write the vision," is the injunction, "and make it plain upon tables, *that he may run that readeth it.*" (Habakkuk ii. 2.) It is true that the vision is to be made "plain upon tables," but the reading is to be before the running, and in order to it. When the reader has read the writing on the tables, then he is to hasten to fulfil the instructions it supplies. We have a similar mutilation of scriptural language in the admonition sometimes given, that we should "owe no man anything but love." This is the mangled fragment of two apostolic injunctions: "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another." (Romans xiii. 8.)

Again, we have passages of Scripture to which it is common to make additions or to introduce interpolations. This is often done innocently,

but with some it is so habitual that the speaker is unaware that he is incorrect. How frequently, for instance, do we hear the passage in which the apostle asks the prayers of the Thessalonians : " Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course" made to contain the tautological interpolation "and run," "and be glorified." (2 Thes. iii. 1.) Here the words "and run" are introduced into the body of the text from the margin ; but if they be allowed to stand, the phrase "have free course" should be omitted. Another needless addition is often made to another apostolic expression. Paul, in writing to the Ephesian Christians, utters the ascription : " Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think ;" and certain of our friends the interpolators are accustomed to append the words "or are at all worthy to receive." The sentiment is no doubt true, to triteness ; but it is no improvement on the apostolical and inspired original.

Much reference is made to the Psalms in the prayers of our congregations, and usually with great propriety and advantage ; but there are some misquotations which may be noticed. " A somewhat taking, but unsound form of words," says an acute writer in the *Biblical Review*, " is often made use of, and commends itself at first sight as an undoubted Scripture quotation. It is used in reference to God, of whom it is said, ' His favour is life, and his loving-kindness is better than life.' The climax thus created represents the loving-kindness of God as more valuable than His favour, though it must be evident on reflection that the different terms refer to the same blessing. It should be remembered that there is no such Scripture as this, and that the misquotation is made up of two Biblical fragments. The first is found in Psalm xxx. 5, ' In His favour is life ;' and the other, in Psalm lxiii. 3, ' Thy loving-kindness is better than life.' The word ' life' is obviously used in widely different senses in the two passages. In the former it refers to spiritual and eternal life or happiness, and in the latter to ' the life that now is,' with all its advantages, but which perishes in the using. The favour of God produces the one life, and, like his loving-kindness, is more valuable than the other. An admiration of antithetical sentences probably led to the amalgamation of these two portions of Scripture, which ought never to be brought into juxtaposition, at least on a principle so incorrect as that which we have endeavoured to expose." We may add that in the text sometimes quoted as, " If Thou, Lord, shouldest *be strict to mark iniquities*, O Lord, who shall stand ?" (Psalm cxxx. 3.) The words printed in italics are an interpolation. They seem to imply that God is sometimes severe and sometimes lenient in His noting of sin ; whereas the idea of the Psalmist is, that if sin be not forgiven but marked and

punished by the Holy God, no living flesh could stand before Him.

In our devotional exercises we often hear the entreaty that there may be granted "the spirit of prayer, and the grace of supplication." The expression is tautological, but it is also a mutilation of the promise of God as uttered by the prophet Zechariah: "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications." (Zech. xii. 10.)

There is another passage frequently quoted in sermons as well as in prayers, as if it were indubitably correct: "Greater is He that is for us, than all they that are against us." The sentiment is scriptural; but the phraseology appears to be an imitation of two passages: the one from the apostle Paul, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. viii. 31;) and the other from the apostle John, "Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world." (1 John iv. 4.)

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace," says the apostle, "that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." (Heb. iv. 16.) This injunction has received several alterations and would-be amendments. "Let us come with *humble* boldness," is a common version; "that we may obtain mercy to *pardon*," say others; "and find grace to help in *every* time of need," is a third version. We do not assert that modifying words and even expressions may not sometimes be introduced into scriptural quotations in order the more to adapt them to some particular circumstances; but the alterations to which we have adverted can scarcely be regarded in any case as anything but perversions of the original idea. Yet these mutilations have in many minds become so familiar and even stereotyped, that the purity of the scriptural idea has been impaired or even lost.

The misplaced ingenuity with which expressions of Scripture are sometimes distorted so as to meet a passing exigency is surprising. Who would have thought of a Christian minister—who preaches the glad tidings of the Gospel, and who desires to be attended in his work by his Master's presence—being prayed for in phraseology borrowed from the life of the "son of a murderer?" (2 Kings vi. 32.) Yet thus is it when we hear, as we sometimes do, good men in intercession for their minister ask—"that he may hear the sound of his Master's feet behind him." Such a mal-application is perhaps as awkward, though it may not be so obvious, as that of which one was guilty who is said to have taken the text—"And He for our profit," on which to found a discourse on the prophetic character of our Lord.

Nor are these all the misquotations common among us. The "un-

thinking horse" that has been the evil hero of many a fight, and who still "rushes"—even in our prayer-meetings—"into the battle;" the Christians who, in somewhat vinous phraseology, are constantly desiring to go their way "like giants refreshed with new wine;" the world which is said to lie "in the arms of" the wicked one; the "nation" that is declared is predicted shall be "born in a day;" these and other instances might be cited. But perhaps enough has been said to suggest the desirableness of a more accurate knowledge and application of scriptural phraseology; and to warn us against sharing the sin of those who carelessly or wilfully "add to, or take away from, the words of the book of this prophecy."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

F. S. W.

"LET US GO FORTH."

MODERN professors have discovered a very easy way of religion. There is a method by which a man may attain to great reputation as a Christian, and yet avoid all the trials of the believer's estate. He may go through the world finding his path as smoothly turfed as the flesh could desire. Blessed with the smiles of friendly formalists, and with the admiration of the ungodly, he may pass from his first entrance into the Church to his grave without experiencing so much as a single shower to damp his delight; but, on the contrary, the sun may smile sweetly upon him all the way, the birds may sing, not a raven may dare to croak, not a single owl may hoot; his road to glory and immortality shall be all that ease could wish. Let him adopt the modern theory of universal charity; let him believe that a lie is the truth, and that whether it be a lie or a truth is of no consequence at all; let him be complacent towards every man; and with a smooth and oily tongue, chime in with every other man's principles, having none of his own worth mentioning; let him trim his sails whenever the wind changes; let him in all things do in Rome as Rome does; let him yield at all times to the current and float gently with the stream, and he shall come to the haven—though I fear not the desired one—he shall come to some sort of haven at last, without any storm or tempest by the way.

But a dark thought comes across one's mind. Is this the kind of religion which we read of in the Bible? Is this the way in which Scriptural saints went to heaven? It would be a very pleasant thing if we could please men and please God too; if we could really make the best of both worlds, and have the sweets of this and of the next also; but a warning cry arises from the pages of Holy Scripture, for the Word of

God talks very differently from this. It talks about a strait and narrow way, and about few that find it; it speaks of persecution, suffering, reproach, and contending even unto blood, striving against sin; it talks about wrestling and fighting, struggling and witnessing. I hear the Saviour say not, "I send you forth as sheep into the midst of green pastures," but "as sheep in the midst of wolves." I hear him prophesy that we should be hated of all men for His name's sake.

Truly these things are enough to startle those good easy souls who go so delicately onward; surely they may at once inquire, "Can it be that this smooth-faced godliness, this very delightful way of getting to heaven, can be the right one?" Is it not all a delusion? Are we not buoyed up with a false hope, if that hope is never assailed by trouble and persecution? All is not gold that glitters: may not the glittering religion of the many be, after all, only a pretence and a sham? O ye lovers of carnal ease, woe unto you! Inasmuch as ye take not up the cross, ye shall never win the crown! The disciples of Christ must expect to follow their Master, not merely in obedience to His doctrines, but also in the reproach which gathers about His cross. I do not find Christ carried on flowery beds of ease to his throne; I do not find Him applauded with universal acclamations; on the contrary, wherever He goes He is a protestor against things established by human wisdom, and in return the things established vow His destruction, and are not satisfied until at last they gloat their cruel eyes with His martyrdom upon the cross. Jesus Christ has no life of pleasure and of ease; He is despised and rejected of men—a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and let us rest assured that if we bear faithfully our testimony, we shall discover that the servant is not above his Master, nor the disciple above his Lord: if they have called the Master of the house "Beelzebub," much more shall they call them of his household by titles as ignominious and shameful.

We must expect, if the Christian soldier be really a soldier, and not a mere pretender to the art of war, that he will have to fight until he joins the host triumphant. If the Church be properly imaged by a ship, she must expect to have storms; and every man on board her must look to bear his share. From the first day, when Cain and Abel divided the first family into two camps, even until now, the flesh lusteth against the Spirit; the evil contendeth with the good, and the good wrestleth with the evil. Wherever the true and the good have pitched their tents, there the enemy have gathered to attack them. Righteousness courts no peace or truce with sin: our peaceful Saviour came not to form an alliance so unhallowed. Hear his own words—"Think not

that I am come to send peace on earth : I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Turning to Scripture, then, I find nothing about this pretty by-path meadow, and its quiet respectable walk to heaven. I find nothing about riding in the gilded chariots of ease, or walking in silver slippers ; but I do find contention, and strife, and rebuke, and suffering, and cross-bearing, and if need be, resistance unto blood, striving against sin.—C. H. SPURGEON.

THE "HORN" OF THE EAST.

HERE the traveller will obtain his first sight of the *tantur*, or horn worn by the married women of Lebanon. It is supposed to be the "horn" so often alluded to in Scripture as an ensign of power and strength. In connexion with this fact, we learn with great interest from Dr. Wilson, that although the use of this ornament is now confined to women, he procured at Damascus an ancient gem, representing *a man* wearing the horn. There is a very graphic description of this curious appendage by Mr. Graham, of Damascus:—"The females have one striking peculiarity, *the horn*, which gives them a wild, fierce, and inhuman appearance. This ornament is of dough, tin, silver, or gold, according to the wealth of the different classes. The rank is also indicated by the length of it—the nobler the lady, the longer the horn ; some of them are more than an English yard. The horn is of different shapes, but generally they resemble a cone. The larger end admits the head, to which it is fastened very firmly. Sometimes the horn rises right out from the forehead ; sometimes it is inclined to the right or left, as the wearer chooses ; and, except among the upper classes, this honourable head-furniture is confined to the married. They rarely lay it off. They sleep in the horn. A principal Sheikh lately attempted to alter this custom, and lay the horn aside ; but though his own family did so, the females in general absolutely refused, and he humourously said he would not risk a rebellion for the sake of the horn. I should mention that a large mandile or handkerchief is uniformly thrown over the horn, and hangs loosely down around the head and shoulders."

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE old parliament has come to an end, and candidates and constituencies are preparing for the new. A considerable number of Nonconformists are named, with good prospects of success. The *English Independent* remarks:—"The supporters of Mr. Miall, of Bradford, having completed their canvass of the new constituency, believe themselves able to assure him of the seat. At Bristol, where it must be assumed that the Conservatives will not a second time venture on flagrant bribery and wholesale personations, Mr. Morley has a right to reckon on being chosen. Mr. Charles Reed's chance for Hackney is a good one; and, if the Welshmen stick to their promises, Mr. Henry Richard should be returned for Merthyr. We are glad to see that Mr. Nathaniel Buckley has been invited to stand for the new borough of Staleybridge and Dukinfield; he is deservedly popular, and well deserves the honour which his neighbours propose to confer upon him. We imagine the Norwich Radicals will certainly return Mr. L. H. Tillott. One of the present members has offered to retire in favour of Mr. J. J. Colman, who is as thorough a Nonconformist as Mr. Tillott; but the latter gentleman is the choice of the people, and Mr. Colman will not consent to take his place. Mr. Leese, who is a candidate for Preston, and his brother, who offers himself for Cheshire, are energetic young men, full of promise; they are, we believe, Baptists." Besides these, all the Nonconformists who belonged to the late parliament are likely to re-appear in the next. The Wesleyans also have several candidates in the field; so that in next there will probably be far more Nonconformist power than in any past parliament.

Dean Alford has been bitterly attacked for his recent appearance at Cheshunt College centenary. The *John Bull* says:—"Earnestly desiring the reconciliation of Dissenters, we can imagine no course more calculated to prevent that most desirable end." The *Saturday Review* calls a "Puritan Newspaper" to account for entitling the dean's speech an "*Eirenicon*." "The aim of Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*," we are told, "was peace; the aim of Dean Alford's is war." Dean Alford no doubt expected, when he acted a Christian part at Cheshunt, that he would thereby incur the hatred of the *Saturday Review* and the Ritualists; and is therefore only paying an expected penalty.

The Royal assent has been given to the Compulsory Church-rate Abolition Bill, and the long controversy about Church-rates, which has often excited so much ill feeling between neighbours, and bitter animosi-

ties amongst good people, is at an end. Up to the very last there has been strong opposition from some quarters to the passing of the Bill. At Shrewsbury, Mr. Tomling, the member for the county, said that a petition, influentially signed, was being prepared, asking the Queen not to sanction the Bill. The Bishop of Lincoln did his best to induce Her Majesty to resist the wish of her subjects in this matter. The Bishop of Oxford attempted to postpone the operation of the Bill until a fortnight after Easter, which is the time when Church-rates are levied. The delays the Bishop craved would have answered the purpose of ingenious churchwardens, who, no doubt, would have improved their opportunity. "The Lords," says the *Nonconformist*, "declined, not once, but five times, to listen to the advice of their ecclesiastical Reynard, and no man ever left an assembly in a more discomfited condition than did the Bishop of Oxford. "The name of 'Church-rates,'" says the *English Independent*, "is retained with the idea of making it a little easier for churchwardens to collect voluntary subscriptions under that title, but in a year or two the name, like the thing, will be clean gone out of use, and people will wonder what Church-rates were, and how ministers of Christ could so have misinterpreted Christianity as to rely upon them." The same paper says:—"The strange thing is, that the clergy did not see that Church-rates could not possibly be maintained after the perfect political equality of Dissenters had been established. By immense effort and superhuman tenacity they have prolonged the existence of Church-rates for a few years beyond the natural term; but whether they have thereby really served their own great end, or done anybody any good, we leave them to judge. It is certain that Church-rates have, for all these years, served as the best possible text on which to preach against Church Establishments. The following is a history of the parliamentary vicissitudes of the Church-rate question:—"Thirteen years ago the measure for total abolition passed its second reading by a majority of 28, and this rose to 43 in 1856, to 53 two years afterwards, and to 74 in 1859. The new parliament summoned in that year gave it a majority of 70, which fell to 29 in 1860, and to 9 on the third reading. In 1861 there was a majority of 15 on the second reading, but on the third there was a tie—274 voting on either side. The next year there was a majority of 1 only, while in 1863 the supporters of the Bill were in a minority of 10. In the first session of the present Parliament there was a majority of 33 in favour of the measure, and this was increased to 76 in the second, the highest ever recorded."

The Bill by which Lord Shaftesbury has been seeking to check the growth of Ritualism in the Church of England, has been lost. The

Bill provided what ornaments and ceremonies might be lawfully used, and prohibited the use of incense and also of lights, when not needed on account of the darkness of the Church. It provided that all cases of complaint should be addressed to the Bishop, who might either hear the cause himself, or issue a commission, and any clergyman transgressing the provisions of the Bill might be visited with suspension. The Bill was not allowed to pass its second reading, but its introduction may have accomplished some good in eliciting the opinion of the House of Lords, on the subject with which it sought to deal. The *Nonconformist* says:—"It may be gathered from the speeches of noble Lords, spiritual and temporal, that they witness with considerable apprehension the development of Ritualism in the Church of England; that they have but little sympathy with the sacerdotal, sacramental, and anti-reformation doctrines which Ritualism is designed by some of the leaders of the school to cover."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* thus speaks on the subject:—"It must never be forgotten that this whole subject is one which will settle itself if it is not settled by the Legislature. It is needless to say what are the reasons why Church Establishments are on their trial in this country at all events. If the law does not deal with Ritualism, the people will deal with it after this fashion. They will say sooner or later, this kind of Church suits us as little as the Protestant Establishment suited the Irish, and sooner than see Popery brought back under an *alias* we will break up the whole institution. We cannot understand how any one who opens his eyes can fail to see that there is the very greatest danger that such questions will be asked before long in the most peremptory tone. If they are, we shall see such a disturbance of all our institutions as this century has not yet witnessed. Such an Act as Lord Shaftesbury proposes will probably produce a small clerical secession; but, if the matter is left alone for ten years, it is impossible to say how high the tide will have risen, or what it will not carry away."

Considerable excitement at present prevails amongst certain Presbyterian circles in Edinburgh. The Free Presbytery of that city has, it appears, resolved, by a majority of sixteen to six, to translate the Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Edinburgh, to Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Hamilton. This resolution was come to even although Mr. Wilson had declared that he did not see it to be his duty to accept the call, and that he felt "shut up" to remain in his present charge. Mr. Wilson's congregation is anxious to retain him, and on this account the action of the Presbytery has given great offence, and caused great agitation.

The Established Church community at Edinburgh is also in a ferment in consequence of the Town Council having not only refused to present to the late Dr. Lee's congregation the minister whom the members of the congregation desired, but having appointed a gentleman whom they had not thought of. The result of the agitation caused by the action of the Town Council will, no doubt, be to hasten the movement which has set in in favour of the abolition of patronage in the Scotch Establishment.

"The third five years' conference" of the English Congregational Chapel-building Society has been held in Victoria-street Chapel, Derby. Henry Brown, Esq., of Bradford, presided. It was stated by the secretary, the Rev. J. C. Gallaway, M.A., that during the first five years of its existence the Society had aided 73 chapels, during the second five years it had aided 130 chapels, and in the third period still greater things had been done, for up to the present time the Society had aided, or promised to aid, 293 chapels. It was suggested that the Society should endeavour to secure the erection of 100 more chapels by 1873, and so bring up the number to 400 by the termination of its twentieth year.

Last month we announced the lamented death of the late Dr. Vaughan. We have now to record the departure from amongst us of Dr. Urwick, a much-esteemed Congregational minister, at the advanced age of seventy-six. Dr. Urwick passed more than fifty years of his life in the active duties of a pastor, at Dublin, at the close of which period a cheque of upwards of £2,000 was presented to him as some recognition of his merits. The Doctor was present at the May Meetings of the Congregational Union, and spoke at the public breakfast. He went home from England to die. He lay peacefully, in the full possession of his intellect, having no pain. He quietly passed away, and the precise moment of his departure was unknown.

The following paragraph is from the *Church Review*:—"In reference to an advertisement which appeared in last Saturday's paper that the 'Rev.' Newman Hall would preach at 'Christ Church, Sydenham,' on Sunday last, a correspondent writes that the building termed 'Christ Church, Sydenham,' is not a church at all, but a conventicle of the same sect in which Mr. Hall is such a popular man." The *Daily News* says, respecting the Church College—St. Aidan's—at Birkenhead, that the complications with respect to internal arrangements have arrived at such a point that the council seriously contemplate closing the college at the end of the present year. The Dean of Canterbury has presided at a lecture in that city by the Rev. Newman Hall, in connection with the anniversary services of a Dissenting chapel, in which, on the pre-

ceding day, the Rev. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, and Mr. [Hall had preached.

A new Congregational Church has been opened at Eltham, when sermons were preached by the Rev. S. Martin, of Westminster, and Dr. Raleigh. The church has cost £4,800, and its total accommodation is for 800 people. A new Congregational Chapel has been opened at Pembroke which will accommodate 600 persons, and has cost £2,000. The foundation-stone of a new Congregational Church has been laid at Buttersham, between Halifax and Bradford, by Mr. James Law, Mayor of Bradford. New Sunday-schoolrooms have been opened in connection with the New London Road Chapel, Chelmsford.

The Rev. J. Browne has been recognised as pastor of the Congregational Church, Regent Street, Barnsley; the Rev. J. W. Tapper as pastor of the Congregational Church, Burgesshill, near Brighton; the Rev. T. S. Forsaith as pastor of the Congregational Church, Woolahra, New South Wales; and the Rev. A. W. Johnston, of Reading, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Wooburn.

The Rev. W. H. Edwards, late of Welford, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Honiton; Mr. J. Ogle, of Lancashire Independent College, to that of the Independent Church at New Mills, Derbyshire; the Rev. J. D. Riley to that of the Congregational Church, Holywell, Flintshire; the Rev. J. Morlais Jones, of Narberth, to that of the Lewisham Congregational Church; Mr. J. Mountain, of the Nottingham Institute and Cheshunt College, to that of the Congregational Church, Great Marlow, Bucks; the Rev. J. Ellis, of Ewell, Surrey, to that of the Congregational Church, New Tabernacle, Old Street Road, London; the Rev. H. F. Walker, of Uppingham, to that of the Congregational Church, Pendlebury, Manchester; the Rev. J. Gefferies, of Wheatley, to that of the Congregational Church, Peppard; the Rev. W. Axford, of Lyme Regis, to that of the Congregational Church, Collyhurst Street, Manchester; the Rev. D. W. Simon, M.A., Agent of the British and Foreign Society, Berlin, to that of the Congregational Church, Keighley; Mr. H. Banks, of the Nottingham Institute, to that of the Congregational Church, Daubhill, Bolton.

Mr. C. Lankester, B.A., has been ordained to the Congregational Ministry at Newport Pagnell.

The Rev. J. Humble has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Martock; the Rev. R. Pool, that of the Independent Church at Paston, Cumberland, and has accepted an invitation to Ravenstondale, Westmorland.

DOWN THE THAMES.

MEDMENHAM AND BISHAM.

Among the many picturesque regions that gladden the banks of the Thames few are more delightful than that we now approach. Passing Culham Court we find mills and meadows, islands and hills, and forest trees hanging over the stream giving pleasant shelter to the waters that flow beneath. The wood of Medmenham now comes in sight, and then the Abbey among the trees. This venerable ruin has been "pictured" a hundred times, and is beautiful from every side. "Time has touched it leniently," says Mrs. S. C. Hall; "some of its 'bits' are as they were a century ago, except that the lichens have given to them that rich



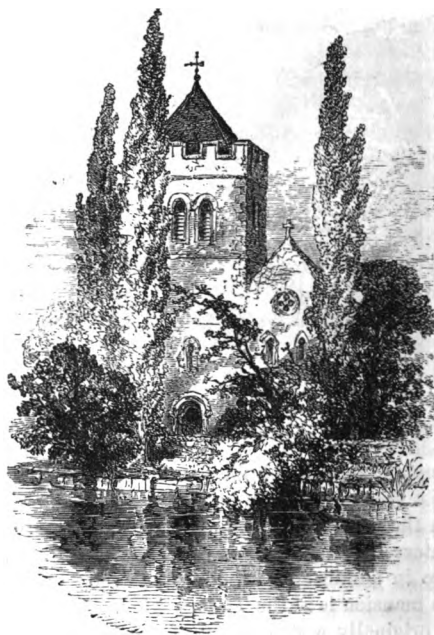
MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

clothing of grey and gold which the painter ever loves, and added to it here and there a green drapery of ivy."

Lower down the river we reach another Abbey—that of Bisham, one of the most interesting sights upon the Thames. Both the Abbey and the Church are in admirable "keeping," but each has its own characteristics. The mansion is of the Tudor period. It was built on the site of the Abbey, originally a preceptory of the Knights Templars, subse-



BISHAM ABBEY.



BISHAM CHURCH.

quently a place for canons of the order of St. Augustine. The present mansion of the bishop was built in 1590, by the head of the family of that name.

"It is impossible," it has been truly said, "to tread these grounds, sombre as they are—for the hues of dark and heavy trees are in solemn bearing with the ancient church, and the almost as venerable mansion—without being impressed by a degree of awe amounting to sadness."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING IN RELATION TO THE CONTROVERSIES OF THE DAY.

BY THE REV. CLEMENT CLEMANCE, B.A.

THE heading of this article may surprise some. "What has a Sunday-school teacher to do with controversy?" it may be asked. Is not a teacher when in his class in the midst of a holy calm which the breath of controversy should not be allowed to disturb? Our answer is, "That depends on the meaning associated in the word *controversy*."

1. It cannot have escaped the notice of observant and experienced men, that every day brings with it its own special religious controversy. Apart from the common opposition of infidelity to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we shall generally find that almost every year there is some one special topic seized upon for assault, and round which the force of the contest gathers. Now, the doctrine of the atonement is denied; then, that of inspiration; then, the value of the Pentateuch; then, the doctrine of the Trinity. All these, and many other matters connected with the inner citadel, or the outworks of our faith will be assailed, so as to call for a vigorous resistance.

2. These controversies are telling to a large extent on the intelligent artizan population of our land. There can be no doubt that the general ability to read, and the cheapness of the daily and weekly press, bring to the door of most of our working population intelligence respecting the varied religious and ecclesiastical questions of the day. Of this the Colenso controversy is a suitable example. Nor can we lose sight of the fact that in a Christian point of view the state of our newspaper press is far from satisfactory. Of the metropolitan journals which obtain anything like a commanding circulation, how few there are which will uniformly stand up for the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Pulpit! while some of them, whose circulation is said to be the largest of any, bear weekly on their very fronts an open violation of the Law of the Sabbath! What can we expect from such papers? They exult

in everything like "free thought," as it is called, which shall "break the fetters" of the working man, in which it is said that some seek to bind him! Then again, there is Unitarianism, far from Christianity as the east is from the west, having scarcely one main point in common with the truth as it is in Jesus, which is exerting itself to no small extent among the more intelligent of our working-class population in our large towns. Yes—aiming to eat into the homes of England is that system which denies the Lord that bought us, and which would lower to the level of a created being our great Redeemer God!

3. But what have Sunday-school teachers to do with this? We reply, It is from the homes of the more intelligent part of our operative classes that our Sunday-scholars come.

There is no doubt, indeed, that teachers, in their rounds of visitation, meet with some very pleasing instances of happy and pious homes in the family circles of their scholars. In such cases the family life of the children is to the teacher a constant joy; and were all homes like these, the teacher would feel but little uneasiness respecting "the controversies of the day."

But teachers are well aware this is not universally the case. I am not going too far in saying that in many cases the Sunday-school teacher is the child's only religious instructor. Too often, such a picture as this might be drawn:—The parents attend no place of worship; the mother is engaged taking care of the children, and cannot go; the father is busy with the Sunday newspaper, and will not go. John attends school for some years; in infancy he is sent there by his parents *to get him out of the way*; when he is growing beyond his parents' control—(which is fearfully too soon in towns where children are employed at an early age)—he comes for some years out of love to his teacher, finding his happiest hours in the school in the surroundings of Christian truth and love. But he comes to be employed where he meets with the scoffer, the sceptic, the atheist. Sneers at religion are thrown out. He is told to show himself a man, and to cast off all his bonds. He fears ridicule. He cannot reply to objections against Christianity. He never heard them advanced before. He is seen no more at the Sunday-school. He is looked for by his teacher, called on at his home. But alas! so rapidly has the poison of infidelity spread, so has hatred to religion blackened his heart and his words that to the earnest entreaties of a teacher for him to return, he perhaps even replies, "*You'll not make me come, nor anyone else either!*" We are stating a fact; would that it were only hypothesis!

4. Thus, then, stands the case, especially in our large towns. There

is a tremendous force waiting to assail our youth the moment they pass beyond boyhood, and are becoming men. Just at the moment when the teacher is looking for fruit, it is nipped in the bud; and, except to the Great Omniscient Eye, the labour of years seem lost. We know that the Infinite Eye may often discern, deeply buried beneath the rubbish, some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel, and that He can, in after years burn up the accumulations of sin with a scorching flame, and bring up to new life and light the seed hidden long in dust. We believe that in thousands of cases He does this; we do not believe that praying breath is EVER spent in vain. But still the question comes, *May not a teacher, knowing these dangers beforehand, do something in the way of direct effort towards guarding his scholars from such a black experience of unbelief?* Granting, as we most fully do, that the aim of a teacher is the conversion of his class. Granting, too, that when that end is secured the danger of unbelief is escaped; granting, moreover, that were teachers more faithful, conversions would certainly be more frequent, still, the question is, "Cannot a teacher do something to render the obstacles to his scholars' conversion less formidable? Can he not set up a counteracting force, to nullify the suggestions of unbelief?" Instruction is the means. Conversion is the end. In securing an end, two things are necessary. The adoption of what will induce it and the removal or mitigation of what would prevent it. Now a teacher cannot discharge his duty rightly if he goes on the supposition that his pupils will encounter no foes, or if he takes for granted that the scholars will have, on leaving his care, a clear field in which to follow out, without opposition, what they have been taught to believe as the Word of God. He should surely recognise the fact that at such or such a time, such or such obstacles will be put in the way of his scholars' conversion to Christ, and he must look ahead. "Forewarned, fore-armed!" Surely the surroundings of children, not only as they are, but as they will be, should be studied, viz.:—A father is sending his son on a distant voyage. Does he not provide him *beforehand* with what he will need for temperate, torrid, or frozen climes? And shall a teacher think of letting scholars go forth from his care unequipped with what they will certainly need in scepticism's frigid zone? Surely, if he is faithful, he will "fence them against warring weather."

5. We know that to say "this should be done" is much easier than to say how it should be done. But yet it seems to us, that if a teacher felt the importance of this matter, it would not be unnatural if he were to soliloquise thus:—"My scholars, when they are somewhat older will, in all probability, go into factories, workshops, or warehouses, where

efforts will be made to undermine their faith; and I should desire to be faithful to God and to them in recognising this. God helping me, I will do two things—First, I will train myself into efficiency for my work, by seizing hold firmly, and perceiving clearly the word of the truth of the Gospel, by understanding for myself the varied antagonisms to the faith with which my scholars are likely to be brought in contact, and by studying, as full as time will permit, the manifold evidences of Christianity; and then, having done this, my next aim shall be to keep the future in view while I am teaching; I will warn of rocks and breakers, of shoals and quicksands, on which many have been wrecked, that those whom I teach may not be unwarily driven on them in the voyage of life."

Now will not such a decision be a wise one? Not that a teacher in his teaching need raise questions or doubts which may never occur, still less raise up evil spirits that will not be stilled at his bidding; rather let him seek so to fortify the minds of his class, by training them in a knowledge of the nature, the bearing, the grounds of Divine truth, that at a comparatively early age they may feel the firmness of the ground on which they stand.

We believe that it would be of immense service to have week-day meetings of our Senior Classes, in order to study the grounds on which we receive the Bible as the Word of God. How many or how few of our teachers would be able to take a class through a course on the evidences of Divine revelation, we are not able to say. But, sure we are, that every teacher *ought* to be clear as noon-day as to the grounds of his faith in what he is ever teaching to others. And why should not lads of from fourteen to sixteen years of age be fairly equipped in the armour of the Christian faith, so that the darts of the infidel may fall harmless at their feet. Sure we are that our Sunday-schools need to take, and are taking, much higher and wider ground than they have done years ago. Our Sunday-schools should be, and may be, great institutions, not only in which the Word of God is taught as food for babes, not only in which the love of God should be commended to the conscience and the heart, not only in which Christian truth may find its most earnest exposition—but mighty training-fields for defenders of the faith, in whom infidelity should find more than its match in intellect and reason, while it should cower and quail before the power of a love in whose atmosphere unbelief cannot stand.

Fellow teachers! may not our work be far more prospective than it has been? Should we not aim at sending out from our Sunday-schools bands, not of raw recruits, but of Christian warriors, trained even in

youth to stand in serried ranks, with their armour glistening in the sunbeams, and their arms forming hedges of bristling steel at the advance of which the enemy should flee? O! if we put forth all the might our Master has given us, if we but trained the reason as our Master would have us train it, and drew from heaven the power He bids us use the might of, our Sunday-school forces would soon modify the tone of the controversies of the day! Brothers! look a-head! soon the foe of God and man will be approaching those whom you teach in a way untried before. DON'T SEND THEM OUT UNARMED!

A traveller was walking in the fields. As he looked towards the hedge he saw a bird's nest. The nest was full of little ones. Out of the hedge there flew the old parent bird. She flew to a plant that was near by and picked off a leaf. Having done this, she put the leaf down by the side of the nest. This was repeated again and again, till there was a complete hedge of leaves all round about the nest. The traveller looked on, and wondered what the hedge of leaves was for. By-and-bye a tiny snake came creeping up the hedge, and got higher and higher till it touched the leaves; and then it drew back. It could get no further; those leaves were a poison to the snake, and it could not get through to touch the little ones that were inside the nest. The mother had foreseen the danger, and fenced her brood around.

Would that all mothers were like this! Sydney Smith used to say, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." Even so an ounce of mother is worth a pound of teacher. But how strong would the safe-guard be if mother and teacher *both* foresaw the danger and fenced the young ones round!

LOVE AND FORGIVENESS.

"He frankly forgave them both," are the deep words in which He would point to us the source and the ground of all the love of God. Brethren, have you ever thought what a wonderful and blessed truth there lies in the old words of one of the Jewish prophets, "Not for your name's sake, be it known unto you, O house of Israel, but for mine holy name's sake do I this?" The foundation of all God's love to us sinful men—that passage tells us—lies not in us, not in anything about us, not in anything external to God Himself: He, and He alone, is the cause and reason, the motive and the end, of His own love to our world. And unless we have grasped that magnificent thought as the foundation of all our acceptance in Him, I think we have not yet learnt half of the fulness which, even in this world, may belong to our conceptions of

the love of God—a thing that has no motive but Himself; a thing that is not evoked, even (if I may so say) by regard to His creatures' wants; a thing, therefore, which is eternal, being in that Divine heart before there were beings upon whom it could rest; a thing that is its own guarantee, its own cause, its own object—safe and firm, therefore, with all the firmness and serenity of the Divine nature—incapable of being affected by our transgression, deeper than all our sins, more ancient than our very existence, the very essence and being of God Himself.

"He frankly forgave them both:"—if you want the source of the Divine love, you must go high up into the mountains of God, and learn that it, as all others of His (shall I say) emotions, and feelings, and resolutions, and purposes, owns no reason but Himself, no motive but Himself—lies wrapped in the secret of His nature, who is all-sufficient for His own blessedness, and all whose work and being is caused by, and is satisfied and terminates in, His own fulness. "God is love:" therefore beneath all considerations of what we may want—deeper and more blessed than all thoughts of a compassion that springs from the touch of human distress and the sight of man's misery,—lies this thought of a compassion which does not need the sight of misery and sorrow to be evoked, which does not want the touch of our finger to flow out, but by its very nature is everlasting, by its very nature is infinite, by its very nature *must be* pouring out the flood of its own joyous fulness for ever and ever."—*Alexander McLaren.*

THE CHURCH: WITHOUT.

BY THE REV. H. T. ROBJOHN, B.A.

NOT long ago we had in these pages something to say on the internal administration of Christian Churches, intending to supplement that article by a few thoughts on their external relation. This we proceed now to do. Having looked within the Church, let us glance at some of its relations without. If we limit ourselves to those in which Churches stand to one another, omitting those to the great world, we shall not exceed the due limits of a single article.

Those who know the practical working of Independency, deplore the isolation into which it sometimes degenerates. This is the besetting sin of some of our Churches; it is that form of ecclesiastical depravity to which we are prone; and as a wise man would put special guard on the weak side of his character, so should our Churches be ever vigilant against this danger. The cure for any vice, individual or ecclesiastical, is the zealous cultivation of the opposite virtue; and the pole opposed

to isolation is that of good fellowship; and—How may good fellowship amongst our Churches be promoted? is the question we have now in hand.

Some may be ill prepared to consider so simple a problem, for they have unconsciously adopted isolation as the true *theory* of Independency. Now it is bad enough when a man fails to fulfil his duties; but it is worse when he boldly affirms that he has no duties. It is an evil thing for a Church to act in an unsisterly manner; but it is worse when a Church denies the sisterly relation altogether. We hasten then to affirm, that, whilst each Church forms a brotherhood, all the Churches of Jesus Christ also are related to each other as a family.

In this matter there are two extremes to be avoided—a Scylla on the one side, a Charybdis on the other. What might be Christian Churches after the New Testament type are sometimes solidified into one great organisation. This is the error of others. Our mistake is likely to be to allow no relation at all, to regard the Churches as so many units, grains of sand, without principle of cohesion or unity. It requires but a moment's consideration to perceive that such an idea is unscriptural and mischievous. When individual men can stand out of all relations of mutual dependence and obligation, then may Churches do the same. The Churches are sisters, owing one another affection, esteem, countenance, help. They are mutually responsible. Our Independency becomes contrary to the Divine ideal, a grief to the Spirit, when we consciously or unconsciously act on the selfish principle.

The one answer to the question, How shall we promote good fellowship? is this: Work together! But this brief answer includes much.

The first thing manifestly included is, that there shall be no working *against* each other. The spirit of rivalry must be utterly banished from neighbouring Churches. There are many provocations to this spirit. There will be differences in Churches as in men. One Church may be characterised by its wealth, another by its culture, another by the extent and power of evangelistic agencies, another by its patience under great and prolonged trial; and, as the Churches vary, so may the gifts and graces of their ministers. These differences may occasion envy and jealousy, by-and-by becoming openly manifest in rivalry, and even in antagonism. Neighbouring Churches may come to be rival business establishments. Signs of prosperity in one will then awaken no joy in the other, but rather displeasure; disorder, disruption, decay, be regarded as a rival's opportunity. When this state of feeling becomes chronic and continues through long years, mutual distrust becomes constant, good fellowship impossible, and co-operation absurd. It cannot be too often

practically remembered that we rise or fall together, that the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, and the ruin of one is the paralysis of the rest.

But working against a sister Church may assume very subtle forms. One of these is to fail in affording that moral support which is one of our primary obligations. A living Church will not unseldom have to exercise discipline upon unworthy and unruly members. Now, if a member dismissed from Church fellowship can instantly secure admission into another, the moral power of all the Churches is impaired. As a rule, it is the duty of all the Churches to sustain the decision of each: there may be exceptions, but it surely is the rule. It is to be assumed generally, that Churches acting in cases of discipline as Churches come to decisions which others are bound to support. Even in exceptional cases, communication should be opened with the Church whence the party comes, and some decent interval of time allowed to elapse. How could there be maintained a good understanding between two men of business, if an employé, dismissed in disgrace by one, should at once be received with open arms by the other? Are men of the world to be more refined in their sense of propriety than members of the Church of Christ? Nor is the case, as Dr. Wardlaw has pointed out, materially altered, if men do not come out from under Church censure, simply because they have run away: men resign Church connexion sometimes to avoid excommunication. The duty of neighbouring Churches is still the same, to strengthen the hands of the Church whose just authority and influence have been slighted, and whose very existence (supposing the rebellious spirit to animate not one but many) may be imperilled. From want of observing principles so simple, so manifestly demanded by every consideration of justice and honour, Churches have been kept in chronic confusion and anarchy, men not knowing how to behave in the Church of God being sure of welcome by one Church on flight from another. Isolation, or even alienation, become inevitable under such circumstances; and in process of time the Churches, each in turn sinned against and sinning, are estranged from each other.

But, we repeat, the only effectual way of promoting good fellowship is by association in work; and there is no difficulty in this, supposing there to be absent that spirit of rivalry of which we have spoken, and there to be present a disposition strongly to support each other. One of the most obvious methods of working together is the joint occupation of mission stations. This should be the case especially in large towns. On the one hand, many dark places are crying out for Gospel light; but,

on the other, the power of each Church to bear it to them is limited; and even if it were practically unlimited, there is every reason why all the power there is should be made the very most of. The conjoint occupation of stations, and the adoption of a "Preachers' Plan" after the Methodist model, would enable the Churches to compass a much larger amount of work than would otherwise be possible; though it will be necessary to develop the gifts of all inexperienced preachers with great caution; for it must not be forgotten that men of large experience and sound judgment, who have been connected with the Methodist bodies, will tell us that there are evils and weaknesses connected with the local-preacher system, of some of which we may not be aware. Our duty is, then, while zealous in a good thing, to take counsel with a sound judgment at every step.

Out of this there might grow in time more frequent interchange of pulpits. This is not feasible, save on the condition of perfect good feeling. The least rivalry, jealousy, distrust, and interchanges among the ministers will cease to be pleasurable, and must be infrequent. It is for this, and such like reasons, that unity of feeling is of such importance. Perhaps none but ministers know the immense and constant wear and tear involved in the preparation of three sermons a week, to say nothing of all the other work that devolves upon them.

It is obvious that out of mission stations, fostered by several Churches, might grow in time large congregations, properly-organised fellowships, schools, and sanctuaries. Here assuredly union would be strength; the task not possible of achievement to one Church, would become easy to several who were working earnestly together; and our growth as a denomination would not be so often as it is disproportioned to the advance of the population.

But co-operation of a most efficient kind is possible to Churches that are not located in the same town, nor even near each other. Something has been done in this direction by our County Unions, but nothing has been done, we are persuaded, compared with what will be. One essential prerequisite has until lately been wanting, and that is mutual knowledge. This necessity is being supplied by the localising of this magazine. During the past few months much has been done to introduce the Churches to one another, to teach them to joy in each other's joy, to weep with them that weep. As years roll on, the Churches in every district of the country will be perfected in mutual knowledge. This means of enlightenment has proved, however, in some instances a touchstone revealing ecclesiastical character, and bringing to light a spirit of selfish isolation. Some of our Churches do not wish to know

about others: care neither to help nor to be helped. The majority have been grateful to know of the welfare of sister Churches, and have been drawn into closer fellowship of life and work. Increased knowledge has drawn out sympathy and deepened the sense of responsibility. The result has been shown in largely augmented contributions for Home Missions, and we are seeing a sort of Congregational revival in many directions. But we may work together in many ways that have scarcely yet suggested themselves to the minds of all. When we have subscribed to the Association funds we have not met all our responsibility. Some Churches have millstones of debt around their neck. Why cannot there be from time to time a simultaneous collection to free some one Church? One Church liberated, pass to the emancipation of another. Again, new Chapels ought continually to be rising in poorer as well as in richer districts. New ones might be raised every year on this principle of simultaneous collection; and the burden laid on the right shoulders, not of the rich few, but of the many. Until the idea becomes much more familiar than it is, many Churches would be indisposed to co-operate; but all would come to see in time, that (to put it on low ground) co-operation of this kind was not only the duty but the interest of all—the helped of to-day becoming in their turn the helpers of to-morrow.

A HIGHLAND FISHERMAN.

I REMEMBER Alexander Ross well, and even as a child was overawed by the solemn gladness and beauty of holiness that appeared in his walk with God among his fellow-men.

The daily life of fishermen, with its continual exposure, and danger, and monotony, tends to produce a very peculiar cast of character in our sea-coast communities. They are generally very simple, very worldly, very uncultivated; living very much an animal life, broken in upon only by a few domestic joys and trials, and by a few floating superstitions. And the parish of which we are speaking, though in the midst of an evangelical district, and once the abbacy of Patrick Hamilton, who “played the man in the fire” at the opening of the Scottish Reformation, had the misfortune at this time to have a worldly minister, ill-fitted to arouse the slumbering or to guide the seeking soul. So from the *minister* whom the Church had set over them in vain, the people turned to the *man* whom God had raised up in the midst of them, giving him a heart to know the things which God had prepared for them that love Him, and a voice and wisdom to utter them as need required, for counsel, or warning, or encouragement. And duly, week

by week, as the Sabbath evening light streamed over the ancient line of beach down upon the village nestling below, the stern brawny men who had spent the week in perils of the waters, and their wives, who had waited for them in the long night-watches, when the harbour bar was moaning, and the children who used to plunge into the surf and swim out a quarter-of-a-mile to clamber by scores into the approaching boats—all might be seen picking their way quietly to the house of this strong black-haired old man, who shared with them, day by day, the vicissitudes of their labour in the deep, and on that first day of the week fed them with the bread of heaven. Wherever there was sorrow he was there, with words of comfort and strength; the perplexed came to him for counsel, and the sick called for the fellowship of his prayers, and the dying heard his earnest deep Gaelic voice pleading with and for the parting soul. He was rich in death-beds; and I have seen the light break slowly over his rugged face as he rehearsed the closing experiences last night of those who were to-day in paradise.

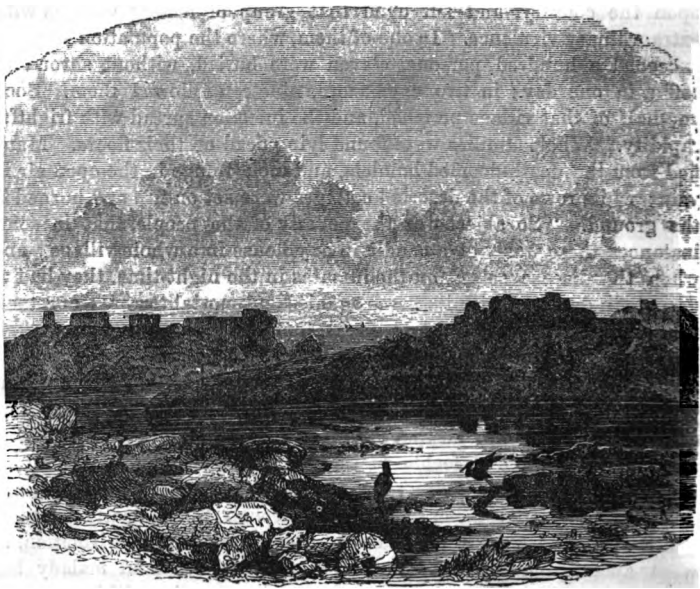
Such was his habitual life; but a day came which revealed still more marvellously the latent heroism of the man. The cholera came down upon the country, and fell upon that group of fishing villages with extraordinary virulence. In one of them, where the population scarcely exceeded a hundred persons, eleven were buried, without shroud or coffin, in one day; in two days more, nineteen followed them. Soon one-half of that village perished, and the infection spread with frightful rapidity. Whole families were found lying dead on their floors. Many fled from the death-doomed hamlets, and took refuge in the open air in vain; while rows of the deserted cottages were set on fire and burned to the ground. "So abject was the poverty of the people, that in some instances there was not a candle in any house in a whole village; and when the disease seized on the inmates in the night-time, they had to grapple in darkness with its fierce agonies and mortal terrors; and their friends, in the vain attempt to assist them, had to grope round their beds." Men's hearts failed them for fear; and the rude, and ignorant, and superstitious fishermen were prostrated with terror. The plague brought out all the intense selfishness of the heart, where life is concerned; it combined "all that is terrible in the judgments of God with all that is mean and feeble in the character of man." The living dreaded to attend the dying; the survivors shrank from burying the dead. Not so the fisher-elder. All through that ghastly summer, while others cowered in terror or hid themselves in selfish isolation, he went about from house to house, wherever the mortal malady had entered, preaching the only gospel that such extremity will bear, giving

this strong drink to him that was ready to perish, and the everlasting wine to those of a heavy heart. To quote his own simple statement, uttered long after that year of trouble, and darkness, and dimness of anguish, and selfish dread—"I and my four sons wore out each a pair of shoes, in praying with those who were dying, and in burying the dead."

Thus far the writer from whom we have quoted. Let us add, that this admirable Christian fisherman, who, amid the labours of his perilous calling, thus commended Christ by his words and holy walk, died, about twenty years ago, a death suitable to the life he had lived—a humble, hopeful, blessed death in the Lord.—*Family Treasury*.

ASKELON.

ASKELON was one of the five chief cities of the Philistines. It is situated five hours' journey northward from Gaza. It is often referred to in Old Testament history, but no historical incidents are connected with its name.



ASKELON.

In the wars of the Maccabees it was twice taken by the high priest Jonathan, and in the history of the Crusades it became a strong fortress. Many times it was destroyed, and again rebuilt; until at last in the year 1270 the fortifications were overthrown, and the harbour was choked up. Ruin now brooded over the place, and there is nothing left but the broken ruins of the massive walls of the ancient fortifications of Askalon.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

A YOUNG man called upon me one Sabbath evening, and as soon as we were seated, he said to me—

"I have accepted the invitation that you have so often given from the pulpit, to any who are willing to converse with you upon the subject of religion."

"I am glad to see you," said I.

"I don't know," he replied, "that I have anything to say such as I ought to have; but I am convinced that I have neglected religion long enough, and I am determined to put it off no longer."

"That is a good determination," said I, "'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'"

"Well, I don't know that that text is for me, because"—

"Yes, it is for you," said I, interrupting him.

"I was going to say, sir, I don't suppose I have got so far as that yet, so that salvation is for me now."

"You told me that you were 'determined to put off religion no longer;' and therefore I say, 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.'"

"But I don't wish to be in a hurry, sir."

"You ought to be in haste. David was. He says, 'I thought on my ways and turned my feet to thy testimonies. I made haste and delayed not to keep thy commandments.' God now commandeth all men, everywhere, to repent, and you are one of them. And if you are like David, you will 'make haste and delay not' to keep God's commandments."

"I don't suppose I am in such a state of mind, as to be prepared to become a Christian now."

"Will disobeying God put you in a better state of mind, do you think?"

"Why, I don't know; but I have not much deep conviction. I know that I am a sinner against God, and I wish to turn to Him, and live a different life."

"Then turn to Him. 'Now is the accepted time.'"

"But I find my heart is full of sin; I am all wrong; I feel an opposition to God such as I never felt before."

"Then repent and turn to God instantly, while it is called to-day."

"But I don't suppose I can be ready to come to religion so *quick*."

"You *said* you were determined to put it off no longer, and I told you 'now is the accepted time.'"

"But I never began to think seriously about my religion till last Sunday."

"And so you want to put it off a little longer."

"Why, I want to get *ready*."

"And are you getting ready? You have tried it for a week."

"No, sir," said he, in a sad manner; "I don't think I am any nearer to it than I was at first."

"I don't think you are. And I suppose the reason is, that you don't believe 'now is the accepted time.'"

"Oh yes, I do; for the Bible says so."

"Then don't wait for any other time. Repent *now*. Flee to Christ *now*, in 'the accepted time.'"

"I have not conviction enough yet."

"Then it cannot be 'the accepted time' yet."

"But I have not faith enough."

"Then it cannot be 'the accepted time.'"

"Well, sir, I—I—I am not ready *now*."

"Then it cannot be 'the accepted time' *now*."

"But it seems to me it is too *quick*," said he, earnestly.

"Then it cannot be 'the accepted time,' and the Bible has made a mistake."

"But, sir, my heart is not *prepared*."

"Then it is not 'the accepted time.'"

With much embarrassment in his manner, he replied—

"What *shall* I do?"

"Repent and turn to God, with faith in Christ to save you as a lost unworthy sinner, *now* in 'the accepted time.'"

He appeared to be in a great strait. He sat in silence with very manifest uneasiness for a few moments, and then asked—

"Is it possible that *anyone* should repent, and give up the world, and turn to God *so soon*, when I only began to think about it on last Sunday?"

"'Now is the accepted time,'" said I.

Again he sat in thoughtful silence, and after a time he asked me—

"Is salvation offered to sinners *now*?"

"Yes, *now*. 'Now is the day of salvation.'"

"But it seems to me I am not *prepared* now to give up the world."

"That very thing is your *difficulty*. You are not prepared; but 'now is the accepted time.' You wish to put off your repentance and conversion to Christ till some *other* time; but 'Now is the accepted time. You and your Bible disagree. And if nothing else kept you from salvation, this would be enough. I beseech you, my dear friend, delay no longer. Now is God's time. You told me you were determined to put off religion no longer. I suspected you did not know your own heart, and therefore said to you, 'Now is the accepted time.' And now it has become manifest, that all the while you meant to put off religion till some other time."

"It seems hard to shut up a man just to the present time," said he, in an imploring accent.

"If you were a dying man, and had only an hour to live, you would not say so. You would be glad to have the Bible say to you 'Now is the accepted time,' instead of telling you, you needed a month or a week to flee to Christ. It is *mercy* in God to say to you, 'Behold now is the day of salvation,' when you do not know that you will live till to-morrow morning."

"Will you pray with me?" said he.

I prayed with him, and we separated. The last words I uttered to him as he left the door, were, "Now is the accepted time."

Just one week afterwards he called upon me "to give an account of himself," as he said.

"I have got out of my trouble," said he. "Now I trust in Christ, and I am reconciled to God, or at least I think so. I thought you were very hard upon me last Sunday night, when you *hammered* me and *hammered* me with that text—'Now is the accepted time.' But I couldn't get away from it. It followed me everywhere. I would think of one thing, and then that would come up, 'Now is the accepted time.' Then I would begin to think of something else, and it would come up again, 'Now is the accepted time.' So I went on for three days. I tried to *forget* that text, but I *could not*. I said to myself, There is something else in the Bible except that; but wherever I read, that *would* come to my mind. It *annoyed* and *tormented* me. At last I began to question myself *why it was* that this plagued me so much? And I found it was because I was *not willing to be saved by Christ*. I was trying to do something for myself, and I wanted more time. But it was not done. Everything failed me. And then I thought, 'If now

is the accepted time,' I may go to Christ now, wicked as I am. So I just prayed for *mercy*, and gave up all to Him."—*Dr. Spencer's Pastoral Sketches.*

AMEN!

RESPONSES to public prayers are rather the exception than the rule in Congregational Churches. I will not inquire how this silence originated; but, as there is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak," I simply suggest that in social worship the termination of a petition offered in the name of an assembly should not be a time of general silence. "Let *all the people* say, Amen!"

There are some traces of the use of "Amen" in Old Testament times. When the curses were enumerated on Mount Ebal (Deut. xxvii.); at the close of the song of thanks for the safe removal of the ark (1 Chron. xvi. 36.); on recounting the history of God's dealings. (Ps. lxxxix. 52; cvi. 36.) But if these ancient usages may not be deemed sufficient to authorise its adoption in modern Congregational worship, will it be satisfactory if the saying of "Amen" can be shown to be a Christian practice? The Apostle Paul, speaking concerning what is seemly in social worship, evidently alludes to a prevailing usage which he was not wishful should be abolished. The Apostle, while allowing that personal supplications might be offered in any language, insists that, if a general assembly is to be edified the speech be one common to all: "Else, when thou shalt bless with the spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen at the giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest?" (1 Cor. xiv. 16.) Such an incidental reference furnishes one of the strongest proofs that responses were cordially given in the early Christian Churches.

Boasting that our customs are derived from Apostolic Churches, why should not we also in our assemblies say "Amen at the giving of thanks?" It is objected that its frequent use might lead to excess, and spoil the decency of our worship. But the possible misuse is no valid reason against its adoption. Could not the "Amen" be introduced with warm appreciation, and be constantly employed with intelligence? Is there not far too much of frigid decorum in our present modes of worship which this practice would tend to diminish? Then it is sometimes said that the response would soon become a mere matter of form. Such need not be, for there is a familiarity which deepens attachment. Is it a mere matter of form that we have "an order of service" amongst us?

Hymns and chants are forms of prayer and praise. Shall we dispense with all arrangement? Shall we abjure all printed hymns, and leave the songs and music of the sanctuary to the inspiration of the moment? Spiritual life—like all life—expresses itself in form, only we must see to it that the form expresses the life, that the response is the aspiration or acquiescence of the intellect and heart. I am persuaded that the revival of this simple usage would speedily have a marked influence upon the fitness, the tone, and the comprehensiveness of the petitions offered; would ensure more devout attention during the time of prayer; and would give to our worship a truly social element and help to make our services really congregational.

How can it be brought about? Easily. Let a few persons in any congregation agree to begin together. If they occupy places in different parts of the sanctuary the sooner will the result be gained. Let them persevere, and others will gradually follow their example. Afterwards all will wonder how the inspiring voice of the people came to be suppressed. "Let all the people say, Amen." T. B. M.

NOT ANOTHER DROP.

"No, thank you, George; I'm going straight home to-night. My wife expects me, and I should not like to disappoint her. Besides, I promised to take the bairns a walk as far as Benton, to see their grandfather; and they'll be sadly off if I fail them."

John Petter had just been invited by George Flockton to go with him to the Stafford Arms, and the above was his reply.

Flockton and Petter were stone-masons, fellow-workmen in the same yard, and had been far too much in the habit of going in the evenings to the Stafford Arms, and such places. Of all evenings they had been most regular in their attendance at the Stafford on the Saturday evening; and too frequently before they left, what with clearing off old scores, and what with their potations then, no small part of their wages was melted away.

It was now Saturday afternoon, between four and five, and their wages had just been paid. Petter had been a long time off work, more than two months; and he had returned only the Monday morning before. He had happened with a sad accident, about which the whole truth may as well be told.

Along with several more he had been working in the country, at a place where they had spent the week; and on their way home on the

Saturday night, they had called at a public-house by the road-side, where they had remained till it was quite dark, and where they had drank a great deal more than was good for them. There was a foot-path along some fields, which cut off half a mile of the journey, and they took it. No one will be surprised to hear that they lost their way. Unfortunately it happened that a gate had been left open which led to a quarry, and instead of keeping the right road, they went through the gate, merry and uproarious, having no suspicion of danger. But suddenly, the men who were with Petter heard first a cry of alarm, then a heavy thud, and then a deep groan from some place far below, where they were walking. Petter, who had got a little ahead of them, had fallen into the quarry, and his cry was only just in time to prevent their falling into it too. Happily the foreman of the quarry lived close at hand; so, proceeding to his house, they obtained lights, and under his guidance went down to the place where poor Petter lay. They found him with one leg broken, and otherwise sadly bruised. The foreman who, from the somewhat perilous nature of his occupation, had had some experience in such matters, sent for further assistance. Petter was placed gently on a door, and carried home, some one having the forethought to go and prepare his wife for what had occurred. He was now sufficiently well to resume his work, though as yet he was by no means strong. His broken leg, indeed, was as nearly restored as possible, but the other effects of his fall remained with him for some years.

"Oh, come along, now," said Flockton, "an odd glass or two will do you good."

"No, George," replied Petter; "and I may as well tell you frankly at once, that I've made up my mind never to sit down in a public-house again, and never to touch another drop."

"What, John, teetotaler?"

"Yes, George, teetotaler."

"And how long will that last? Many a fellow has signed the teetotal pledge and given it up, and I don't think you'll stand to it many weeks. Why, I signed it myself once, but I soon got tired."

"I don't want to speak over confidently, George," replied Petter, "for there's no telling what temptation may come to me; but if I continue in the mind I am now, I'll keep it as long as I live. I find I can do very well without the drink, and I see that if I once begin, I shall go on as I did before."

"And what," asked Flockton, "has brought you to this?"

"Well, George, if you would like to hear, I'll tell you all about it."

Flockton made no reply, but his looks indicated that he was willing to listen.

"You remember that night I fell into the quarry?"

"Ay, that I do," said Flockton, "and I don't think I shall forget it as long as I live."

"I thought it was all over with me. I knew nothing of what passed in the quarry. The last thing I recollected was the horror I felt when I found I was tumbling into it. The first thing when I came to my senses again, I could just make out that I was in my own house, with Dr. Wilson and his young man at one side of the bed, and my wife and a neighbour at the other. 'Be still, my good fellow,' he said, 'your leg is broken; we'll set it by-and-bye, and I hope it will be all right.' But I saw he looked very seriously at me; and I heard him say to my wife, —he didn't think I heard him, but I did,—'Now keep him perfectly still. All depends on that. He's terribly shaken, and he's very weak.'"

"Ay," interposed Flockton, "I heard that he shook his head very doubtfully when he got away, and mester asked him about you; and that he said he really did not know whether you would come round again or not."

"It didn't need that I should overhear what the doctor said to make me think myself in danger. Indeed, I was so weak and ill that I felt almost sure I should not get through. I can't tell you how miserable I was. I could not but feel that it was all my own fault; for if I had not taken so much to drink I should never have missed the way and fallen into the quarry. I thought what a sad thing it would be to leave my poor wife and children, and most of all for them to have to say that they would not have lost me but for the drink. But I had thoughts that troubled me a great deal more. It came into my mind, as it never came before, what a sinner I had been. You knew my father and mother, George?"

"Yes, that I did; and better people never lived."

"That's true, George. Well, I thought of all they had taught me, and how little better I had been for it. Then I had a good teacher at the Sunday-school; and if ever any man was anxious to do good to a set of troublesome wilful lads, he was. We had an excellent minister at the chapel we went to, and he used to preach plain, faithful sermons, that almost anybody could understand, and that one could not help feeling. But, somehow or other, I got led off from both school and chapel, and a sad thoughtless life I lived right up to the time of my accident. As I lay on my bed helpless and in pain, and I thought I was going to die, my mind went back to my father's and mother's

house, to the Sunday-school, and the chapel, and I felt what a sinner I had been; and then came the thought, 'If I were to die now, what would become of me? I should surely be lost for ever.' I can tell you, George, it's a serious thing to look into eternity, and feel that, maybe, you're just going to die, and are not prepared for it."

"Well, but, John, you got better."

"Yes, thank God, I did, George; but for two or three days, I was between life and death, and all that time these thoughts were uppermost, 'What a sinner I have been! and I'm not fit to die.' On the third evening, when I was a little better, my wife, who had left me for a few minutes, when she came back, found the tears running down my cheeks. 'Nay, John,' she said, 'that will never do. You must not get down in that way. You're better than you were, and the doctor gives us good hopes.' So I told her what it was that troubled me. She would be sorry for anything to make me downcast; but I could see, when I told her, a gleam of pleasure pass over her face. She was always a better wife than I deserved, and, whenever she could, though I gave her no encouragement, she went to chapel, and sent the children to the Sunday-school. 'Is that why, John?' she said. 'Don't let that trouble you. The Lord Jesus is a great Saviour, and He'll not let you perish, if you believe in Him.' She talked to me in that way for a bit, and read the Bible to me; and then she asked me if I would like to see the minister at whose chapel she attended. She was sure he would come if I wished, and he could talk to me a great deal better than she could. I said I should be very glad; and she put on her bonnet and went to ask him, and he came the next afternoon."

"So he made you religious, did he?" asked Flockton.

"No, George, he didn't, but I hope and trust God did. I told him what a sinner I had been; and he told me what I had heard years before, but which never came to my heart as it did then, how the Lord Jesus died for sinners; how welcome even the greatest sinners were to His mercy; how His blood cleansed us from all sin; and how all I had to do was just to believe in Him with my whole heart, and that then I should be saved. He told me, too, how God's Spirit could change my heart, so that I should not love sin; and I hope He has changed me, for I feel that I should like to do what He commands, though every day I find I've a great deal to struggle with and overcome."

"But for all that," said Flockton, "you might take a single glass. It could do you no harm."

"Perhaps not, George; but you see I think it's best to keep out of harm's way. If I took one glass, I might be tempted to take another,

and another, and I might soon become what I was. Then, too, I think I should be better out of the company one often meets with at the Stafford Arms. But," said he, rising, "if I don't get home soon they'll think I've gone there after all."

They left the shed in which this conversation had taken place, and walked on together a little way, and then separated. Flockton thought seriously about what his friend had said to him, and could not but admit to himself that he was more than half right.

S. G.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE State ought to abstain from the assumption of a sectarian character, and from undertaking to decide on disputed questions of religious truth for the same reasons that it ought to abstain from carrying on trade or manufactures. It is capable of trading, but it makes a bad trader; it is capable of manufacturing, but it makes a bad manufacturer. So the State is capable of acting the part of the theologian, but it makes a bad theologian. Hence it is a manifest sophism to infer that, because a person does not wish to see the State undertake the promotion of religious truth, he is indifferent or hostile to religion. As well might it be inferred that because he does not wish to see the State engaged in trade, he is hostile to trade. If he thinks the promotion of religious truth, a function unsuited to the State, and suited exclusively to the Church; if he thinks that it ought to be performed by an ecclesiastical, and not by a political agency; he cannot—supposing him to be friendly both to Church and State—desire to see it assumed by the latter.—*Sir G. Cornwall Lewis.*

BEGIN TO-DAY.

I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself, which is this:—I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from the first day of the year, or from some eminent festival, so that my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned it to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not argue with myself where to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day equal to to-day; the instant time is always the fittest time. Grant therefore, that "To-day I may hear thy voice." And if this day be the

obscure in the calendar, remarkable in itself for nothing else, may it be remarkable as the day of my conversion.—*Thomas Fuller.*

A BRAHMIN.

SOME time ago a fine intelligent Brahmin youth, reading his Bible lesson in Madras—the lesson that day happened to be the story of the crucifixion—was melted by the glorious truths of the cross of Christ, and, interrupting his teacher, said, “Oh! teacher, stop there; I cannot bear this; the love of Christ is taking hold of my heart.”

How beautifully scriptural! St. Paul tells us that he was “apprehended by Christ Jesus”—seized hold of—that the love of Christ had laid hold of him. And this Christian youth died not very long since with Gospel words on his lips, and passed away to a brighter world, to lay hold on that for which Christ Jesus had laid hold on him.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

“To all human appearance, the days of Establishments are numbered, whether in fact the disestablishment comes a little sooner or a little later.” Such is the language of Dr. Pusey; and he adds, “I have for some time expected the Irish Establishment to be modified or abolished first, then the Scotch, then the English.” The Doctor has written a letter to the President of the Wesleyan Conference, which was read and discussed at the recent meetings of that body; and another to the *Times*. Both were on the subject of University Reform, the second being explanatory of the first. It is evident that a change in our English University system is at hand; that the tests which hitherto have excluded many from our highest educational institutions will be speedily swept away. The old Parliament left a powerful testimony to the need for a change; what then may be expected of the new? Dr. Pusey sees all this, and is anxious to come to terms. The suggestion and admissions made by Dr. Pusey in his letters, form one of the best proofs which England has lately had of the increasing power and importance of the principles of Nonconformity. “Who,” says the *Nonconformist*, “would have anticipated seeing Dr. Pusey moved from his place, in which for upwards of a generation he has remained rooted? Who would have ventured to prophesy that the time would come when he, the nominal founder of modern sacramentarianism, should turn in distress to the Wesleyan body, whose religious system is at the opposite pole, and propose concessions, the magnitude of which would two years ago have

startled Oxford out of her self-possession? Yet this we have witnessed, and, what is more, we have seen his concessions coolly set aside by the Wesleyan Conference as utterly unsuited to the self-reliant spirit of the times."

Dr. Pusey is of opinion that the passing of Mr. Coleridge's Bill for the abolition of University tests, would not be in the interests of the Dissenting body, except the Socinians; and rather than leave the Universities to be leavened with this doctrine, the Doctor offers the Nonconformists "alternative expedients," either to require from students at the Universities subscription only to the Nicene Creed instead of the Thirty-nine Articles, or, what he thinks would be "more acceptable to the Dissenting bodies," *to found new colleges out of the revenues of the old ones* "for the different bodies who hold the faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." "Either of these ways," the Doctor says, "would be religious ways. Better, indeed," he adds, "even to decide that Socinianism shall be endowed, than to allow that all colleges should become Socinian, sceptical, deistic, and atheistic." "We can," says the *Nonconformist*, "clearly see why Dr. Pusey should prefer either of the expedients to the much less disturbing measure of Mr. Coleridge. What Dr. Pusey wishes is authoritative and distinctive theological teaching. If he cannot have it over the entire area of University organisation, he would preserve a corner, more or less extensive as the temper of the country may permit, sacred to the tuitional transmission of the sacerdotal doctrines."

One more stay of the Church of England has gone. The Wesleyans are no longer disposed to favour the Established Church as they have hitherto done. They withdraw the kind of negative influence they have so long exercised in behalf of a Church which too often repayed them with rebuffs and contempt. In a letter addressed to the President of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. Jackson, venerated for his age and respected for his character and services, has pronounced "the amalgamation of Methodism and Churchmanship, of which some people of late have had day dreams," to be a thing "morally and religiously impossible;" and the Conference was evidently willing that his statement of the case should go out to the world as representing the opinion of the body. "Many of the clergy," writes Dr. Jackson, "declare their abhorrence of the very name of Protestant; they revile the Protestant martyrs; they affect Popish forms of worship; they preach the doctrines of Popery, and declare their sympathy with the Church of Rome. At the same time, a large and powerful body of the clergy yield only a limited assent to the teaching of Holy Scripture, and deny some of the most important doctrines of the Gospel. A Church which offers no effectual resistance

to these enormous evils can expect no sympathy from Wesleyan Methodism." Thus, as the *Nonconformist* remarks, the very authorities who formerly advised and indirectly enforced friendliness and support to the Established Church, and were only too implicitly obeyed, now feel obliged by spiritual fidelity to alter their tone, and to claim for all their brethren complete freedom of political action. "Methodist preachers, as well as Methodist people," says the venerable writer, "will, of course, entertain different views concerning public questions and events—and *let them differ*, for in this country thought is free—but the organisation of Methodism will, I trust, always remain sacred to matters purely religious." Dr. Jackson has written at the right time, and has said the right thing; and the tone of his letter, and the reception it received, prove that the cause of freedom and of truth is moving onwards.

Dean Alford, in a letter of a most Christian spirit, replies to those who have so severely condemned him for his presence and services at Cheshunt College Anniversary. "I claim," he says, "to be as to every Church doctrine unchanged by fraternization with those who differ from us, and they on their part stand on the same ground. . . . Whether they omit in their worship an article of the Creed is no matter of mine. They love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ; they are my brethren; I believe the time is come when I am bound to show them that I regard them as such. . . . It is our duty not to fight against this providence, not to attempt to fight our way back to a uniformity which has utterly gone by, but to surrender our miserable jealousies, to accept, bravely and frankly, the state of things in which God has placed us, to walk in the kingdom of God, and to the house of God, and in society before the world, hand in hand with our Nonconformist brethren. Thus only shall we of the Church of England be making safe and wise preparation for the day which must soon come upon her. We may, if we please, lower ourselves by exclusiveness and uncharitableness, so as to become in that day a sect among sects; but we may also, and I hope we shall, so lift in our esteem our Christian brethren around us as to find ourselves, when deprived of the aid of the State, a Church among Churches."

The *Bristol Mercury* publishes the following curious statement, signed "Omega :—" "It may not be generally known that Colonial bishoprics are marketable commodities—that they are sold and bought like *presentations* to ordinary benefices. I am in a position to prove that the bishopric of ——— was sold through ——— for £3,500; and I have been myself offered the bishopric of ——— for £2,500. I have refused the bishopric solely on the ground of the impropriety of purchasing an

office in the ministry. . . . Any man thirty years old in priest's orders with a decent character, and £3,000 or more to spare, can get himself dubbed the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of ———. And thus our country is filled with a number of men who buy their grand 'office,' go out to their 'sees,' deliver a 'charge' or two, and then come home and become great *swells*."

The *Times* has been treating the public to its annual batch of letters on the dullness of sermons in the present day, the sermons in question being, the *English Independent* says, exclusively those delivered in the Established Church. The *Rock*, a Church newspaper, rebukes the liberty the letter-writers have taken in criticising the preaching to which they have listened, and says, "Too many of our critics, in their irreverence and disrespect on this question, seem to forget that the clergy are set in authority to teach them, and that they have no authority to teach the clergy."

Dr. Duff, the well-known Indian missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, and now in Edinburgh, has started a somewhat bold scheme. He has long been convinced that it is indispensable for the comfort of the missionaries in India, and for the more efficient working of the mission itself, that residences should be provided for them near the scene of their labours. The doctor calls upon the Free Church to provide at least a sum of £50,000 for the purpose, although his own belief is that double that amount will be required. He has mapped out Scotland into districts, and expects from the Glasgow district £20,000; from Edinburgh and district a similar sum, and from two or three other districts £10,000 each. It is only a year or two since Dr. Duff raised £10,000 for founding a missionary chair in the Free Church College.

Public attention in Scotland is fixed upon the question in dispute between the late Dr. Lee's congregation and the Edinburgh Town Council. When the Council presented the Rev. Dr. Gloag, of Blantyre, as their minister, the congregation resolved they would not accept him, not because of any personal objection they had to that gentleman, but because they knew nothing about him. Dr. Gloag's fears have been so worked upon that he has resigned the presentation. The days of patronage in Scotland, in connection with the Established Church, are numbered; and the present struggle in Edinburgh will only hasten the end.

The Rev. J. Alexander, of Norwich, one of the oldest Nonconformists of England, has gone home to his reward. He died at the advanced age of seventy-five, and his end was peace. "Never," says the *Norfolk News*, "has it been the privilege of a man, whether

minister or otherwise, to live through so long a life and leave a more spotless reputation or a happier memory." The Duke of Portland has given £2,000 to the Irish Church Defence Fund of the Church Institution. The *John Bull* says that a son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone will be a candidate for holy orders at the Christmas ordination of the Bishop of Winchester, and will be ordained to the curacy of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth. The London Missionary Society's ship is completed, and has been launched; she is to be named "Samoa," from the Society's principal mission in Polynesia.

The foundation-stone of a new Congregational Chapel has been laid at Comberton, Cambridge, by James Nutter, Esq. The Congregational Chapel at Seaton has been re-opened, after having been enlarged. The new Congregational Church, Whitby, has been opened, when sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Binney and the Rev. E. Mellor. The total cost is £4,000, of which only £200 or £300 is required to complete the entire cost. A free Church has been erected at Calna by the recent seceders from the Establishment. The "principles" of the Church are "the Doctrinal Articles of the Church of England, with the right of self-government as to its order and worship, in submission to New Testament teaching." The corner-stone of the new Independent Chapel, Bolton, has been laid by Sir James Watts, Knight, of Abney Park, Cheshire. A handsome Congregational Church has been erected at Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, by some enterprising and generous friends. No fewer than 600 subscribers, very many of them of miners, have contributed to it.

The Rev. T. T. Lynch, of Mornington Congregational Church, Hampstead Road, has been presented with a purse of 200 sovereigns on attaining his fiftieth birthday; and the Rev. D. Johnstone, of Glasgow, with a purse of 210 sovereigns, previous to his departure to New Zealand for his health.

Mr. J. L. Phillips, Hackney College, has accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Tredegar, Monmouthshire; the Rev. F. Smith, of Springhead, that of Berkeley Street Chapel, Liverpool; Mr. L. Trist, of Lancashire Independent College, that of the Free Church, Mold.

The Rev. W. Dorling, late of Bethnal Green, has been recognised as pastor of the Congregational Church, Buckhurst Hill.

The Rev. John E. Millson, of Southport, Lancashire, has, after a lengthened pastorate, resigned his charge; and the Rev. L. E. Yeadon has resigned the pastorate of the united Churches of Ightfield and Whitchurch, Salop.

DOWN THE THAMES.

COOKHAM TO LALEHAM.

"We are now approaching," says an accomplished writer, "that part of the Thames which supplies its most abundant beauties—of mingled wood and water, hill and valley, shrubby heights and richly cultivated fields.

"The river here closes in, or seems to do so; for although in reality wide, it is narrowed to the eye by the steep hills which rise from the banks on either side, clothed in varied foliage from the base to the summit. Those who accuse our great island river of insipidity, who, if

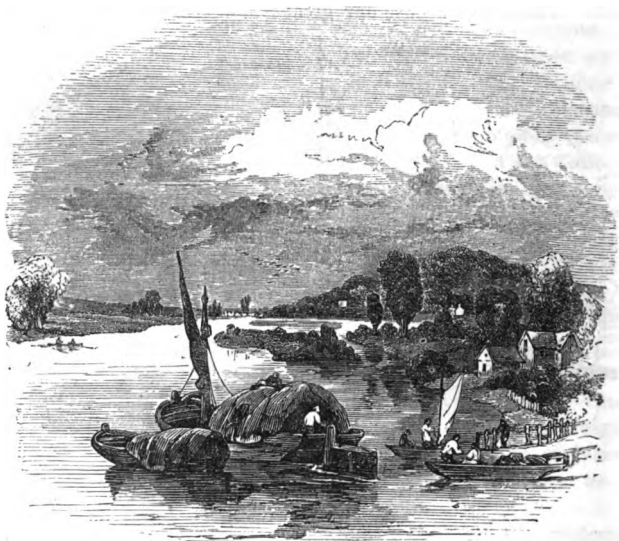


COOKHAM CHURCH.

they concede its claims to beauty, deny its pretensions to grandeur, will do well to visit the scenery between Hedsor and Maidenhead—to row beneath the thick woods of Taplow and Cliefden, and, looking up, they will have no difficulty in imagining themselves in one of the grandest and richest, in picturesque attractions, of our English lakes; indeed, they will require only the near and distant mountains, to fancy themselves under the heights of Glena, in all-beautiful Killarney. Well may we rejoice to scan the charms of our glorious river, and ask the aid of poetry and art to give them fame and power. But the painter will fail here. He may select graceful nooks, and a thousand objects will,

singly or in groups, present themselves as fitting subjects for his pencil ; but he cannot convey to the eye and mind a just idea of the mingled grandeur and beauty of this delicious locality ; while the poet will find only themes which have been, ever and everywhere, the chosen and the favoured of his order."

Cookham, in Berkshire, is a pretty village, and around its church-tower cluster many pleasant associations to those who have made the shores of the Thames their haunt. Passing onwards we come in sight of " Cliefden's proud alcove," one of the most pleasing places in England ; and before long we arrive at the bridge of Maidenhead.



MAIDENHEAD.

We are now in sight of regal Windsor—of which we must speak in our next—and then Eton College appears. Passing Old Windsor, we see the spire of Egham Church, and Cooper's Hill, immortalised by Denham, and on which stands the residence long occupied by Mr. John Remington Mills, M.P. We now pass Magna Charta Island and the ever-memorable Runnymede.

" This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame), did challenge and secure

The Charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue."

Onward we speed our way, and now come to the pretty ferry at Laleham. Here the cattle are feeding on the pastures or cooling themselves in the river; and here perhaps the horseman is crossing, for the



LALEHAM FERRY.

river is not deep, and a mounted traveller may find his way over, for his steed will have but a short distance to swim. Rising above us is St. Ann's Hill—so long the quiet home of Charles James Fox, and since, the property of his descendant, Lord Holland. Eastward is the woody rise of Woburn, and further on, of Oatlands, and before long we reach the lock and bridge of Chertsey.

ST. BERNARD, THE CRUSADER.

THERE can be no doubt that the condition of the great masses of the people during the "middle ages" abundantly justifies the term by which they are commonly described—as the "dark ages." They were dark intellectually and morally, and the light of religious truth was obscured and almost hidden from the common eye by gross superstition and the arrogance and folly of the priesthood. But the more noteworthy, instructive, and admirable are those men whose knowledge, purity, integrity, and zeal gave them vast influence and high distinction while they lived, and have won for them an immortal name. Of these heroes and

worthies of the olden time, one of the most illustrious was St. Bernard. Let us very briefly sketch his career and character.

Little is known of his early life. It is certain, however, that his mother was a woman of fervent devotion and pure life, and we can thus infer the nature of those influences that first fell on his soul. Who shall tell how much of the future faith and nobleness of the man is to be traced to this early and loving culture? When very young he entered a monastery of the Cistercian monks. The reason of his selection was the strictness of their rules, which were most in accordance with his lofty conception of the spiritual life. The monastery was situated in Clair Vaux (or Bright Vale), in the south of France. It was a retired secluded place, but beautiful and fertile. He became abbot soon after his twentieth year, and there he spent his life.

Look into this sunny vale. On one side, the sloping hill is covered with vines; on the other, with fruit trees. There, for centuries, have the grave and hooded monks laboured in the same orderly way, chipping and binding faggots, cultivating the vines and the fruit trees. Not far from the entrance to the valley stands the huge pile of the Abbey, with its towers and crosses, its loop-holed windows, and numerous out-buildings. A river runs along the valley, and a stream is led from it beneath the walls which turns the corn mill of the monastery. Very pleasant and familiar, in the valley, is the sound of the splashing water on the wheel, and its rapid gurgle as it hastes away again to join the mother stream. There are orchards all around, and in these you may see a solitary monk musing as he counts his beads, or chants his breviary. Beyond lies the great meadow, and in hay-time all the monks are there and neighbours who have come to help. They work from sunrise till vespers, and for once in the year they will dine in the open fields, and say their mid-day psalms in the wide temple of nature. It was a kind of holiday to these monks. Leaving their seclusion, laying aside their suspicions of the sunshine and the beautiful works of God, they met with their fellow-men, exchanged courtesies, and shared a common happiness, breathing air laden with the scent of new-mown hay, and hearing the glad song of birds and hum of bees. And when evening came, we can imagine them gather into one group, and, before they say "good night," join in singing some beautiful hymn, such as that which St. Bernard wrote, beginning—

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest."

Among his monks you might see Bernard himself taking part in the humblest toil, though his fame is already world-wide. From that monastery and its discipline he has sent out a pope, six cardinals, and thirty bishops. Every year he was called on to establish four new monasteries on the model of his own. In every dispute of his age he was sent for, to suppress cruel fanaticism, to prevent or heal schism, to oppose and crush heresy. But he never left his own monastery for another position, nor refused to stoop to lowlier duties. You would find him in the hay-field at work, or in the kitchen, rebuking, by his example, a refractory brother; or by the side of some one in trouble, giving his wise counsel and tender sympathy; or in his bare-walled cell, preparing his sermon for the next festival. In person he was thin and not tall. His face was hollow, and almost transparent in its clear complexion. It was a beautiful face, its austere pallor softened by a delicate flush of colour. His eyes shone with the light within. His features bore the impress of enthusiasm, chastened and controlled by duty. His hair and beard were early white. At first sight you would think him feeble; but when he speaks, every trace of weakness was lost; and beautifully says the old chronicler, "To see him did persuade you ere you heard him."

We have said that the fame of Bernard spread far and wide. He was celebrated not only for the virtues and graces of his character, but for great intellectual strength and acuteness, vast learning, a clear sound judgment, and a wonderful faculty of governing men. Hence there were many visitors to the monastery of Clair Vaux, who came to seek the advice and help of its distinguished abbot. If we describe one or two of these it will give an idea of the range of Bernard's influence, and a glimpse into the state of European society in that age.

There is one all the way from Germany. What is his business? It is to procure the intervention of Bernard in the terrible troubles of that country. Rudolf, a ferocious enthusiast, pretending to divine inspiration, has been preaching death to the Jews. Multitudes in Cologne, Mentz, Strasburg, and elsewhere, were infested with his fierce fanaticism, and many Jews were slain. The archbishop, unable himself to control or counteract the influence of Rudolph, appealed to Bernard, who at once responded. He wrote to Rudolf, and took high ground against the monk, condemning his conduct for these three reasons—because he had taken upon himself to preach without being called; because he set at nought the authority of bishops; and because he justified murder; and having expostulated with him, he added this noble appeal, so superior to the spirit of that age—"Does not the Church obtain a richer victory

over the Jews by daily bringing them over from their errors and converting them, than if, by a sword, she had destroyed them all at a blow?" This, be it remembered, was said in an age when, throughout Christendom, it was held almost an honourable thing to persecute a Jew. Bernard had, however, to follow his epistle in person, and his presence quelled the fury of the storm. He met Rudolph, convicted him of his folly and crime, and allayed the angry feelings of the people.

During the lifetime of Bernard, a great schism occurred in the Church. Two Popes had been elected, and were wrangling for the mastery. Innocent II. had to flee to France, but by the influence of Bernard he was carried back in triumph to Rome.

An incident which happened in connection with this dispute shows the astonishing power of Bernard over the minds of men. A French count had refused to acknowledge Innocent II. as Pope, and expelled from their sees all the bishops in his realm who adhered to Innocent. Bernard convinced the count of his error, but could not so easily persuade him to restore the bishops. When he went to celebrate mass the count remained outside the church. During the service, elevated by the consciousness of his priestly prerogative, Bernard came out and stood before the count, holding the wafer in his hand, and with commanding voice and flashing eye, thus addressed him:—"We have entreated thee, and thou hast spurned us. The united band of God's servants have entreated thee, and thou hast spurned them. Behold now, the very body of the Lord of the Church which thou persecutest. Here is thy judge, at whose name every knee shall bow. Wilt thou spurn Him as thou hast done His servants?" It is written that all who looked on were seized with shuddering awe. The count himself could not withstand the appeal. He fell speechless to the earth. He was lifted up, and again fell. Bernard approached, bid the humbled man submit and fulfil his duty. The count dared not refuse. The bishops were restored, and the schism was ended.

But the greatest work of his life was the part he took in urging and effecting the second Crusade—a work bearing witness to the possession and exercise of even higher power and greater enthusiasm than were evinced by Peter the Hermit in rousing Europe to the first Crusade.

Portishead.

A. P.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

CARRY holy principles with you into the world, and the world will become hallowed by their presence. A Christ-like spirit will Christianise everything it touches. A meek heart, in which the altar fire of love to God is burning, will lay hold of the commonest, rudest things in life, and transmute them, like coarse fuel at the touch of fire, into a pure and holy flame. Religion in the soul will make all the work and toil of life—its gains and losses, friendships, rivalries, competitions—its manifold incidents and events, the means of religious advancement. Marble or coarse clay, it matters not much with which of these the artist works, the touch of genius transforms the coarser material into beauty, and lends to the finer a value it never had before. Lofty or lowly, rude or refined, as life's work to us may be, it will become to a holy mind only the material for an infinitely nobler than all the creations of genius—the image of God in the soul. To spiritualise what is material, to Christianise what is secular—this is the noble achievement of Christian principle.

If you are a sincere Christian, it will be your great desire, by God's grace, to make every gift, talent, occupation of life, every word you speak, every action you do, subservient to Christian motive. Your conversation may not always—nay, may seldom, save with intimate friends—consist of formally religious words; you may, perhaps, shrink from the introduction of religious topics in general society: but it demands a less amount of Christian effort occasionally to speak religious words than to infuse the spirit of religion into all our words; and if the whole tenor of your common talk be pervaded by a spirit of piety, gentleness, earnestness, sincerity, it will be Christian conversation not the less. If God has endowed you with intellectual gifts, it may be well if you directly devote them to His service in the religious instruction of others; but a man may be a Christian thinker and writer as much when giving to science, or history, or biography, or poetry, a Christian tone and spirit, as when composing sermons or writing hymns.

To promote the cause of Christ directly, by furthering every religious and missionary enterprise at home and abroad, is undoubtedly your duty; but remember that your duty terminates, not when you have done all this, for you may promote Christ's cause even still more effectually when in your daily demeanour, in the family, in society, in your business transactions, in all your common intercourse with the world, you are diffusing the influence of Christian principle around you by the silent eloquence of a holy life. Rise superior, in

Christ's strength, to all equivocal practices and advantages in trade; shrink from every approach to meanness or dishonesty; let your eye, fixed on a reward before which earthly wealth grows dim, beam with honour; let the thought of God make you self-restrained, temperate, watchful over speech and conduct; let the abiding sense of Christ's redeeming love to you make you gentle, self-denying, kind, and loving to all around you; then, indeed, will your secular life become spiritualised, while, at the same time, your spiritual life will grow more fervent; then not only will your prayers become more devout, but when the knee bends not, and the lip is silent, the life in its heavenward tone will "pray without ceasing;" then, from amidst the roar and din of earthly toil, the ear of God will hear the sweetest anthems rising; then, finally, will your daily experience prove that it is no high and unattainable elevation of virtue, but a simple and natural thing, to which the text points, when it bids us be both "diligent in business" and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*Dr. Caird.*

"MORTALITY SWALLOWED UP."

"MORTALITY is swallowed up of life." Sir John Eliot, in one of his most eloquent passages, expatiates upon this theme: "Death," he says, "has been most untruly, most unjustly, aspersed;" and then proceeds to illustrate his remark—"I shall then no more be sick, I shall then no more be bound, I shall then leave off to fear, I shall then not die again. If death were an evil at the first, then it shall be no more. All the crosses and disasters, all the calamities and afflictions, all things that are fearful and evil in this life, then shall I be free from. No death shall thenceforth be an interruption to my happiness, therefore why should I fear it?" And to what does not this friendly hand introduce the true believer? The blessed society, the vision of God, the sense of his love, in uninterrupted, in everlasting manifestation.

"Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work! sweet work! Glory, glory! Home, home!" "Life," said the departing Camerarius, "is to me death—death, life." "O joyful day!" exclaimed the departing Dr. Hammond. Dr. Charlton Henry, being asked, in his last moments, "Do you find that gloom in death which some apprehend?" replied, though with difficulty, from the shortness of his breathing, "A sweet falling of the soul on Jesus. Oh, what mercy! what mercy! I don't understand it." Mrs. Rowe, when dying, experienced such Divine satisfaction, that she said, with tears of joy, that "she knew not that

she had ever felt the like in all her life." "I am so far from fearing death, which to others is the king of terrors," exclaimed Dr. Donne, "that I long for the time of dissolution." When Mr. Venn inquired of the Rev. W. Grimshaw how he did,—“As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it; I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven.” “My dear,” said the wife of the Rev. J. Payne, one of the early Methodists, to her husband, “you seem as if your heart was breaking.” “Let it break—let it break,” was the reply; “Jesus saves to the uttermost—to the uttermost.” What verifications are here of the apostle’s testimony—“Death is swallowed up in victory.”

“After a season of much doubt and terror,” said Wilberforce Richmond, “during which I felt as if all were delusion, and that I should be cast into hell, I determined to go at once boldly to God, in the name of Christ, and plead the promises which were then before me in the Bible. I fell down on my knees; I groaned—I wept—I prayed most fervently; I said, ‘Here I am, Lord, a poor perishing sinner; my sins are heavy and alarming, I cannot bear them myself; I feel my body decaying—I must soon die, and I dare not appear before Thee, the pure and holy God, as I now am. I read of a Saviour Thou hast provided for sinners, and come to Him to be saved from eternal death; I come to the cross of Christ; I cling to it as my only hope. If Thou, O Christ, wilt not save me no one can, and I must perish. Lord, save me!—Jesus, have mercy upon me!’ I persevered thus again and again; I took nothing with me but a broken heart, and a contrite spirit, and I said, ‘Lord, I will not let thee go except thou bless me!’ I know I prayed sincerely, and was heard and answered. . . . Seek as I did, and you shall find the same pardon for sin, and the same peace in death.”

A VETERAN.

THERE is still living at Birkenhead one of the pioneers of the long-protracted Church Rate war. Thirty years ago a demand was made upon him for 10½d. He refused to pay. The case came on for trial in the Ecclesiastical Court, was twice referred to York, and once to the Queen’s Bench, lasted six years and-a-half, and was finally decided against the rate. Each side had to defray its own costs; the victor saved his 10½d., and had, with his friends, to pay £1,100, and their opponents were mulcted in £1,500. The Judge, the Right Worshipful G. H. Vernon, Esq., and Chancellor, admitted that the protracted discussion of the question had thrown so much light upon the law of

Church Rates, that he had at last given a decision the reverse of that which at an earlier stage of the proceedings he should have pronounced. In the course of this struggle, Mr. George Craven, the abolitionist leader, according to the testimony of the late Mr. E. Baines, "suffered all the abuse which a heated and revengeful party could heap upon him; he was assaulted, insulted, persecuted; his goods were seized, and he had for a length of time, with others, the terrors of the Ecclesiastical Court hanging over his head; but all could not turn him from his straight-forward pursuit of justice. He persevered through good report and through evil report, without fear or favour." To these early champions of religious liberty, the Nonconformists of the present day are under obligations which should not be forgotten.

HAPPY NANCY; OR, THE SECRET.

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken coop, a solitary woman. She was some thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the cognomen of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; was half blind, quite lame, and very deformed; and yet there had the great God set His royal seal!

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"Yes, I'm for ever at it. I don't know what people will think," she would say, with her sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"Well, that's a fact, I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your *secret*, Nancy; you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature to the visitor. "You see, rich folks, like you, depend upon their families and their hausen; they've to think of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of trouble a-head. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think—' Well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a shining night after night, make my garden things come up just the same, season after season, He can sartinly take care of such a poor

simple thing as I am;' and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and He takes care of me."

"Well but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with our worldly wisdom, will be shut out."

"There again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the enemy at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart—he'll do you a world of mischief."

She was right; we do take the demon of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monsters till we are assimilated to their likeness. It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "Never suppose;" well to be more childlike towards the great Father who created us; to learn to confide in His wisdom; and, above all, to "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden if we would follow Nancy's rule, and never give place in our bosoms to imaginary evils.

ILLUMINATED TEXT.

We like to turn over the leaves of an old book, if not with the purpose of discovering pearls of great price, or with the hope of finding bank-notes between its time-worn boards, yet to smile at the quaint and curious, and sometimes very beautiful, devices which we call *illuminated text*.

We say nothing about the modern imitation of the old style; for though we call it a *revival* of old taste and style, it is, after all, an *imitation*. We like that *picturesque* old style, partly because it does belong to the old life; but we like still better what seems to be the sentiment and meaning of illuminated text, whether old or new.

Truth, of course, needs no adorning, and—its value being in itself—is none the better for it. So we say when we speak jealously of the simplicity of truth. Yet truth itself is presented to us not only in the

clear and distinct form in which the hand of God has fashioned it, but adorned with beauty too. There is a "beauty of holiness," and a beauty of truth. We may think the severer style, which admits but little ornament, more classic and of purer taste; yet illumination, instead of being only a gorgeous adornment, by its very harmony of form and colour, may present *most simply, because most perfectly*, the truth which we would have in its simplicity. The whole world is a book recording the name and the glory of its great Creator. "That Thy name is near Thy wondrous works declare." "The heavens declare the glory of God." The stars are but the glittering inscription of that name written in light as on the very door of heaven, or emblazoned as on the veil that seems to hide that heaven from us. "The sweet influence of Pleiades," is not felt only as we see their silver flood of light resting on the hill-side or flashing on the river's ripple, but it is felt when we read, as in illuminated text, the name of God.

Some will think this only fanciful, yet we all of us, more or less, believe in it. It was very much the same feeling that convinced even the most practical and unfanciful visitor to the Industrial Exhibition of 1862 of the beautiful appropriateness of the words that were inscribed on one of its arches, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." So that we may claim pretty nearly a universal testimony not only to the propriety and beauty of *illuminated text*, but also to our common ability to read it clearly as it sets forth truth more perfectly than mere outlines can. There is more to make up its harmony—its unity.

But if we had no human authority to rest upon, there is certainly Divine. The Psalmist did not read in angular Hebrew characters, but in illuminated text, the glory of God. The seasons, to him, but wrote in different colours (no mere black and white) the same great and glorious Name. And any man of thoughtfulness and taste enough to see more than mere timber in a tree, must surely be colour-blind if he does not read in "autumn tints *nature's illuminated text*."

And when we read from another Book the promises of grace and help and love, which the hand of God has written for us, are there not sometimes associations clustering round them—lights and shadows and colours—showing more forcibly the very letters in which these promises are written? They once seemed to us plain and unattractive words, but when we came to study them, and gazed long at them, how their rich and beautiful truth unfolded itself! The words themselves seemed written in letters of light, and illuminated with the grace of heavenly light.

So it is that we come to speak of *two* books, wherein the glory and grace of God are recorded for us to read: the Book of nature, whose leaves and letters are adorned with gorgeous colours—plainly yet beautifully showing forth the great Creator's name imprinted everywhere; and that wondrous Volume whose pages glow with heavenly lustre.

But there are other books in the world—"living epistles"—"known and read of all men"—and not only "known and read" of God, but copied into His own judgment book. These, too, in their delineations of life and character, were meant to bear the image and declare the glory of God. But from many that image is utterly effaced, and the name of God is not found on any of their leaves. Such books are *the lives of men* written by their own hand, and many and varied are they in their character and their contents. Some make a gorgeous or more simple outside show while within is "all uncleanness." Some of them are held close shut by brazen clasps, but in spite of all efforts at concealment, they are still "known and read of all men." The world *will* see what a man writes in his own life-book. There are sad, sad things to read in many of them. In the earlier pages the name of God may still be traced, faintly written, underlying many soils and stains. Further on it is wantonly and wickedly effaced. *There* tears have fallen—not blotting out guilty words—but softening down the boldness and sharpness of the characters. Still darker stains soil other pages, and dark truths of inner life and feeling are thus written for the world to read, and for the great Judge to record.

But there are others which we far more gladly look upon. In the highest sense they are "living epistles," "manifestly declared to be the *epistles of Christ*." Yet sometimes they are difficult to read. There are traces of former records not setting forth the praise of Christ; or those of the new life are written too frequently in faint letters, or characters of awkward shapes. They should be written fairly and boldly, drawn out with taste and elegance, *adorning* the doctrine of which they bear record to the world, that they may show forth the comeliness and beauty of the Christian life. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." So shall you be "living epistles of Christ," written in the beautiful and attractive form of *illuminated text*.

Matlock, Bath.

F. R. B.

LEBANON.

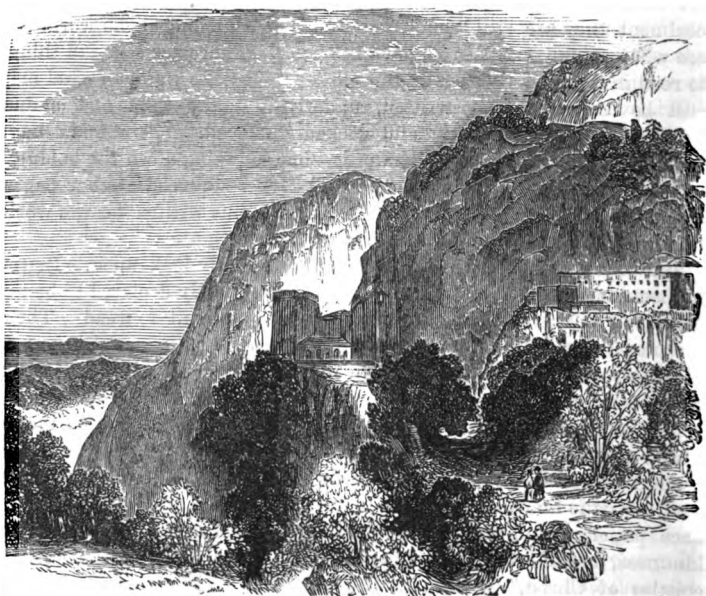
PALESTINE may be spoken of as a mountainous country. To the North

"Hear Lebanon, majestic to the winds,
Chief of a hundred hills, his summit rears
Unshrouded."

And as the eye gazes

"By Jordan south,
Whate'er the desert's yellow arms embrace;
Rich Gilead, Idumea's palmy plain,
And Judah's olive hills; thence onward those
Cliff-guarded eyries, desert bound, whose height
Mocked the proud eagles of rapacious Rome,
The fam'd Petraean citadels; till last
Rise the lone peaks, by heav'n's own glory crowned
Sinai on Horeb piled."

"The highest ridge of the Western Lebanon," says Kitto, "is marked on both sides by a line drawn at a distance of two hours' journey from



A SCENE NEAR LEBANON.

the summit, above which all is barren; but the slopes and valleys below this mark afford pasturage, and are capable of cultivation, by

virtue of the numerous springs, which are met with in all directions. Cultivation is, however, chiefly found on the seaward slopes, where numerous villages flourish, and every inch of ground is turned to account by the industrious natives, who, in the absence of natural levels, build terraces to level the ground, and to prevent the earth from being swept down by the winter rains, and, at the same time, to retain the water requisite for the irrigation of their crops. Here, amid the crags of the rocks, are also to be seen the supposed remains of the renowned cedars, but a much greater number of firs, oaks, brambles, mulberry trees, figs, and vines. The general elevation of Anti-Libanus, is inferior to that of the western range; but about its southward termination, where it divides, to send its branches east and west of the Jordan, the ridge rises loftily, and overtops all the other summits of Lebanon."

Our illustration is of a scene in the vicinity of Lebanon.

THE COMING ELECTION.

A GENTLEMAN of influence in Derbyshire—Mr. I. Wright—recently gave expression to some opinions in regard to the coming election, which are, doubtless, shared by many sincere Churchmen. His argument may be summed up in this, that the proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church is "a concession to Rome." A reply to this line of remark has been issued, from which we may make a few extracts.

"Mr. Wright and I," says the writer, "both alike believe that the principles which underlie our Protestantism, were enunciated by apostolic lips and propagated by the primitive Church. They did not then depend upon the smile of sovereigns for their life, nor need the arm of states for their defence. 'The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed.' All the states in existence then denounced the cause and persecuted its abettors. The empire which had subdued the world determined that the suppression of the Christian religion should be numbered among its triumphs. But in the face of all this, the Christians of that day, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, went forth from conquest to conquest, singing as they went, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, therefore will we not fear.' Is there nothing in the trust and triumphs of those days to reprove the men of our own who are quaking with fear for the safety of the ark because certain human props are about to be taken from it? Is there nothing in the modern history of the Free Church of Scotland to remove the fears of Mr. Wright? Is there nothing in the life and progress of the Nonconformist

Churches of England to inspire his hope that the principles of the Reformation may find refuge, quite as secure, in the Irish Church when free as when established?

"Let all who fear for the safety of Protestantism mark the difference between the case of the clergy and their followers, who were thrown on their own resources in 1662, and the case of the Irish clergy and their members, as Mr. Gladstone proposes to deal with them. The Puritan clergy and their families were turned houseless and homeless upon the world; the Irish clergy will be allowed to keep their homes and live in comfort. The Puritan clergy were suddenly deprived of their incomes, and, by a cruel contrivance, were made to quit their livings just before the year's income became due; the Irish clergy will not be deprived of a shilling as long as they live. The Puritans had no sanctuary in which they could meet; the Irish Protestants will hold their own churches after disestablishment, as now. The Puritan clergy were forbidden to preach, on pain of penalties and imprisonment; the Irish clergy will be at liberty to lift up their voice in defence and propagation of the truth when and where they like. The Puritan Churchmen were not allowed to hold worship in their own houses if more than a certain number were present; the Irish Churchmen will be at liberty to turn every house into a sanctuary if they wish, and every one whose heart the Lord inclines will be at liberty to speak to his neighbours the words of everlasting life.

"The principles of the Reformation were safe in the custody of these Puritan defenders, notwithstanding the disadvantages of their situation. The cause which they embraced, though denounced by human laws, and opposed and persecuted by all the civil powers of the state, lived and prospered. The Free Churches which they planted in the land, in spite of all the civil disabilities from which their members suffered, have gone on increasing in numbers, influence, and power. And will the members of the Church of England be the only party in the land who cannot trust their Church to the love and fidelity of its own members? Will they proclaim to the world that they have so little faith in God, and so little confidence in their own principles, that they will rather sacrifice their own political consistency than see a human prop withdrawn from their support? If so, the dishonour will rest upon themselves, and the Church will be wounded by the efforts made to serve her. Let every honest-hearted Liberal, and I will add, let every enlightened Churchman say—Be that dishonour far from me. . . .

"And does Mr. Wright really think that the interests of Protestantism and the purity of worship will be safer in the keeping of Tory gentlemen,

than in the hands of the Liberal candidates? Is Osmaston Manor so far nestled within the seclusion of the Derbyshire hills, that Mr. Wright is ignorant of so much that has been going on in the outer world within the last two years? Does he not know that the Hubbards and Denisons, and nineteen-twentieths of the Ritualistic clergy are Tories of the deepest blue? Has he heard nothing of a 'levelling upward' process? Have no sounds of 'a Catholic University for Ireland' reached his ear? And is it to a Government which has betrayed its friends, and shown an example of political immorality never surpassed in the history of the nation, that Mr. Wright is going to give his confidence and his help?

"Brother electors, you are called to do battle in a noble warfare. Whoever falters, do you stand firm. Whoever turns aside, do you hold together an unbroken phalanx. Whoever stops, do you march on and keep abreast with the advancing intelligence of the age. Do honour to Protestant principles, by showing that you can trust their defence to the truth and goodness that are in them. Do honour to the God of the Church, by showing that you can trust His own cause to His own keeping, while you are following out the principles and precepts of His word. By your voices and your votes, tell the world that you appreciate the virtues of a true man like Mr. Gladstone, and that you mean to help him to carry out his policy of justice and freedom."

SELF-RECOMMENDED.

"GENTLEMEN," once said Mr. Binney, when receiving the uproarious welcome of the New College students, "Edmund Burke remarks that 'it is the part of genius to restrain its own enthusiasm.'" But it seems that in this enlightened age there are some whose genius knows no such limitations. Their enthusiasm no failures can check, no disappointments can chill, no humiliations can thwart. Their object, too, is laudable; they desire "the office of a bishop," and that is to desire a good thing. Having by some means or other—which we will not particularly scrutinise—obtained the concurrence of some too amiable brethren, and having been set apart to an office and a work for which, unhappily for all concerned, they have few qualifications, they become an incubus upon the denomination which has the misfortune to number them upon its rolls. Perhaps such an one gets a charge; but after a while it is intimated in the public journals that the Rev. Mr. So-and-so has resigned his pastorate. From that hour it is the solitary passion of his soul to secure another post.

And when, one by one, his friends find that all their influence is in vain, and that, indeed, they only compromise their own judgment by saying a word in his favour, he takes up a new line of action, and *recommends himself*.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are far from being satisfied with the arrangements now existing by which unattached ministers and vacant Churches are brought into connection with each other; and our want of method causes many honourable and sensitive men and many well-meaning Churches seriously to suffer. From time to time proposals have been put forth with the design of remedying these evils, and we will add, that any plan likely to amend them will deserve the thoughtful consideration of the denomination. But it is not of such cases that we have now to speak. We refer to a handful of men, unhappily belonging to the ministry, whose lives are devoted to one design—by hook or by crook to get a pastorate. They are but few, yet their activity makes them appear as if many; and, as they bring sorrow and shame wherever they go, it is well that their haunts and habits should be particularly noted.

One of these gentry has often crossed our path. We would not find fault with him because his origin was lowly, but because his antecedents were in all respects low, and because the only prominence he attained before he entered the ministry was as a disturber of the peace of a respectable Church. Subsequently he managed, in an obscure part of the country, to worm his way into a little ministerial coterie, and, ignorant of the history of their candidate, in an evil hour—which one of them, at least, has often repented—they ordained him. His name has never been tolerated on the pages of the *Year Book*, as his reputation had long been known at head-quarters; but still he claims in all respects to be a qualified minister of the Independent denomination. He has long been reduced to the melancholy ultimatum of having to recommend himself. But to this he has become accustomed, and he does the work very well. He assures the officers of the bereaved Church of the deep and disinterested condolence he feels towards them; that he is actuated in addressing them only by the loftiest motives; and that he is in the enjoyment of gifts and graces which peculiarly qualify him to undertake their pastoral oversight. Moreover he baits the sharp fangs of his hook with one most tempting morsel. It is that, as he is possessed of private means, any salary that could be offered him is quite a subordinate consideration. We need scarcely say, that if the chance of securing a gentleman of such private means and such eminent public gifts does not become a sweet bait under the tongue of the responsible

deacon of some poor Church, such deacon is more than ordinarily unappreciative of self-recommended ministers.

Another similar communication lies before us. It is addressed from a neighbourhood associated with deeds of the romance of outlawry, and perhaps this circumstance may have inspired the writer with ideas which cannot be limited by the range of modern conventionalities. He evidently possesses a disposition of unusual amiability, for he addresses entire strangers in terms of much endearment. He expresses the pleasure with which he has learned that there are many excellent and devoted friends in that particular congregation, who, he understands, would be especially edified by his services. But, after a few little discursive flights of affection and compliment, he gets to business. "Well, my dear sir, I have never visited your interesting town, and should like much to do so." It is remarkable that, whatever the place in which his correspondent happens to live, the writer is oppressed by a peculiar solicitude to visit it. "I am disengaged," he continues, "next Lord's-day, and, if you have an opening then, allow me the pleasure of embracing it, please." We have before heard of filling a void, and of embracing a friend, but it must be a new sensation to "embrace an opening." But we must be grave, for we are approaching a grave subject. "My preaching," adds the modest and candid writer and preacher, "your people will find not only of the INTERESTING character, but, by the Divine blessing, QUICKENING and INSPIRING,—and WOULD DO THEM GOOD. (The capitals are the writer's.) I don't know how your congregations are, numerically, but, should they unhappily be small, perhaps I had better take two Sabbaths, and then, on the first Sabbath, announce striking interesting SUBJECTS for the Sabbath following." Such is the style, and there are four full pages of it, addressed to the officers of vacant Churches, breathing sentiments of ardent personal regard for people he has never seen, and pressing his inestimable services upon an unappreciative Church. Three of these precious documents are now in our possession, and we have no doubt that thirty could be easily obtained.

"I have now," says a correspondent, "a quarto printed sheet containing about thirty 'testimonials' from one of these self-recommended gentlemen, who says:—'Seeing by the *Year Book* that your Church is vacant,' etc. The rest of the communication may be imagined."

We hope that a stand will be made against all applications from self-commending parsons. Such gentlemen should be put in a literary pillory for the terror of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well.

THE SECRET DISCIPLE.

PASSING through the parish churchyard not many weeks ago, I overtook a young woman, who had just seated herself upon a projecting stone to rest. Her face was familiar to my eye, but her history was nearly unknown to me. The little I did know was all to her advantage. A neighbour had some time before said in my presence: "Jane F—— is a good, industrious, self-denying daughter." I had not crossed her path since, and was now astonished to see the change wrought in her by disease. During eight weeks she had been confined to the house, except on an occasional warm soft day. Her condition in life was very humble. Toilsome employment and hard fare had been her lot. In personal appearance she bore evidences of much natural taste, coupled with habits of order and cleanliness. Her manner combined soberness with cheerfulness. The term of her earthly sojourn appeared to be nearly up. This she knew, and, though on some accounts she half-wished to prolong her stay, the inviting character of her prospect caused her to long for the time when she should be "for ever with the Lord."

Her history is a short one. At an early age she lost her father. Her mother was left in lone charge of several children, all under an age to care for or to help themselves. In the course of a few years only three children survived. Bad constitutions and poor food had cut short their young lives. Mrs. F—— toiled almost night and day to find bread and clothing for her fatherless ones, and to keep a home for them. Her heart, however, often ached, when she failed to hide from herself the painful truth, that her children had died from want of that nourishment which her means failed to provide. The three survivors were sent to school, in turn. Jane so improved her opportunity that she soon learned to read and to write. At fourteen, though she had, for some years before this age, been a great help and comfort to her mother, it was by both thought best that she should be apprenticed for three years to learn the dress-making trade. Her hours of work, according to agreement, were long, namely, from eight in the morning to eight at night; but the urgency of customers caused her employer often to exact longer hours. It was not unfrequently eleven o'clock, and sometimes even midnight, before this willing, patient, apt girl reached her home. With all this demand upon her time and strength, she contrived to make and to mend all, or nearly so, that had to be made or mended for her sisters and mother. When the term of her apprenticeship

expired, her health had declined considerably. It was not, however, in her nature to complain. Being already well known amongst her class and neighbours, and joining good work to good taste, she obtained abundant employment; from the very first day she took in work on her own account, until, eleven years afterwards, when all at once and for ever she failed to labour. Jane was anxious to keep the old home over her mother's head, after excessive toil had broken down the good mother's strength. In this worthy ambition she succeeded. No pleasure could divert her from what to her was a greater pleasure, namely, the path of filial duty as marked out by her judgment and conscience. While young people of her own age and station in life justified themselves in the expenditure of time and means in pursuit of enjoyments, so-called, of a very questionable nature, she quietly shook her head, and remarked: "The 'feast,' with its finery, its eating and drinking, its nonsense, dancing, late hours, and coarse companionships, will neither make me stronger in body, nor yet purer in heart. These things cannot possibly make me love my home, my mother, my quiet, nor yet my Saviour more, but just the contrary. I choose to give up such pleasures, if they ever can be pleasures, and to content myself with my cottage comforts, my good old mother's smile, and the blessing of God, which I am sure He bestows upon me."

Neighbours said:—"There's nobody like Jane. She's without a fault." When, in interviews subsequent to our first churchyard talk, we freely spoke to each other upon the subject of personal goodness, she differed widely concerning herself from those who said she was "faultless." She felt her imperfections keenly, while she desired and strove to attain that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." From a child she had learned the Scriptures, and from a child her heart had been influenced by the Gospel. The love of Christ had captivated her affections ere she had seen her twelfth year. Her natural reserve, coupled with the seclusion which her constant employment at home occasioned, had hindered her becoming known as a disciple of Christ. She had often desired to make a public profession of her Lord, yet, when opportunity presented itself for her to express that desire, she shrank from the avowal, and became "tongue-tied." "I could not, as it seemed to me, say what I so much wished to say, though my salvation had depended upon my words. I was not only not ashamed of Christ, but I felt I should be honoured by becoming His acknowledged follower, and wished sincerely to tell to all around what a dear Saviour I had found." So years passed by, and she remained a secret disciple. No one was more constant in attendance upon public worship. The

adult class which was formed for Bible study was the means of much good to her, and the source of much comfort.

The silent enemy, *consumption*, which from her earliest years had taken possession of her lungs, suddenly and most rapidly developed itself. It was a few weeks after this sudden, though not to herself entirely unexpected attack, our first conversation was held. Before a fortnight had passed, she had told me the history of a long and ever-maturing Christian experience. She had lived from childhood in the enjoyment of the presence and friendship of Jesus. During the prolonged sittings of the fashionable "season," when her needle had to be plied frequently through twenty hours in succession, she rarely experienced a sense of loneliness. The words, "I am with thee," she understood as perhaps only here and there a Christian understands them. When the approaching enemy drew near, his footsteps occasioned her no alarm. His coming, according to the showing of the Book which she had so often and so gladly read, pondered, and prayed over, appeared to be so much a matter of course that she spoke of it as people usually do of any of the inevitable common events which are not in themselves agreeable to us.

The traveller who has a piece of rugged ground to cross in order to reach the picturesque and inviting country beyond, despises the ruggedness of his temporary path, almost ceases to notice it—so absorbed is he in the prospect.

Thus did Jane rise above present conditions of weakness and of pain, and of the fear of death, in an ecstasy of joy as the eye of her faith roamed over "the sunny hills of immortality."

"Sing that hymn over me after I am dead which I now love to sing in spirit, and which I often sang with my voice before it failed me:—

'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou art near.'

How bright His presence has made my way all along, and makes it even now that I am drawing near the river of death. My prayer still is—

'Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.'

On the last day of her tenancy of the house of clay, she remarked—"How much real happiness one in lowly life may obtain by living in humble dependence upon Christ. I have had to work hard and to bear some suffering, but the joy of the Lord has been my strength and solace. I have found in the light of His countenance 'a little heaven below.' I feel that I shall to-day be called to say 'good-bye' to you for a season."

Taking up a hymn-book which she kept upon the bed, she listened to the verse of Taylor's—

"There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home."

After a quiet interval she whispered—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. How precious! how precious!"

The day wore on. As sunset approached, the splendour of the evening sky appeared to awaken bright thoughts of heaven. Suddenly she said—"In about half-an-hour I shall be in heaven." Her words were fulfilled. As the golden glory of the western sky reached its perfection of beauty, she ceased to breathe.

"Death came gently o'er her,
As slumber o'er a child."

Huntingdonshire.

L.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE approach of the time for the disestablishment of the Irish and perhaps of the English Church, is leading wise men in that communion, to consider the momentous question of the nature of a true Church, and how the Anglican Church shall prove itself to be true and to be efficient, when State support and State shackle shall be things of the past. Synods and congresses are meeting; the advice and co-operation of the laity is being invoked, and important deliverances are uttered.

The Rev. F. W. Farrer, for instance, gave expression to his conviction, that the units of the Church are the baptised,—in other words, not the congregation but the Christian; and at Dublin, he declared that "the Church consisted not of the clergy but of the laity, and that the latter were bound to assert each in his own sphere, a right to a Christian priesthood." Dean Howson insisted that lay help must play a greater part in the Church of the future than it had ever done. The Church of England, he said, was "too clerical. If it was disestablished to-morrow, it would be thrown on the world in the form of a clerical skeleton." We need not point out how these statements approximate towards the great principles which the Nonconformist Churches of the land have lived and have suffered to teach.

The Irish Church Commissioners have at last published their report, and given fresh food for the insatiable appetite which prevails on the subject. Those who hoped that the Commissioners would solve the Irish Church difficulty are doomed to disappointment. The chief advices contained in the report are sensible enough. A reduction in the number and in the incomes of bishops, in the number of archdeacons in cathedral establishments; a re-arrangement of benefices, &c., &c., are

proposed. "Our readers," says the *Nonconformist*, "if they are sufficiently interested in ascertaining all the minor particulars of a scheme which comes five-and-twenty years too late, will find them in another column." The *Christian World* says:—"The Commissioners deserve our thanks for having conclusively swept away a number of false arguments brought forward in defence of the Irish Establishment, but their report will neither avert nor postpone its doom."

A writer in the *Guardian*, who was in Italy in the spring, and talked to several Roman dignitaries, vouches that "the belief among them was universal that Mr. Disraeli had a scheme for the gradual disestablishment and endowment of the Roman Catholic Church." One of the Pope's official journals, the *Osservatore Romano*, praised Mr. Disraeli for his secret leanings to the Roman Catholics, and abused Mr. Gladstone for spoiling Mr. Disraeli's plan—that plan, as explained by the editor, being most marvellously shadowed forth by the hints in Lord Mayo's notorious speech. A Roman Catholic University was to be endowed, and the priesthood partially endowed also, out of funds which would be provided by the suppression of some of the bishoprics and incumbencies of the Irish Church. This, it was argued, would prepare the way for the Romanists, who would gradually appropriate the revenues and dignities of the Protestant Establishment, while Mr. Gladstone's plan would destroy all chance of an Establishment for Rome. The Pope decorated this editor for his zeal and ability in the Papal interest. The writer in the *Guardian* further asserts that when Mr. Gladstone gave notice of his resolutions, a Roman Catholic gentleman of great ability, who enjoys the confidence of the Irish hierarchy, and is deep in the secrets of the Vatican, requested an interview with Mr. Gladstone, and urged him to abandon his Irish Church policy, as being most prejudicial to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church. We shall get at the truth gradually, and the country will know who is the intriguer, and who it is that favours Popery.

The number of clergymen of the Church of England who are in favour of the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland is becoming greater. The archdeacon of Raphoe, a dignitary of the Irish Church, declares that "if Irish churchmen wish to retain one shred of purity, freedom, or independence, they must dissolve their connection with the State." The Rev. John Ingle, a Devonshire clergyman, attended an anti-State Church lecture to say that he hoped "that monstrous abuse—the Irish Church—would be swept away." The Rev. J. C. Gill, of Lewisham, declares his inability to say anything in defence of the Irish Church. The Rev. John Congreve, rector of Tooting, has come forward to give

his support to Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church policy. The Rev. Dr. Miller, one of the ablest living representatives of the Evangelical party, promises to vote for Mr. Gladstone, thereby, he says, "doing what I can to remedy the present anomalous and unjust state of things in Ireland; and, at the same time, to protest calmly but firmly against the attacks made upon that great statesman." The Rev. Dr. Temple, of Rugby, has delivered a speech which the *Nonconformist* says is mild in language, but is the severest denunciation of the Irish Establishment that has of late years proceeded from the mouth of any man. He is forced, he says, to speak, for he is so impressed with the discredit brought upon the Church of England by maintaining in the sister country an Establishment which can number only one-eighth of the population among its adherents, that he must refuse to be a party to the maintenance even of the English Establishment, if that requires such injustice to be done in Ireland. Dr. Temple's speech was, says the *English Independent*, worthy of a successor of Arnold, and must have great weight with intelligent people.

Dr. Vaughan, of Doncaster—"whose statesmanlike mind is scarcely equalled," says the *Nonconformist*, "by any clergyman in the Established Church," has declared it as his opinion that Church people must prepare themselves for a speedy and a scarcely gradual demolition of all that has been distinctive, all that has been exceptionally advantageous in their position. Dr. Vaughan also recalls the hitherto unreported words of Dr. Jeune, late Bishop of Peterborough, in which the Bishop was accustomed to say, "If I live ten years longer I shall be the last Bishop of Peterborough." The *English Independent* says, "We were told only a week ago, by an Evangelical layman, of one of the northern bishops having summoned a meeting of all the clergy of his diocese, to consult as to the future of the Church when it should be disestablished, and," said our informant, "not half of his clergy would come. They foresee that the moment the iron hoop of the State is removed, the institution must fall into sections for want of any internal and vital coherence of its own."

A Welsh clergyman, the Rev. P. C. Ellis, is in a panic at coming events. He trembles to think what the report of the state of the Church in Wales will disclose, as he believes its position is worse than that of the Church in Ireland. If the Church in Ireland is to be disestablished, because she has only one in five-and-a-half of the population, what, he asks, is to become of the Church in Wales which can claim only one in fifteen?

A clerical appointment at Manchester is exciting some discontent.

The Bishop has appointed the Archdeacon (Durnford) to the vacant canonry in the cathedral which is worth £600 a year. Before that, the papers say the poor archdeacon was struggling on a pittance of £2,000 per annum, derived from two other livings.

At the opening of "Emmanuel Church," at Brighton, which has lately been erected for Dr. Winslow, the Rev. I. Knapp—the popular Evangelical clergyman, of Portsea, preached one of the sermons. The sin which Mr. Knapp thus committed has been considered a very grievous and audacious one, and the Bishop of Chichester, by way of punishment, has inhibited him from again officiating, until he shall have purged himself "of his offence." Already it would appear the action of the Bishop in Mr. Knapp's case has had the effect of preventing those who wish to be friendly with Nonconformists from associating with them in Christian worship. The Rev. Mr. Clay, of St. Margaret's Chapel, Brighton, had promised, and was advertised to give one of a series of addresses at the Pavilion, but, frightened by the experience of Mr. Knapp, he declined to fulfil his engagement. "Is this the end," exclaims the *English Independent*, "of all that has been said, written, and heard, about 'fraternisation with Dissenters?'"

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of Mr. Joseph Crossley, of Halifax, an event which will occasion deep regret throughout the whole Congregational body. Mr. Crossley died very suddenly, an affection of the heart, it is believed, having been the cause of his death. Mr. Crossley had the misfortune to fracture his thigh at Ulleswater; he was believed to be recovering, and returned to Broomfield. He had kept his bed since his return, and on the day of his death had partaken of a hearty dinner. As he was relating an anecdote to his attendant he suddenly stopped, was seen to gasp, and then heard to say, "Throw open the window." A moment after he murmured, "Lord have mercy on me." Medical aid was speedily obtained, but Mr. Crossley was dead. The beautiful almshouses which Mr. Crossley built at Halifax, and furnished with every convenience for the use of their aged inmates, remain one of the many monuments of his noble liberality.

A new church has been opened at Brighton, of which the Rev. Dr. Octavius Winslow—only a few months ago a Baptist preacher in Bath—is minister. The church is "for the accommodation of those who love the Church of England Liturgy, but yet desire to sever themselves from the Establishment." Dr. Winslow does not, in the position he has taken, abjure his old Nonconformist principles.

While (in consequence of our large circulation) we are going to press, the Congregational Union is holding its Autumnal Sessions at Leeds.

On the Monday evening, October 12th, the Rev. T. Binney preached from the text, Hebrews xiii. 22, "And I beseech you, brethren, suffer the word of exhortation: for I have written a letter unto you in few words." Mr. Binney was suffering from an accident which occurred last year, and therefore delivered his discourse sitting. He mentioned that he had occupied the same pulpit five-and-twenty years before. On the Tuesday morning there was a large assembly of ministers and delegates in Queen Street Chapel; Dr. Raleigh presided, and delivered the introductory address. In adverting to the Irish Church question, he said it was "a great injustice to Dissenters to suppose that they were wanting to achieve a victory. In their opinion the good men of the Church were not going to fall, but were going to rise." The Rev. Joseph Beazley, of Blackheath, read a paper on "The Terms and Design of Church-membership;" and the Rev. W. Roberts, of Holloway, on "The relation of Children to the Church." On Tuesday evening the annual meeting was held in the East Parade Chapel, Mr. Edward Baines, M.P., in the chair. The Rev. J. C. Harrison, the Rev. R. W. Dale, the Rev. Dr. Parker, Mr. Samuel Morley, and Dr. George Smith, addressed the meeting. The Rev. A. Hannay, M.A., read a paper on "The Claims of the Temperance Movement on the Church," and several gentlemen advocated its importance. The next Autumnal Meeting of the Congregational Union is to be held at Wolverhampton.

It is proposed to raise a monument in Torquay Cemetery to mark the spot where lie the remains of the late Dr. Robert Vaughan.

Miss Harriet Graham, daughter of the late Bishop of Chester, recently obtained permission to take five orphan children from the work-house to be maintained and educated at St. John's Orphanage, of which she is matron, the guardians paying half the cost of the support of the children. It is now said that the establishment is a Popish one, and that the children have been kept upon their knees on the cold flags of the cathedral during the whole of the communion service, in adoration of the Holy Eucharist. The matter has been taken up, and the guardians demand the return of the children. Land has been purchased, at a cost of £40,000, near Buckingham Palace, for the erection of a Roman Catholic cathedral, in memory of Cardinal Wiseman.

A new Congregational Chapel has been opened at Hythe which will seat 400 persons, at a cost of £2,500. A new Congregational Chapel has been opened at Scadwell, Northamptonshire. More than £140 was realised by a bazaar held at Redcar, for the purpose of clearing off the debt which was on the Congregational Chapel. The memorial stone of a new Chapel has been laid by J. R. Mills, Esq., M.P., in Finsbury, on

the site of the old Chapel raised in 1743, by the Rev. G. Whitfield, and long the place of his ministerial labours. A new Congregational Church has been opened at Tenby, to hold 500 people, or, by the removal of the shutters which separate the Church from the school-room, to contain 250 persons more. The foundation stone of a new Congregational Chapel has been laid at Llandrindod Wells, Radnorshire, by H. O. Wills, Esq., of Bristol. A new Nonconformist grammar-school has been opened at Bishop's Stortford. The memorial stone of a new Congregational Chapel has been laid at Mere, Wiltshire, by Mr. Rawlinson of Taunton.

Mr. J. Geddes, of Hackney College, has accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Bexley Heath; Rev. C. C. Burnett, of Willesden-green, that of the Church at Newmarket; Rev. V. P. Sells, that of the Bower Hinton Congregational Church; Mr. J. Bennetts, of Nottingham Institute, that of the Haydon Bridge Congregational Church, Northumberland; Mr R. Tout, of Bristol Institute, that of the Ruberby Congregational Church; the Rev. J. Morlais Jones, of Brynmawr, that of the Welsh Church, Wrexham; the Rev. J. Whewell, of West Bromwich, that of Vicarlane Congregational Church, Coventry; Mr. A. J. Bedells, of Lancashire Independent College, that of Cemeteryward Congregational Church, Sheffield; the Rev. G. Firth, of Sax-mundham, that of the Forest-gate Independent Church; Mr. B. W. Saunders, of Hackney College, that of the Congregational Church, Wethersfield, Essex; Mr. Robins, of the Nottingham Institute, that of the Church at Kirton, Lincolnshire; Mr. G. Broadhouse, of Birmingham, that of the Church at King's Cliffe, Northamptonshire; the Rev H. Thomas, B.A., of West Hartlepool; that of the Independent Church, Buckingham; the Rev. J. Lambert, that of Whitfield Tabernacle, Bristol; the Rev. C. Perks, of Ramsbury, that of the Congregational Church, Stoke Godlington, Bucks; the Rev. N. T. Langridge, of St. Mary Cray, Kent, that of Selhurst Congregational Church; Mr. J. Bruce, of the Bristol Institute, that of the Church at Saul, Gloucestershire; Dr. Ritchie, of Bovey Tracey, Devon, that of Liskeard Congregational Church, Cornwall.

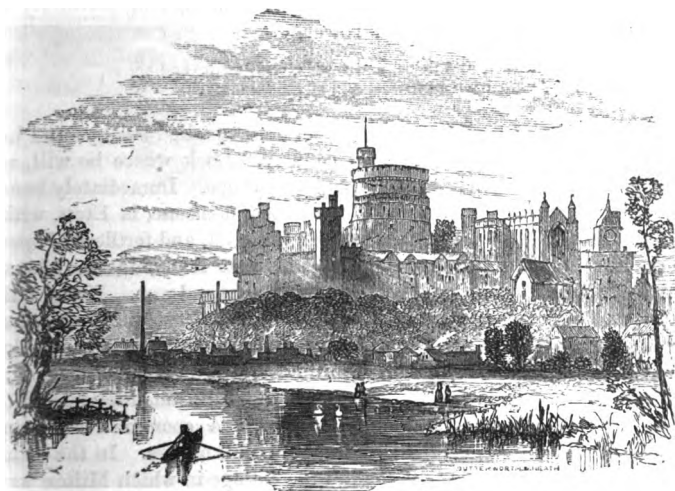
The Rev. W. Griffith, late of Hitchin, has been recognised as pastor of the Congregational Church, Eastbourne; the Rev. J. Ruddock, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Westbury, Wilts; and the Rev. Joseph Williams, at the Collegiate Church, Leicester.

Mr. H. Dewey has been ordained to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Harleston, Norfolk; and the Rev. S. Patton, at East Knoyle, Wilts.

DOWN THE THAMES.

WINDSOR—OLD AND NEW.

CAMDEN conjectures "plausibly enough," that Windsor derived its name from the winding shores of the adjacent river, being by the Saxons called "Wyndleshore;" in very ancient documents it is also so termed; and by Leland, Windlesore. The earliest notice of "Wyndleshore" is to be found in the "deed of gift" by which the Confessor presented it to the monks of St. Peter's, Westminster, he having a residence here. It did not, however, continue long in their possession, for the Conqueror, very soon after he subjugated England, "being enamoured of its situation, its convenience for the pleasures of the chase, the pureness of the air, and its vicinity to woods and waters," obtained it, "in exchange," bestowing on the monastery Wakendane and Feringes, in Essex. He at once commenced building a castle on the pleasant site, and in the



WINDSOR CASTLE.

fourth year of his reign kept his court there, and held there a synod; for eight centuries and a half, therefore, Windsor has been the palace of the British sovereigns, and its history is, in a great degree, that of the kingdom over which they ruled.

Windsor Castle has been always described as the only royal residence

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in England ; certainly it is the only appanage of the crown that can be considered on a par with those regal dwellings in which other European sovereigns reside, or compared with some of the seats of our nobility scattered throughout the several shires. It is in truth a palace worthy of our monarch, rising proudly on a steep which commands prospects innumerable on all sides. There is, perhaps, no single spot in our island from which can be obtained so grand an idea of the beauty and the wealth of England :—

“ And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.”

But, greatest among all the many attractions of Windsor Castle are, perhaps those, which are presented to the visitor by the views he obtains from the terraces, or any of the adjacent heights, and especially from the battlements of “ the Round Tower,”—

“ Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and silver streams.”

He stands in the centre of a panorama of unequalled beauty, and he is, as he ought to be, proud of his country. Look where he will, some object of deep and exciting interest meets his eye. Immediately beneath him, and seeming as if part of the grand demesne, is Eton, with its many associations of the present and the past, and fertile in hopes of the future. Here Wellington learned his first lesson in war ; here, in his boyhood, the victory of Waterloo was fought and won. Here William Pitt, and here also his great father, were the embryo pilots who steered “ the ship ” through the storm ; here Bolingbroke, Camden, Walpole, Fielding, Boyle, Fox, Porson, Canning, and a host of other eminent men, laid the foundation of that renown which became the glory of their country. Further on is Slough, where, in a comparatively humble dwelling, the Herschels held commune with the stars. In the distance are the hills and woods that shadow the cottage in which Milton wrote ; the mansion in which Edmund Waller and Edmund Burke lived and died ; and the little graveyard of “ the Friends,” where William Penn is at rest. . . .

Perhaps there are not so many dwellings in Old Windsor now as there were when the Norman took possession of England, and, naturally and rationally preferring the height to the dell, to overlook the Thames rather than submit to its occasional inundations, commenced the fortress



A SCENE AT OLD WINDSOR.

that has endured for eight centuries and a half, without having encountered any of those "battles, sieges, fortunes," to which so many other "strong places" have succumbed.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

A SAD TRAGEDY.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

IN one of the beautiful Hebrew parallelisms in the Psalms we read thus:—"The foolishness of man perverteth his way, and *then* his heart fretteth against the Lord." I have italicised the *then*, both because it is not in our translation, and because it brings out the meaning of the English words. Man goes astray of himself, and then blames God for the misery he has to endure. I purpose in this article to give a very startling example of this. I had been attending a meeting of the Rescue Society,

at St. Saviour's School Rooms, Chelsea, and was returning home in company with the late beloved pastor of Markham-square Chapel, the Rev. R. Brindley. Whilst speaking on behalf of the Institution for recovering poor lost girls from the paths of misery and vice, I noticed a gentlemanly-looking eager-eyed man sitting within a few benches of me, evidently very attentive, and there was something in his demeanour which made me mark him out from the rest of the large audience.

Mr. Brindley and myself came out ere the meeting was over; it was then dark, and the lamps cast their fitful glare upon a rather dimly-lighted street. We had not gone many yards before this strange gentleman joined us, and persisted in pressing upon us his views about society; this was wrong and that was wrong, such and such social laws were iniquitous and evil, and even the great Lawgiver himself came in for some animadversion. Wishing to be quit of so troublesome a companion, after having exhausted all attempts to prove to him the iniquity of profligacy, and the blessedness of the Gospel of Christ, we hurried on; but he still accompanied us—there was certainly a wildish glare in his brilliant eye—and when we reached Mr. Brindley's house I walked in with him, and we left the stranger—who had given us some little insight into his history—with a commendation to seek the Great Physician. He turned and looked us full in the face, and said—"The next you hear of me I shall be on the gallows." We thought little of his utterance at the time, save that it was the bravado of folly; but his words were true. He was then on his way home to Putney, and in a few months afterwards we saw his likeness in the prints; he proved to be the murderer Forward, *alias* Southey, who destroyed his three children in London, and then shot his wife at Ramsgate—the awful tragedy which filled the papers at the time.

I seem to see written under his history these words—"The foolishness of man perverteth his way, and *then* his heart fretteth against the Lord." It is seldom that so startling an occurrence takes place as this to which I have briefly referred, but it is an index to many states of heart. Pride, prejudice, and enmity to holiness, keep the wicked from the great salvation; and whilst their way is full of evidence that sin is the perversion of all happiness, they cast the blame either on society or on God! Yet they fret against God; they are so ill at ease, so full of inward grievance and misery, that *fret* they must. Happiness gone, self-respect vanished, self-restraint gone, they turn to the Great Father of spirits, and fret against Him—thoughtless of the fact that He desireth not the death of a sinner; that He who could not spare His only begotten Son, yet spared Him not, that the lost everywhere might

believe and be saved; that He has placed a preacher in the temple of every man's conscience, and by the scenes of His providence, as well as the words of His Gospel, has thus warned and counselled against sin.

Self-shame is so painful, that men everywhere like to cast it on some other being. There is no other punishment so painful; it makes a very hell of the human heart; and so, seeking after false views of the cause of their misery, men try to cast the blame on God. Fatalists in every age have sought to do this, to make crime and vice a necessary outcome of character and circumstance; but all the laws of our being resent a theory so monstrous. The consciousness within breaks through this cobweb of excuses, and the great soul cries—"against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and *done this sin* in Thy sight."

Let those be warned amongst the young who think that false excuses for sin will wear well; they may do amidst the excitement and enjoyment of pleasure, but they are weaker than the weakest reed to resist the rush of conscience; they snap, those weak "withes" do, at once, and the Samson nature rises amid their ruins to assert the Divine truth—the destruction of the wicked is of themselves.

Such an illustration of a gnawing discontent and inner desperation, as in the wayside walk of that evening, I have never met with; the heart still fretting, fretting, fretting against law, and government, and God. On that cold cheerless night, under the glare of the street lamp, now nearly three years ago, I seem to see that brilliantly flashing eye, and to hear those solemn words, so awfully fulfilled—"next, the gallows!"

That way was *perverted* indeed, but it was not by any awful fate, but by the awful choice! We choose the master we serve, and the path we walk in, and the goal we seek; and when the wages are bitter, and the work of inner misery begins, then commences a fretting against the Lord.

EDMUND.

"I AM fain you are come, John, but you have only come to see a wreck—a poor skeleton," were Edmund's first words.

"But why are you glad to see me? I fear I can do but little for you now, Edmund."

"But surely I must not die as I am—unprepared, unprepared; surely not, surely not!"

"But I cannot save you, Edmund, nor all the men in the world; no, nor all the saints and angels in heaven."

"But surely I must be saved, John; what must I do? do tell me?"

"Do you believe you are a sinner, Edmund?"

"Yes, I do," was his reply.

"Do you *feel* that you are a sinner?—for there is a vast difference between simply believing it and feeling it."

"Yes, I do, John," he replied.

"Do you believe that Christ died for you, and that He can save you?"

"Yes, I believe He could; but I don't believe He ever will."

"Then there is no hope for you. If you don't believe He *will* save you, how can you be saved?"

"Well, then, I can never be saved; for I have been so wicked and sinned so long, and done it with my eyes wide open, for I knew better. Sabbath-breaking has brought me to this; that was my first wrong step. Oh, that I could but undo what I have done; but this can never be! What must be done?"

"Believe that Christ will save you, Edmund," I answered.

"But how can I?—how can I?"

"Because He says He will, and you ought to believe Him, for if you don't you grieve Him."

"Where does Christ say that? Do tell me, John."

"You read many times in the Bible-class, at school, these words:—'*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—He came to seek and to save that which was lost;*' and to those that are burdened with sin, He says, '*Come to me, and I will give you rest.*'"

I then paused, to let the merciful words of a merciful Saviour have their full weight. For a long time we were both silent; I feared to disturb his thoughts, for he was evidently surprised at what had been said. I took out my handkerchief to wipe the tears that were running down each side of his face, but still I spoke not. Heaving a deep sigh, he quietly turned his head, and, looking me in the face, slowly said:—

"Is it so?—is there mercy for me?"

Seeing he was exhausted, I took my pocket Testament, read some portions suitable for his condition, and then knelt down to plead for poor Edmund. Oh, how precious to me was the sinner's Friend at that moment!

During that night Edmund was taken with a fit of coughing, and burst a blood vessel; and when I called the following morning, I saw a worn-out body covered with a white sheet. Edmund was dead.

Do I think he was saved? the reader will anxiously ask. I dare not answer the question. The Judge of all the earth will do right.—*John Ashworth.*

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

SECURE is the man who builds upon Christ. He is more secure than the "pillars of the earth," for they shall one day tremble. He is firmer than the "everlasting hills," for they shall ere long be moved. The world on which we stand, and the firmament above, are temporary, uncertain, and insecure compared with Him, for "heaven and earth shall pass away." "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up;" but God's covenant with the believer is an "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure," and this covenant God "will not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of his lips." How can the man be otherwise than secure who builds upon Christ? Will Christ allow him to be moved? Never. "My sheep," He says, "shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." The believer is "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Secure is the man who builds upon the sure foundation, not only in sunshine and calm, but also amid storms and tempests. Let the wildest storm of afflictions and trials beat around him—

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall"—

he is safe, and he feels himself safe, for above the howling of winds, and the rushing of waters, he hears the voice of Jesus saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God." "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." The most fearful storm of all—the storm of the hour of death, gathers around the man, but he is secure even then. Building on the sure foundation, trusting in Jesus, he can calmly and confidently look up to Him in whom he trusts, and say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

When John Knox was dying, he said, "Live in Christ, live in Christ, and the flesh need not fear death." He built upon the sure foundation. Rutherford's last words were, "If He should slay me ten thousand times ten thousand times, I'll trust. Oh for arms to embrace Him!"

Oh, for a well-tuned harp!" He built upon the sure foundation. John Wesley, when dying, said, "The best of all is, God is with us;" and Charles Wesley said, "I shall be satisfied with thy likeness—satisfied—satisfied." They built upon the sure foundation. Dr. Payson, as he was about to depart, said, "The battle's fought, the battle's fought; and the victory is won, the victory is won, for ever! I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity and benevolence and happiness to all eternity. Faith and patience hold out." He built upon the sure foundation. A minister of Christ, when dying, was asked, "And now, what is your hope?" Being raised in bed, with lifted eye and outstretched arm, he said, "Christ in the divinity of His nature, Christ in the perfection of His atonement, Christ in the prevalence of His intercession, Christ in the love of His heart, and in the power of His arm, is the Rock on which I rest; and now, death, do your worst." He built upon the sure foundation. Thousands upon thousands of believers in Jesus have been filled with rapturous delight in prospect of their departure, and thousands upon thousands more have awaited the summons with calmness and hope. And when the last great day shall dawn, "when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, and he shall sit upon the throne of his glory: when before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left," he who has built on the sure foundation will be secured even then. With the countless hosts of the ransomed, his place will be on the right hand of the Judge, and to him the King shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—*Rev. J. Metcalfe White.*

PROGRESS IN MADAGASCAR.

•Look at Madagascar—what has God done there? Mr. Ellis has recently returned home from that island, and I heard him the other day give us a beautiful illustration of what the Gospel is doing there. He told us that when he went first he was not allowed to go to the capital, but he remained on the coast, and was not allowed to preach; and while he was on the coast people came to see him, and while he took their likenesses as a photographer he had on the table a specimen edition of the Bible, and people came and asked questions, and it was astonishing what amount of religious instruction he could give them without preach-

ing; but sometimes in the midnight hour a number of the native teachers and pastors, on whose head a price had been fixed, came to him to ask questions about the meaning of the Divine Word, and he said that one night after they had thus conversed about Christian love, the eldest of them said, "Mr. Ellis, we must sing." "Sing!" said he, "surely you forget there are spies about, and it is as much as your life is worth." They went on with the conversation, and at last joy abounded, and they said, "Sing we must." He again reminded them of the danger, and they said, "We will sing in a whisper;" and on their bended knees they sang a hymn to the tune of the Sicilian Mariners. "But I could not sing," said Mr. Ellis; "I could only weep." But on this last visit from which he has just returned, when he was allowed to go up to the capital, the persecution having terminated, as he approached the capital he saw in the distance a number of persons attired in the usual white robe of the country. They were evidently waiting for him, and when he came near them he found these very men whom he had met at midnight, and as he approached them they divided into two columns, one marching on one side of him, and the other on the other; and they sang with a loud voice, as if rejoicing that they were not afraid to sing now the same hymn and the same tune that they sang before, and in very different circumstances.—*Rev. R. Robinson.*

A LESSON OF TRUST.

SOME time ago, a boy was discovered in Clairborn-street, New York, evidently bright and intelligent, but ill. A man, who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said he.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy—in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.

"God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to His home up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything; and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come, won't He? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said, "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way."

THE COMING TRIUMPH.

WE neither know exactly *how* nor *when* this great result is to be brought about; the times and the seasons, the modes and the issues of things, are reserved in the Father's power. But what of that? If I cannot tell the length of the prophetic days, am I to hope or labour any the less earnestly for that blessed day of millennial peace and joy which, *when* they have elapsed, will come? If I cannot interpret aright the sound of one angel's trumpet, am I not to "speed another angel who flies in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth?" If I cannot throw light upon dim and mysterious apocalyptic visions, must I not regale my sight with the vision of a regenerated earth, and feast by anticipation on the beauties of Paradise regained? If I cannot tell the personal movements of my Lord and King, and whether He will appear on earth *before* the notes of the last triumph are rung, am I therefore not to fight as a good soldier of His? and may I not also, in some intervals of the battle, be trying to sound among my fellow-soldiers some prelude of the victor's song?

There is to us—there is to us all—*one* grand prophecy, which finds consistent and continuous expression in the Scriptures, from the first announcement of grace in Eden, when it was promised that the seed of *the woman* should bruise the serpent's head, to the last utterance of revelation, which goes sounding in royal claim over all the future. This grand prophecy is expressed now and again in strong and clear words—words which are like inscriptions on the banners of the Christian host, foretelling the issue of the battle; words which flash like the light of torches against a sombre sky, or steal like the light of morning along the mountain-tops.

Let us live near to Christ, and then we shall see clearly, as with prophet's gaze, into the far future. Beyond the driving clouds we shall see the mild splendours. Beyond the smoke and dust of battle, we shall see the fruitful and far-stretching plains of peace. While casting in the precious seed, and helping with our faith and prayer those who go to sow it in distant fields, we shall think with joy of the reaping.

the garnerage, and the harvest home. While telling the story of the cross, in the actions and by the spirit of a consecrated life, we shall have many a vision of the crown; then, among all the certainties of the future, none will seem more bright and clear to us than this, that for Him who was "the Desire of all nations" before He appeared, and who was crucified when He came, there is yet to come a regal triumph and a coronation day.—*Rev. Dr. Raleigh.*

THE CRITICS AND THE BIBLE.

FAITH and Patience are wise readers of the Bible; and Time is an excellent expositor.

How many instances might be quoted where even celebrated critics have said that the Bible was wrong; and, all the while, they were wrong in saying so! Theodore Beza was a learned man; and he thought—on the strength of a passage in Strabo—that St. Luke had written carelessly in calling the governor of Cyprus, Sergius Paulus, a proconsul instead of a proprætor (Acts xiii. 7), and he actually substituted the word proprætor in his own translation of the Acts: but prudent people waited a little; and soon after, some old coins of the Island of Cyprus and some ancient inscriptions were turned up, which proved that Beza was wrong, and St. Luke was right.

And many of us may remember what a noise was made by a book published twenty-five years ago by a celebrated critic, Von Bohlen, in which he undertook to prove that the author of the books of Moses must have been a Chaldean, and could have known nothing of Egypt, because in the book of Exodus he speaks of vines and grapes in ancient Egypt, and of making wine there, and of buildings of brick, and of asses and sheep. And the faith of some was shaken by these objections: but wise men waited patiently; and thanks to the antiquarian researches of some recent explorers of Egypt (Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Rosellini, and others), we all know now that the author of the Pentateuch was right, and his celebrated critic was wrong.—*Canon Wordsworth's Sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral.*

WHO'S TO SEE?

"WHY didn't you pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see." "Yes, there was—I was there myself, and I don't intend ever to see myself do a mean or a shabby thing."

IN MEMORY OF JOHN RUTTER.

BY THE REV. ALFRED TYLER.

In the county of Suffolk for many years no one was more widely known, more universally esteemed, more truly beloved than John Rutter. His name is still, and will long remain, a household word—his memory is fragrant wherever he was known. He had doubtless his imperfections—what man has not?—but whatever they were, they do not live with us, although the mind is full of the hallowed recollection of him as a Christian man, a Christian friend, and a Christian worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

He was born towards the close of 1799, in the parish of Cowlinge, of parents in comparatively humble circumstances. In his boyhood he displayed a great love of reading and a desire for knowledge, and in his earliest life manifested a peculiar uprightness of character. At the time of his marriage he was still unconverted. To this result it appears that several means conduced, which probably had the tendency to induce the order of spiritual life which was so marked in him. His heart was touched by the Word at a service he attended in the open air, and his convictions were deepened as he read a religious tract entitled "The Two Ways." We are not surprised, therefore, to find that these means were much employed by him in after active service. At this time he usually attended the ministry of the word in the Established Church, when the clergyman very earnestly exhorted the people to study the Scriptures. No one was, perhaps, more truly affected by the exhortations so given than the subject of our sketch. The Bible became his companion, and he was convinced that nothing could be relied upon which would not bear the test of this Divine light. To this test, with all the fervour of awakened anxiety, he took the Prayer Book and the Catechism; and finding them, as he believed, contrary to God's Word, he became a Nonconformist, and ever after most uncompromisingly attached to the principles he embraced.

In the providence of God he now found a home in the parish of Stansfield, and he was only the more evidently constrained to take up his abode there as he found upon inquiry how dark was the moral gloom, and how sad the spiritual destitution of the people. Here he was much encouraged, and he laid himself out to do the work of the Lord among the people. At the first he visited amongst them, then he sought to gather together sometimes the children, and at other times adults, in some cottage rooms, where he would go and speak with them concerning the things of the kingdom. And again he would gather the

people in the open air, that he might proclaim to them "the unsearchable riches of Christ." In these his first works he found much happiness, and was verily oppressed by the greatness of the blessing of God upon his labours of love. It was soon necessary that a chapel should be built, and in a little time a Church was formed. It is not to be supposed that in such labours he met with no hostility. He was sometimes threatened, and more than once he expected to be taken to prison, but he continued as faithful and persistent in duty as he was fearless. The result of his unabated ardour was an increasing spirit of inquiry, and he not only had large gatherings when he preached the Word, but such was the desire to hear that it soon became necessary to enlarge the chapel in which he ministered. He was not ordained as a pastor, though he abounded in all pastoral work, till the year 1842, about ten years after he had commenced his labours in this district; and in consequence of his intense anxiety and frequent efforts his health failed him some six years later, and he felt it right to resign.

After some cessation his health was re-established, and then, perhaps, even more especially than before, he showed the greatness of his anxiety for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. It was his plan to devote himself to his secular engagements early in the morning, and through the remainder of the day he would go about doing good, generally undertaking some public service for the evening. He was an acceptable preacher, and there was, perhaps, no pulpit in the county from which he did not frequently declare the Word; but his delight was to go out and take his stand upon the village green, and to speak for Christ when perhaps the Gospel would not be so likely to be heard, and full many a seed of the kingdom was so scattered by him which has since sprung up and borne precious fruit. Many have fallen asleep who have borne testimony to this, others still remain, who, through these means, were brought to the feet of Jesus; and small chapels now stand here and there, and faithful ministers declare the Gospel in them, where, but for his labours, there had still been gloom and spiritual desolation.

In the length and breadth of the county, there is not a place where the mention of his name will not awaken hallowed remembrances, and be received with tenderness of feeling. Verily, the memory of the just is blessed!

As his was a laborious and useful life for Jesus, so was his departure peaceful when he went away to be "for ever with the Lord." Not long before his death he said to his beloved wife, "I am very happy, my soul is resting fully on Christ." His last words were, as if on earth he

must begin the praise of heaven, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." In perfect peace he fell asleep in Jesus, and went away to reap a large reward.

The loss of such men to the Church and to the world is great, and while there is so much to be done, so much of spiritual destitution to be deplored, while there are so many perishing, so many souls requiring to be gathered in, so many in our towns and villages who have no knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus—that truth which has been committed unto us—shall it not be our inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" For the glory of Christ shall we not enter upon the labours of those who have been called to their rest, that, at the giving in of our account, we may hear Him before whom we must appear, say unto us, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord." It is as we arise and go to the help of the Lord, and as we are faithful unto death, that we hold the promise to be fulfilled in our experience of final rest and triumph, and the crown which fadeth not away.

NOTES ON THE UNION MEETINGS.

If any of the timid spirits that trembled at the formation of the Congregational Union, thirty-seven years ago, were present at its recent Autumnal Meeting at Leeds, they must have rejoiced that their fears did not stay the course of bolder men. Never has the Union met in more encouraging circumstances, and never have its meetings been more animated and soul-stirring. All who attended them must have felt, that, whatever apprehension of disaster and dissolution there may be in some other directions, Congregationalists are cheered by the consciousness of the strength of their principles, and stimulated by the new activities in which they are engaging, and the promising openings Providence is making for their special sacred mission. Many a village pastor labouring in a comparatively obscure position must have felt, that attending this gathering was like ascending the mountain-top to receive a new breath of life; and even those who toil amidst the excitements of the City must have had their *esprit de corps* strengthened, and must have carried away with them new zeal for exhausting enterprises.

Wise arrangements made beforehand to accommodate so large a number as 600 guests, a cordial reception on their arrival, institutions and manufactories thrown open to their inspection an opportunity of visiting the Fine Arts' Exhibition, generous and costly entertainment in magnificent edifices, hearty greetings of old friends, crowded meetings,

an excellent programme of subjects, able sermons, papers and discussions, a "service of song," the presence of many of the fathers of the denomination, and a manifestly deep impression that the times are working for us—all united to produce a session of unusual interest. And the stimulus arising from the thought of the "cloud of witnesses" by whom we were "compassed about" was fully felt. Once and again we were reminded that we were meeting in the town formerly graced by the presence and labours of Ely, Scales, and Hamilton; and the assembly was deeply moved when the President, towards the close of his address, referred in the following touching words to those recently departed:—"The gifted Tidman! the saintly John Alexander of Norwich! the large-minded, free-hearted Dr. Vaughan—all taken from us within a little time. We note and mourn the departure of Dr. Vaughan with a special reverence and sorrow. His voice was the trumpet that often called us to battle. While this generation lasts there can be no forgetfulness of his glowing countenance, his stirring tones, his lofty utterances. 'His eye was not dim, nor his natural force' much 'abated.' He took no farewell of us, nor we of him. He meant to come to us again; but we must 'go to him, for he shall return no more to us.'"

We should have been glad to have referred more at length than we were able in our last number to the sermons of Mr. Binney, and the address of the Chairman; but our space forbids. We may, however, notice one advantage which the latter pointed out, which would be consequent on disestablishment—that various religious bodies would act in concert, and thus both economise their forces, and produce a better impression. He said:—"In seeking to overcome heathenism, the Christian denominations often meet and collide, and follow each other over the same ground. There may be too much Gospel as well as too little—not too much of it, of course, in any human heart or life, but too much talk about it—too much of 'Lo here and lo there' with it. Instead of being 'precious in these days,' 'the word of the Lord' may be had in some districts in every street and lane, and often something as a bribe to take it, until the people are wearied out and sometimes snuff at it. Said a woman at a cottage door, in the north of London, on a Sabbath morning, to a lady presenting a tract, 'Away with you; I have had five religions at me this morning already!' I have great sympathy with that good woman—if she is good; and, if she is not, to send 'five religions' to her on a Sabbath morning is not the way to make her so. One religion is enough."

The Rev. J. Beazley, of Blackheath, then read a paper on "The Terms and Design of Church Membership," in which he recommended

that, after suitable instruction had been given as to the significance of the step, the candidate should take the responsibility of membership on himself without the pastor or deacons undertaking to decide on his fitness. Subsequently, Mr. John Glover, in a paper he read to the Assembly, asked that "Letters of Communion" in our Churches should be abolished altogether. "I think," he said, "that Church members should be persons who, being twenty-one years of age and upwards, are communicants, and have occupied seats for a given period—say twelve months." The Rev. Josiah Miller, of Newark, referring to these proposals, reminded the Assembly that at any rate they were not untried novelties. The Wesleyans practised the one, and the Church of England practised the other; and concerning them both we might say, we have found a more excellent way. For ourselves we may add our conviction, that if they were both adopted by Congregationalists, *the doctrinal purity of our Churches would not be worth twenty years' purchase.* The subject is one of vital importance to our Churches, and we hope soon to recur to it.

The Annual Meeting in the evening at East Parade Chapel, where nearly 2,000 persons assembled, was one of the most imposing and successful it has ever been our privilege to attend. The Chairman, Edward Baines, Esq., M.P., the much-respected member for the borough, opened with an appropriate address; and then the Rev. J. C. Harrison spoke eloquently on "The importance of a firm adherence to true Protestant principles." The Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., the Chairman elect, delivered a very thoughtful and instructive address on "Congregationalism in relation to national life," in which he vindicated the political work of Nonconformity in all ages, and showed that we have always befriended every cause, and, while wishing to separate the misalliance of Church and State, are doing our best to make all things Christian. The interest of the meeting, which had been well sustained, rose to a high pitch under the forcible delivery and humorous sallies of Dr. Parker, who spoke on "Christian simplicity in religious work and worship." Our readers will not be surprised that the mirth of the audience broke forth at the close of the following sentence:—"Nor can it be wondered at that, when Congregationalists see worship corrupted, represented by symbols hard to be understood, standing still until the painter, the milliner, and the tallow-chandler enable it to go forward, our patience is consumed by our indignation."

On Wednesday morning the Assembly resumed its sittings, and was profitably occupied with hearing and discussing two excellent papers on "Lay-work in Congregational Churches," by the Rev. John Hallett and

Mr. Henry Spicer, jun., B.A. A strong tide of favour is evidently setting towards the culture, organization, and extended use of laymen in Christian work. Too long has the minister been overworked, while the people have been underworked. The Rev. A. Hannay afterwards read an able paper on the "Temperance Question," and the assembly recognised the claims of the subject. In the afternoon a large assembly of children was addressed by the Rev. H. Simon, and in the evening the Rev. G. W. Conder addressed a large body of working men on the future, and the Rev. Samuel Martin preached a beautiful and touching sermon to young men on the words "Cleave to that which is good."

Other interesting elements in the meetings were the reception of foreign visitors, when the Rev. A. Macdonald pleaded for the French Canadians—a million in number—of whom many are being brought to Christ; and Dr. Mullens gave a most cheering account of the abolition of idolatry in Madagascar by the new queen, and "the perfect rush of the people to our churches." Then the Rev. T. W. Davids described the new "Free Church Historical Society," which is established to preserve the ancient records of Nonconformity; and Carvell Williams, Esq., gave timely suggestions and warnings in his address on "The Duty of Protestant Dissenters in connection with the General Election."

On Thursday evening the members of the Union, who were somewhat exhausted with the long sittings of three days, were recreated and refreshed with a *soirée* in the new Town Hall, one of the finest classic buildings in England, every part of it being thrown open for their inspection and use. During the evening the Rev. J. H. Morgan read an interesting paper on "Congregationalism in Leeds;" and the "service of song" was so arranged as to be a musical treat, a high act of worship, and at the same time an illustration of what can be done by congregational combination for the purpose of public praise. The grand organ was played in the ablest manner by Dr. Sparks, and he was supported by a united choir from the several congregations. The members of the choir had previously carefully practised the music together; and the printed tunes, as well as the hymns, were supplied to all the numerous assembly. Thus, after much prayer, exhortation, deliberation, and delightful association, the proceedings of the Assembly appropriately terminated and culminated in united rejoicing and praise.

TEMPTING THE TEMPTER.

WHEREAS the devil's greatest business is to tempt other men; the idle man's only business is to tempt the devil.—*Bishop Sanderson.*

PRIESTLY RULE.

THE priestly feeling—the priestly idea—has been seen in all countries and in all ages, in which the religious teachers of the people have endeavoured to secure for themselves a position of supreme power and control. And what do you suppose it leads to? And why is there any objection to it in this country of England? We believe that that feeling is the parent of serious evils. We believe that it leads to the decline and gradual extinction of learning among the clergy. We believe that it leads, secondly, to the inordinate multiplication and the burdensome infliction of rites and ceremonies. We believe that where the temporal power will assist, it leads to the gradual extermination of all who differ from the priestly body. We believe that it leads to the doling out of extracts from the Sacred Books, in opposition to the principle of throwing them open to the gaze of the whole people. We believe that the priestly idea leads to *the establishment of another master in every household, by every hearth, in the place of the husband and the father.* We believe—and all history bears us out in the belief—that this priestly feeling ends, lastly, in raising up and establishing a human artificial barrier between man and his God.—*Viscount Sandon.*

HERVEY'S DEATH-BED.

HERVEY, on his death-bed, said to his medical attendant, "You tell me that I have but a few minutes to live. Oh, let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer! Oh, welcome, welcome death! thou mayest well be reckoned amongst the treasures of the Christian! What are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promise of salvation by Christ? This, this now supports me. Precious salvation!"

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

SPAIN, lately the most priest-ridden country in the world, has thrown off the yoke of the "Roman tyrant," and the Pope will lose the great revenue he has drawn yearly from those sources. Thus country after country deserts the "Holy Father," and Austria, Italy, and Spain, once the chief supports of the Papacy, have become within a brief period its bitter enemies. Tired of the Popish rule of their Queen, the people of Spain have risen in revolution, and she has been compelled to flee. The revolutionary movement has steadily gone forward, and, guided by a wisdom which surprises the world, the statesmen of that country have succeeded in restoring order, and in establishing freedom. No per-

manent government has as yet been formed, but the kind of rule to which the country is tending is sufficiently evident. The streets of Madrid resound with the cries, "Down with the Roman tyrants!" "Long live liberated Rome!" All monasteries, convents, and such-like Romish institutions founded since 1837 are to be immediately suppressed. Already the country is cleared of Jesuits. Three days were allowed them for escape, while their property has been confiscated to the State. Freedom of worship is promised, and the gates of Spain, so long closed against the missionary and the Bible, are now open for both, while measures are being devised for the gradual emancipation of slaves.

Pity it is that, while other countries which know the bitterness of Romish influence and rule are gladly escaping from them, there should be any in our own country courting Rome, and longing for its dominion. The Rev. J. W. Mossman, vicar of Torrington, has written a letter to Dr. Newman, saying that he hopes for the time when Anglicans will submit to the Holy Apostolic See, and that it is their duty, as well as their privilege, to be in communion with that bishop who alone is the true successor of Peter, and, by Divine providence, the primate of the Catholic Church. "How many oaths," says the *Nonconformist*, "this gentleman must have taken before he became a vicar we should be sorry to say—it would be something like a dozen, at least. And having taken them he writes what he does and—keeps his living." But what begins with lies may fitly end with Rome.

The Bishop of Chichester has inhibited the Rector of St. James's, Brighton, for his Ritualistic extravagances. This step the Bishop was compelled to take on account of his having inhibited Mr. Knapp for assisting at the opening services of the Church of which Dr. Winalow is pastor. The indignation of the Brighton people was aroused at seeing one clergyman inhibited for sympathy with Dissent, while another was permitted to follow out the highest Ritualistic practices; and so the Bishop had to inhibit Mr. Purchas as well. This gentleman, however, defies the bishop. Notice was given that the Bishop would himself officiate on a certain Sunday, and all flowers, banners, and crosses were ordered to be removed prior to his appearance in the church. Mr. Purchas dared the bishop to interfere, and the *English Independent* informs us that on the Sunday named, the acolytes and scarlet cassocks, with their banners, crosses, incense pots, and tinkling bells, trooped round the church as usual.

The *New York Times* gives an American view of Church and State, which is expressed as follows:—"The Tory party in England argue

that if the Episcopal Church be disestablished, all the people will turn infidels and Papists. The only thing which holds them to Paul and Luther is the Establishment. Now why is it that in this country, where we have no Establishment, the people do not turn either to Tom Paine or the Pope, but adhere to Christianity and the Reformation? Will Churchmen acknowledge that it is because the Americans are wiser and better than the English? or what?"

Dr. Morton Brown, of Cheltenham, lately lectured on the Irish Church, and quoted the incomes of several dignitaries in 1833, from a Parliamentary return. A local paper, accidentally, misprinted the date, making it 1853. The Dean of Dromore, whose income in the former year was set down at £5,953, for which no duties were done, would accept no explanation, however explicit, and denounced Dr. Brown's lecture as "monstrous, malignant, and false." Again Dr. Brown explained the error, and the editor of the local paper took upon himself the entire responsibility of the inaccuracy. Dr. Brown appealed to a public meeting, and the local papers report that "the most crowded meeting ever held at the Town Hall" received that gentleman "with loud and long-continued applause," and a vote of thanks was passed by acclamation to Dr. Brown "for his courage and fidelity, and of confidence in his Christian integrity."

The following gentlemen have accepted Congregational pastorates:—The Rev. W. Lloyd, of Aldersgate-street Chapel, at Holyhead; Mr. R. Henry, of the Congregational Institute and Cheshunt College, at King's Inn-street, Dublin; the Rev. J. Knaggs, of Dalston, at Stratford, near London; the Rev. A. Griffith, LL.B., B.Sc., at Aberystwyth; Mr. Daw, of the Bristol Institute, at Brynmawr; Mr. James Thorpe, of Blackheath, at Wendover; Mr. T. C. Udall, of New College, at Farringdon; the Rev. E. Lewis, of Preston, at Offord-road, London; the Rev. J. D. Thane, at Whitechapel; Mr. Wolstenholme, M.A., of Springhill College, at Eastwood, Notts; and Rev. E. S. Hart, M.A., Chippingham, at Chalford.

The following gentlemen have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches:—The Rev. J. Spurgeon, at Fetter-lane Chapel; the Rev. F. Smith, at Berkeley-street Church, Liverpool; the Rev. J. Williams, at the Collegiate Church, Leicester; the Rev. W. Harry, at Knutsford; the Rev. T. Just, at Lyme Regis; the Rev. W. Jansen Davies, at Llandovery; and the Rev. W. Mottram, at Crockerton.

The Rev. Wm. Arthur has been ordained to the pastorate of the Independent Church, Thornton, Yorkshire; and Mr. Kaye, of the Congregational Institute, at Keyworth, Notts.

THE
CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE

AND

Friend of the People.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO AGED MINISTERS.

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—
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PREFACE.

AGAIN it is our happiness to have to thank many friends for a kindly appreciation of our services, and for assistance in extending the circulation of our Magazine.

May we again intreat their co-operation in this matter. Thousands of homes might, we venture to believe, be made happier and better, if on Sabbath-day or week-day our pages were pondered.

Perhaps some may hesitate and say,—“There are so many Magazines now-a-days—more than ever there were.” Granted: but there are more readers than ever there were; and there are tens of thousands besides who would read our Magazine if somebody were only kindly to put it in their way.

Perhaps you don't like begging. We don't ask you to beg. We promise every subscriber shall have a good pennyworth for his penny.

Perhaps you are a Sabbath-School Teacher. Are there not some young people in your class, to whom or to whose parents our Magazine would be pleasing and instructive.

Perhaps you are a Distributor of Tracts. A Magazine has this advantage over any Tract, that if its reader does not like one part of a Magazine he can turn to another.

Perhaps you are a District Visitor. Would it not be well, after your visit has ended, to leave behind you something that can speak when you are silent, and linger when you are gone? A Christian Magazine in the homes of the poor has a word for the old and the young, for the sick and the healthy, for the Sabbath and the week.

We repeat that five minutes' effort on the part of each of our readers would double our circulation. Will they help us to make a new start at the beginning of a New Year?

FREDERICK SMEETON WILLIAMS.

THE CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTE,
NOTTINGHAM.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Happy New Year	1
A New Leaf	4
Lambeth Palace	8
"That is the Candle-box"	9
The Home of Thomas Gray	13
A Natural Mistake	16
The Street "By-and-by" and the House "Never"	17
Snowed Up	20
Discipline in Childhood	24
Church News of the Month	
25, 52, 81, 109, 136, 165, 193, 221, 249, 276, 303,	325
The Congregational Institute. By the Rev. J. B. Paton, M.A.	29
Christians. By the Rev. G. B. Johnson	34
Bad Times. By the Rev. T. R. Stevenson	35
Trusty and True	38
The Disestablishment of Religion. By the Rev. William Wheeler	39
Live for Something	41
"Great Plainness of Speech"	41
John Hampden. By the Rev. Henry T. Robjohns, B.A.	42
A Puritan Sabbath	45
The Forgotten Text	47
The Power of Grace	48
The Scriptures and Modern Infidelity	49
Carmel	50
The Day dawn in the Soul	51
Opinions of Calvin	52
"Don't Take my Handkerchief." By the Rev. W. M. Statham.	57
The Little Cross-bearer	59

	PAGE
Admission to the Church.—The <i>Via Media</i>	60
Determined to Perish	63
Empty Pews—A Word to the Absentees. By a Suburban Pastor	65
A Sweet Revenge.....	68
Robert Southey. By the Rev. Henry T. Robjohns, B.A.	69
Too Late!	73
The Last Kiss	74
The Men for Missionaries	78
Words of the Wise.....	80, 145
He Began Life with Nothing.....	85
Christian Courtesy	86
Churchmen's Opinions on Church Matters	90, 185
Church Membership. By the Rev. R. A. Redford, M.A., LL.B.	92
A Hint to Young Men.....	97
William Wordsworth. By the Rev. Henry T. Robjohns, B.A....	98
Richard Baxter.....	102
"Ways and Means"	103
Self-satisfaction	104
The Sabbath-School and the Bible	105
The Law and the Gospel	106
Words from the Workshop	107
The Threshing-floor of the East.....	108
John Newton	109
Delivered Out of the Pit	113
Spring	119
"Grace for Grace"	120
The Epistles of the New Testament: Who were they for? By the Rev. G. B. Johnson	120
Children	125
Dusselthal; or, The Trials and Triumphs of Faith	125
Thomas Campbell	133
The Training of Children	135
"Lord, Help me Thee to Love." By the Rev. W. M. Statham..	141
The Church and the Congregation	144
The Epistles of the New Testament: Who wrote them? By the Rev. G. B. Johnson	147

	PAGE
Saving a Life	151
The Ettrick Shepherd. By the Rev. Henry T. Robjohns, B.A...	154
Done Giving	160
"I hadn't no Mother"	161
Sheep Washing	163
The Congregational Union Meetings	164, 176
"Always a Summut"	169
Preaching Christ	171
Promises and Performances	173
Madagascar	174
The Crown of the Year	175
Mothers and Children	179
Mary Russell Mitford. By the Rev. Henry T. Robjohns, B.A...	180
The Lighthouse Missionary Box	185
Middlesex Prisoners. By the Rev. J. Radford Thomson, M.A...	187
Arguments for a Church Establishment	191
A Reminiscence	192
"I Grease the Wheels, Sir." By the Rev. W. M. Statham	197
Trevecca	199
A Light in the Window	202
"Full of Grace"	207
The Royal Supremacy.....	209
Kingston-upon-Thames. By the Rev. A. Mackennal, B.A.	209
What Makes Things Musical	214
The Bolton Massacre	217
Varieties of Character	219
Bear the Cross Patiently.....	220
The Two Ghosts	221
Aunt Lois	221
"Under Your Work"	225
Peace with God	229
Robert Moffat	233
Woman's Sphere	236
Old London Bridge	238
The Turf	239
Camel Riding	241

	PAGE
A Faulty Link	242
Jerome of Prague	247
Turning Point in Calvin's Career	249
Tract Distributors	249
A Castle on the Rhine.....	253
"I'll Give it Up"	258
A Duke and a King	260
The Island Patriarch	261, 284
Justification by Faith	265
Hampton Court	266
Councils of Advice	269
Buds of Beauty	273
How to Increase an Income	274
The Guest Chamber.....	275
The Flowers of Paradise	275
Miss Milly's Secret	281
Living near the Fountain	287
"Pass the Word"	290
Filial Affection	292
The Savoy	293
Westminster Hall.....	295
Life and Death	296
Willie	296
A Work of Faith	297
"Enter into thy Closet"	301
Cheerfulness at Home	303
Notes on the Union Meetings	309
Not Saved.....	313
Controversies of the Times.....	314
"My Little One Loved Flowers"	315
Our Visit to St. Paul's Cathedral	317
Her Majesty's Tower	320
Smoking Flax	321
Mr. Peabody	323
The Silence of God	324



THE BOUNDARY STONE.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE "Boundary Stone" which we have sketched above, and which thus may again tell to the good folks of the ancient town of Staines how far the great City of London exercises its jurisdiction, may serve us as a stone of memorial. The flowers that bloom around it, the plants that climb upon it, the children that gambol and rest beside it, the sanctuary that rises to the view, the heavens that overarch them, all may, at this season of the year, suggest a lesson for our instruction. We have just passed the confines of another period of time, and the morning of a new year seems to lift up its landmark—its "boundary stone" of life. We have had fresh scenes of pleasure, and new blossoms of beauty, the sanctities of domestic life, and the Sabbath and the sanctuary—all have been ours, and all may furnish abounding occasions for gratitude and joy. Well may we here pile our memorial at this boundary of life.

Here we raise our Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I've come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

B

"A Happy New Year to you." These words of kindly greeting will fall from countless lips at this season. The child prattles them as he climbs upon his father's knee; the daughter utters them tenderly as she kisses the pale cheek of her widowed mother; the grey-headed man says them as he blesses his children's children; the neighbour pronounces them heartily to his neighbour; and with all sincerity we wish every reader of this page "A Happy New Year."

But we would not utter these good wishes lightly, nor dismiss the occasion carelessly from our thoughts. We would meditate on all the way that the Lord our God has led us in the years that have gone—twenty, forty, perhaps more—and of each and all the blessings of infancy and childhood, youth and manhood. But though we may number our days, we cannot number our mercies. Then, let the reader ask his own heart how all this time and all these mercies have been used. As you recall the year that has gone, does the sad remembrance arise of neglected responsibilities, of time misemployed, of talents squandered, of influence misused, of life wasted, of sins of omission and of commission, of sins of thought, and word, and deed? Does the flush of shame crimson your cheek as you recall some dark and guilty acts of known or secret sin—acts which you loathe to think were ever yours? or does your heart die within you as you feel how utterly unprepared you are for the great realities of that eternity which year by year is drawing silently but surely upon you.

Again, turn for a moment to the future. You have been permitted to see the beginning of another year; will you see the end of it? Have you many more years to live in this world, or is this your last? We "know not what a day may bring forth." "Go to now," says the Apostle James, "ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." It is a "tale that is told." It is "swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

But if God in His mercy spare your life, how will it be spent? Will it be employed for the glory of God? Perhaps you say: "I know I have not done what I ought, but still I hope that some day, perhaps before long, I shall be a Christian." But what reason have you for thinking that the mere passing of time will make you more religiously disposed than you are now? Will ten years more of worldliness find your heart less worldly, your conscience more tender than now? It is one of the wiles of the devil to persuade men to put off the interest of

their souls to "a more convenient season," but all experience teaches us that :—

"'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes."

and Scripture itself asks, "How can ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation?" Observe the emphasis on this word "neglect." For it is not necessary in order that the tradesman bring himself to poverty that he trample under foot every opportunity of bettering himself; it is enough if he *neglect* his business. It is not necessary for the youth in order to grow up an ignorant man that he refuse ever to open a book or to improve his mind; it is enough if he *neglect* his education. It is not necessary for a farmer, in order to ruin himself, that he sprinkle poison in his granaries; it is enough if he *neglect* to sow in seed time or to reap in harvest. And it is not necessary in order to lose your soul that you be an avowed infidel, a bold blasphemer, or practise vice; it is enough if you simply *neglect* the means of grace, the matters of religion, the redemption of Christ.

While beginning a New Year we would thus recall the past, and anticipate the future. But it is not enough simply to think about them. This is the time for action. There are some who seem content either to utter fruitless lamentations over the wasted days that have gone, or to indulge in dim and dreamy hopes that they may do better some day. But if you spend to-day merely in mourning the past, you will have next to mourn over to-day's unprofitable sorrow. Nor is it enough to say that next year, or next month, or next week shall be better than the years and months gone by, for you may never live to see them; and, if you do, you may waste them as you have done the past. It is of little use to weep over spilt water, and it is of little use to dream about the future. The present, and that only, is yours. Yesterday is gone, to-morrow has not come. Yesterday may have been useless, guilty, shameful, but you cannot recall it; to-morrow on earth you may never see. Live, act to-day. Use the present moment. Redeem the time you have. Employ the talents you possess. Make this hour sacred, a bright and memorable period in your history, a harbinger of better days to come. "The Holy Ghost saith, *to-day* if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts." "Exhort one another daily, while it is called *to-day*," while it is said, "*To-day* if ye will hear his voice." "Again, He limiteth a certain day, saying in David, *To-day*, after so long a time, as it is said, *To-day* if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts." "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." Yes, now, or it may be—never.

Do you ask, how shall I use the present? We reply by reminding you for what purpose you were sent into the world. Was it to eat and drink and "mind earthly things" and die? Rather was it not that you might be made godly, that is, God-like here, and might be fitted to be with God and like Him for ever? Begin to be so now. He says: "My son give me thy heart." Give it Him now. Your life has been wasted; but He has provided the means by which you justified, sanctified, glorified; those means are within your reach now. Look to Christ, to Him whom you have pierced and dishonoured by your life-long sin, and mourn in true penitence over your sin as one mourneth for his only son, and be in bitterness as one that is in bitterness for her first-born. Go to the cross of Christ; plead the merits of His atoning sacrifice; ask Him to accept you and to give you the sanctifying influence of His Holy Spirit. And he who thus goes shall in no wise be cast out.

Thus may you begin "A Happy New Year." The past will be forgiven. Conscience will be at rest. For the future you will be prepared; you will date to-day a new period in your history. This will be the birthday of your soul. Thus, and thus only, can you be made happy and holy. "Religion was never designed to make our pleasures less." The Holy Spirit will bear witness with your spirit that you are the child of God. The peace of God shall rule in your heart. The very God of peace shall sanctify you wholly. You will rejoice in the Lord alway. Yours will be indeed "A Happy New Year."

A NEW LEAF.

THERE had been a great deal of sad trouble in George Forster's house. The neighbourhood in which they had lived was not a healthy one; it was in a low part of a large manufacturing town, where the dwellings were much crowded, and where the drainage was ill managed. They had often talked of removing, and Mr. Forster was very anxious that they should get away; but the place was near the mill where George worked, and the rent was rather less than they would have to pay in a healthier district: so they remained where they were, although there were some nice cottages on rising ground not more than a quarter of a mile from the mill.

As to the pound of extra rent, George could have saved it easily out of what he spent in the public-house; for, though not a drunkard, he passed far more time and spent more money than he had any right to

do in the Clothworkers' Tavern. Besides, as they afterwards found, they could have saved more than three times the extra pound in the one item of the doctor's bill.

After a long dry summer, fever broke out in the neighbourhood ; and though Mrs. Forster took every precaution she could think of to guard against infection, it found its way into their home, and all their four children were prostrated. The three boys struggled through, but their little girl died. They had lost a daughter before, about the same age, six years old, and now they were almost heart-broken. The funeral was only just over, when, worn out with watching and sorrow, poor Mrs. Forster was taken exceedingly ill, and for some time her life was despaired of. At length, however, through God's mercy, she recovered ; and then, as soon as she was strong enough to bear the removal, they went to another house.

The first Saturday evening after they entered on their new dwelling, as they sat together by the fireside, after the children had gone to bed, Mrs. Forster looked up at her husband, and said, "George, we have got into a new house, and I've been thinking it would be a good opportunity for us to turn over a new leaf."

"A new leaf, Polly," said her husband, "what sort of a new leaf?"

"Well, George, I mean about going to a place of worship. We have been very negligent for a long time, indeed almost ever since we were married. Don't you think we ought to begin and do differently?"

Up to the time when he was about eighteen years old, George had attended the Sunday-school, and on the Sunday morning the scholars were taken to chapel. At that time, however, he left the school, thinking he was too old to continue longer ; and by-and-by he had given up attending public worship, too, except very occasionally. Up to the time of their marriage Mary had gone to chapel regularly. She was in service with a pious family, who expected their servants to go with them to the house of God ; and though not herself decidedly religious, she had so much pleasure in going that she never wished to be absent.

During the time of their courtship George resumed his attendance, and Mary had no reason whatever to doubt that he would continue it after their marriage ; but in that she was mistaken, for he went very little after : and ere long, her family coming, she got there very seldom. Her old mistress had been very kind to her in her late trouble, and had spoken to her very faithfully, expressing her hope that she would not only herself think more seriously about salvation, but that she would do her best to induce her husband to go with her to public worship.

George had had sundry cogitations on the matter, but he was scarcely willing as yet to admit that he had been in the wrong.

"Well, you see, Polly," he said, "one has to work hard. Up at five or soon after every morning, and working in that mill all day, one wants a bit of rest and change on a Sunday."

"But would it do you any harm, George, to get up soon enough to go to chapel on a Sunday morning? And do you think your long Sunday strolls do you any good? I think sometimes you are more tired on a Sunday night than after a day's work in the mill. And then the strolling is not all."

"Come now, Polly," said Forster, "let bygones be bygones. It's a long time since I came home at all the worse for drink."

"I am glad to say it is, George," replied his wife; "still I can't help thinking there's always danger. But apart from all that, don't you think it is our duty to go to a place of worship. We're sadly apt to forget, in any case, that we have souls that need to be saved, but we are especially likely to forget it if we never go and hear anything about it."

"Well, Polly, I'll throw no difficulty in the way of your going; and you can take the lads with you. They'll be glad enough to go, I dare say."

"Thank you, George, but I want more than that. Go with us. Your soul is just as precious as mine or theirs. Besides, I should not be happy to be there without you. I should be always thinking about you, and wondering where you were, and feeling sorry you were not with us. Then you talk about the boys. They go very cheerfully to the Sunday-school, and I've no doubt they would be very well pleased to go with me to chapel; but if you never go, I can't tell how long that will last. Tom asked me only the other day how it was you never went. Now you know very well that they are very much more likely to grow up good men if they continue to go to the Sunday-school and the chapel than if they don't."

Forster could not deny that. Like a great many of his class, he was well pleased that his children should go to the Sunday-school, not just to get them out of the way, but because he believed they would get good there.

"Well but you see," said he, passing that by, "I should feel half ashamed to go. It's so long a time since I was in a place of worship, that I should feel as though everybody were looking at me."

"But what of that, George? Depend upon it, scarcely anybody there will know anything about you; and whether or not, I have no doubt at all they will be glad to see us."

"I don't like to go where I have not a seat," said Forster.

"Come now, George, that's a little bit unreasonable. If they don't know we want a seat, it's scarcely likely they will keep one for us. We must first go to a place, and see whether we would like to attend there, and then ask if they can find room for us. But at Vine Street Chapel there are some seats open to anybody, and people are waiting to show us in."

"Ay!" said Forster; "free seats, I reckon, in some draughty place or other, and ever so uncomfortable."

"Nothing of the sort, George; they are as comfortable as need to be. Besides, is not there a bit of pride about all that? You did not make that a reason for not going to that cheap concert the other day. You were glad enough to get into the back seats for your threepence, and you did not grumble that the people who paid a shilling went to the front seats."

"There are some people who go to Vine Street," said Forster, "whom I don't like. There's that upstart fellow, William Mason. His father worked alongside of mine, but since he's got on, and has such a grand shop, he looks down on such as us."

"He was on the committee for the concerts, was not he? Yet you went there notwithstanding. I would rather go to Vine Street than anywhere else; but if you can't go there comfortably, let us go to some other place, but let us go somewhere."

"Well, well, we'll think about it."

"Come, George," said his wife, the tears in her eyes, "don't put off in that way. Promise me that you will go. We have had a great deal of trouble lately. Don't you think God has been calling us by it to pay more attention than we have done to the things we've been talking about? Poor little Nellie! She said she was going to the Lord Jesus in heaven. I hope we shall all join her there."

The loss of his child was the heaviest trial that had ever befallen Forster, and he could scarcely think of her death without tears. His lip quivered, and for a few moments he sat silent. At length he said, "Well, Polly, I dare say you are right after all. I have not been without thought about it, though I've talked as I have done; indeed, when you were so very ill, and I thought I was going to lose you, I did resolve, if God spared you, that I would be a better man in future. But I'm afraid I was beginning to forget it. We'll go to Vine Street to-morrow morning."

Some of George's companions called on him a little after tea, but they found him and his wife just locking the door, and going off together. He stood to his promise, however, and without telling them where he was going, he said briefly that they must excuse him.

"I believe," said one of them to the rest, "his wife has persuaded him to go to chapel."

"Oh, well," said another, "he'll soon tire of that."

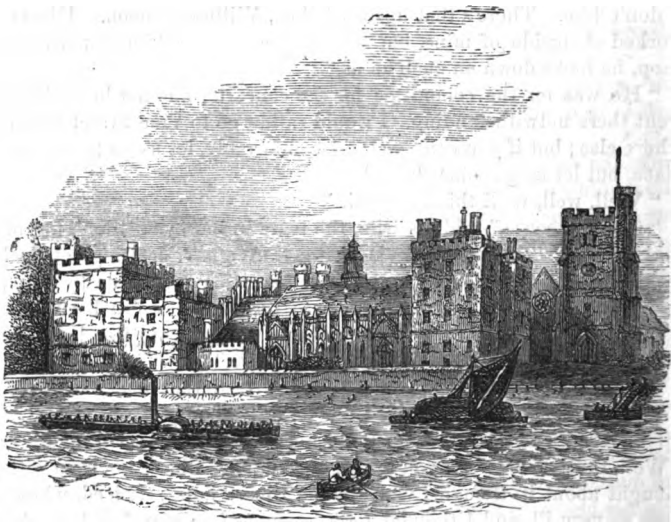
But he did not tire. He was pleased and impressed by what he heard that morning, and he went again and again; and now nobody attends more regularly. Nor is he ashamed to confess to his former associates who speak to him about it, that he has "turned over a new leaf."

Durham.

S. G.

LAMBETH PALACE.

THE recent death of a venerable and venerated Archbishop of Canterbury, and the appointment of Bishop Tait as his successor, may make a sketch of Lambeth Palace more than usually interesting to our readers.



LAMBETH PALACE.

The church is to the right, and beside it is the old brick gate-house. This palace has been for more than six centuries the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. It was built at the close of the fifteenth century, and consists of two square towers, connected by an embattled recessed centre.

The building is an interesting, and in some respects a noble pile.

But is it not sad to think that within its precincts many holy men have languished in prison, and suffered the cruellest tortures, and died the bitterest deaths, for fidelity to conscience? The prison, by the Lollard's tower, is at the extreme left of our engraving—a narrow room, fastened by an oaken door, formed of layers of wood strongly riveted, and studded with heavy nails, the door-case being of arched stone. The walls and ceilings are covered with wood, for the purpose of deadening the sound of the voice of the unhappy prisoners, either when talking, or when under the influence of torture, "upon the approved models," says one writer, "of the horrible dungeons of Germany and Italy, which are similarly constructed."

These are memories which it is painful, but right, to recall; for the spirit of religious intolerance is not yet dead in the land, and there is much to be done before entire religious equality is established amongst us.

"THAT IS THE CANDLE-BOX."

I HAVE just been recalling to mind that bland round face, the head thinly covered with light brown hair, the eyes looking benignantly through their gold spectacles, the well-formed nose, and amiably-expressive mouth, and also the well-set figure of one who stood nearly fifty years ago, at the left-hand side of the Chairman, in the old London Tavern, on the site of which has long since arisen the Wesleyan Centenary Hall.

The occasion was the May Anniversary of the Religious Tract Society, of which he, the Rev. Leigh Richmond, was Secretary, in association with the Rev. Joseph Hughes and the Rev. J. Steinkoff, and which, like the Sunday School Union and the Hibernian Society, at that time was supported by various Christian denominations. As London could be reached from the country only by long coach journeys, there was often a great gathering of tired travellers for early breakfast at that celebrated hotel, and then an adjournment to the large upper room, where, in the midst of a multitude crowding it to the doors, the chair was taken at seven o'clock.

Rising, after the addresses of three or four speakers, Mr. Richmond was, as usual, welcomed with loud and cordial acclamations. Years before, when at college, he had been asked to read Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," by an idle companion, who had been desired by a relation, from whom he had "expectations," to give an opinion upon it; and Mr. Richmond had been led by its perusal to receive the truth as it is in

Jesus. Subsequently, when a curate in the Isle of Wight, he wrote his well-known tracts, "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Young Cottager," and "The Negro Servant," the scenes of which may be traced in that lovely island; and he became one of the few earnest, affectionate, and faithful preachers of the Gospel in the Church Establishment of his day. Afterwards Rector of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, he became so remarkable for his Christian charity as to be suspected by some of indifference and laxity towards the members of his own community, for whom, on the contrary, he cherished a special regard. It might be said of him, indeed, that he was "loved best by those who knew him most;" and it was in consequence of the sentiments he held, and the character he displayed, that he became one of the chaplains of the Duke of Kent, the honoured father of our beloved Queen.

As I have heard him from the pulpit and the platform, I can attest that he was one of the most interesting and effective speakers of his time. He was accustomed from the first to preach *extempore*; he had a clear and agreeable voice, and he spoke with a felicity of idea and expression peculiar to himself; and his thoughts, always natural and simple, seemed to flow without effort, and to acquire under the play of his rich imagination all that was required for beautiful colouring and persuasive effect. He admired ardently all natural scenery, and enjoyed in early life the study of its beauties and sublimities,—the mountain towering towards the sky, and the valley rich in its fertility—

"—— the brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;"

and the—

"Sea! of almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror!"

All these things yielded materials to that plastic power which he could wield at will. He could speak early or late; gather his topics from preceding speakers, or bring them fresh from his own ample resources; raise a cold and languid meeting to life and energy, or subdue it when excited by some melting tale or some stroke of pathos. But I can never forget his story on the morning referred to, or the thrill which ran through every heart in that crowded room, when he drew forth something from his pocket, and stretching it out to the view of every eye, said, "THAT IS THE CANDLE-BOX!"

I can tell, but not as Mr. Richmond told it, the touching and suggestive narrative. William Thew and a younger brother, John,

were sons of John and Elizabeth Thew, scholars in the Byker Sunday School, and labourers in Heaton Main Colliery, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. They were both steady and well-disposed lads. William, now seventeen years of age, on one occasion said, "Mother, when I'm a man I'll work hard for you, and keep you like a lady;" his brother appears to have been equally affectionate; and after returning from their work, and refreshing themselves by their meals, they were in the habit of reading the Bible to her, and never retired to rest without prayer. William met in class among the Wesleyan Methodists, and attended an evening school, where he learned to write and cypher.

On May 3rd, 1815, the workings of the Heaton Main Colliery had reached a great depth, and early in the morning the water from some old workings broke through the coal. Some of the men who were labouring near the spot where the water forced an entrance, ran immediately to the shaft, providentially escaping from the part that was flooded. Among these was John Thew. On their way they met Mr. Miller, the underviewer or inspector of the pit, and hastily told him what had happened; he instantly ran to alarm the men who were working in the higher part of the pit, hoping that they also might escape; but this, alas! they could not do; and he, brave and kindly man, perished in the waters. With dreadful rapidity they rushed in, falling at once into the lowest workings, cutting off the only means of escape by closing the bottom of the shaft, and rising quickly to the height of nineteen fathoms!

And now there was a swift hurrying from the other workings to the spot where the imperilled workmen were supposed to be; but all efforts to save them were in vain. An engine of a hundred and thirty horsepower, and two others of great force, were set to work to draw the water from the pit; but, alas! the water in the shaft, rising at first nineteen fathoms, soon became still higher, leading spectators to the belief that it had broken into the pit out of some old waste. During the night of the second day the water gained on the engines, though they discharged one thousand two hundred gallons every minute; and when the lowest shaft was plumbed on the following morning it was found to be thirty-three fathoms deep.

The sad tale could now be told that, by this dreadful catastrophe, forty-one men and thirty-four boys had lost their lives; leaving twenty-four widows and seventy-seven orphans, besides Mrs. Miller and her children.

Nine months and more passed on, before, from various difficulties, the pit could be explored. The first body of the dead that was recovered

was recognised, partly by the neckcloth, to be that of one William Scott, between seventy and eighty years of age, who attended one of the furnaces. A few weeks afterwards the remains of the rest were discovered in different workings of the pit.

One part of the workings was an ascent; and here several men and boys had been employed; and at a crane just by were found the remains of several human bodies, and also the carcasses of two horses; and it was now ascertained that to this height the water had not risen by eighty or a hundred yards. It was clear that the men had not died from hunger, as they had killed one of the horses, and had cut slices from its hind quarter, some of which, however, were found uneaten in their caps and wallets. They had likewise an abundant supply of spring water. Doubtless the exhaustion of the atmospheric air, by the influx of water bringing with it foul air, had been the cause of death. It was conjectured that the men had gone, by two at a time, to "the tail of the water," and through their strength failing from suffocation they had fallen down and died!

As soon as the bodies were put into coffins the bereaved were permitted to go down the pit, to recognise, if possible, those they had lost. Among the foremost was Elizabeth Thew, who mourned the loss of her husband and of two of her sons. She readily identified the remains of her son, William, by his fine auburn hair. But more than that: in one of his pockets was found his tin candle-box, and there she saw that, amidst the gloom of the suffocating pit, and with only the dim light of his "Davy" lamp, he had scratched, with a nail, to *her* the following thrilling words:—

"Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did."

On the other side was what was supposed to have been dictated by the father, as it bore his signature, though he could not write:—

"If Johnny is saved, be a good lad to God and thy mother.

"John Thew."

"And there," said Leigh Richmond, as he finished his story, "*there is the candle-box.*"

Reader, think the question prompted by kindness as I ask, are you prepared for an *unexpected* death?

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb."

Only a few weeks ago a relative of my own was about to call at the house of a friend, and had to turn towards it at right angles from the street in which she was walking. It had been her practice to cross the

road, and to proceed on the *left-hand* side till she reached the house ; but on this occasion she did not cross, proceeding on the *right hand* side, and intending to cross opposite the house. To her great terror she now saw a large horse, which had broken away, with his heavy harness on, from some cart or waggon, rushing down the street, and fiercely dash against the very door to which she was going, and to which had she gone she must have been instantly struck dead ! The master of the house came out to ascertain what could cause so violent a shock, and his wonder was almost as great as her own at so providential an escape.

Nor does death find his victims only amid dreadful circumstances.

"Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape :
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair."

With what solemnity then should we listen to, and act on the words of our Lord : "Let your loins be girded about"—as Orientals tie up their outer garments,—a long-flowing robe with a sash, that it may not impede their progress—"and your lights burning," as servants waiting for their master's arrival were always expected to do ; "and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding ; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching : verily I say unto you that he shall gird himself"—as Jesus did when in the character of a servant, he waited on his disciples—"and make them to sit down to meat." "Be ye also ready." For "if the master shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them *ready*, blessed," happy—indescribably happy—"are those servants."

C. W.

THE HOME OF THOMAS GRAY.

"It was a lovely morning," says a pleasant writer, "before summer had quite finished her sojourn among us, and when autumn had barely touched the topmost branches of the trees with her golden wand, that we determined on a pilgrimage to Stoke Pogis, and left the pretty hill of Clewer at an early hour to go to church at the place rendered immortal by the poet who wrote so little, and yet so much. All was still ! the dew unmarked by a single footstep ; the shadows—shadows which are to the eye what echoes are to the ear—lying heavily upon the grass ! We passed, too (though somewhat out of our road),

the "ivy-mantled tower" of Upton church, and reached the church of Stoke Pogis."

"Stoke Pogis." An odd name, but surrounded by many pleasant memories. Who does not know the elegy, as it is called, "written in a country churchyard," beginning with the lines—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."



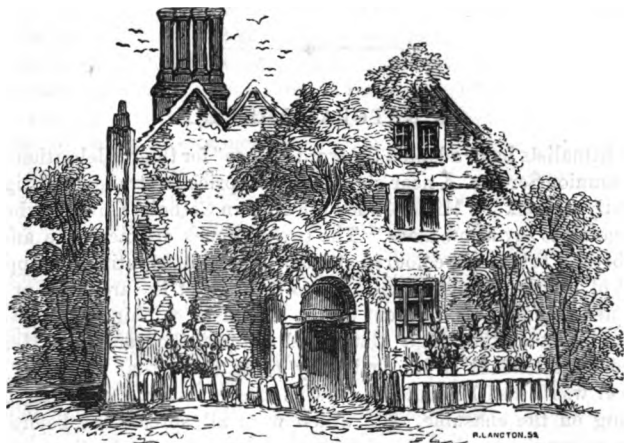
THE CHURCH AT STOKE POGIS.

The churchyard at Stoke Pogis is the one thus immortalised. Here we may see "the turf in many a mouldering heap," beneath which the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep;" and here may be found the tomb where the remains of the poet rest. Near at hand, too, are the hearths and homes where the fires once blazed, and "the busy housewives plied their evening care," and the children ran to lisp their sire's return; and all around are the fields where—

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

There was much to admire in the genius of Thomas Gray, though there were some unattractive peculiarities in his character. He is described as one who was always "unlike a boy," and Walpole declared that "Gray never was a boy." His mind loved loneliness, and musing, and melancholy. "Cambridge," he remarked in all seriousness, "is a delight of a place now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it if you knew what it was without inhabitants."

Imagine, then, his dismay, when he received a communication from the editor of "The Magazine and Magazines," saying that he had seen



THE MANOR HOUSE AT STOKP.

"an ingenious poem," entitled "Reflections in a Country Churchyard," which the editor was printing. Gray immediately wrote to a friend to intercede with the publisher to print the poem anonymously. Subsequently his terrors were aroused by being informed that his poems were about to be published, with his portrait. Again he wrote to Walpole, and said, "Sure you are not out of your wits; this I know, if you suffer my head to be printed you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it I know not, but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was I know will make me ridiculous

enough, but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half-a-dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory."

Mark those "rugged elms,
That "yew-tree shade," "yon ivy-mantled tower,"
And thread the path where heaves the mouldering heap
Then, stranger, thou art soulless earth indeed,
If the lone bard beside thee does not stand
Formed into life by Fancy's moulding spell!
'Twas here he mused—here Poetry and Thought,
And Silence, their enamoured sister, came;
And Taste, and Truth, their kindred magic blent,
And proud Attempt, and pure Conception rose,
While Melody each chord of mind attun'd,
Till soft Religion, like an angel, smiled,
And bade his genius make the grave sublime.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

THE Ritualists have adopted the word "Mass" for their celebration of the Communion Service. A near-sighted Roman priest, a stranger to Brighton, recently mistook St. Michael's for the Roman Catholic Church, where he was going to say a low mass. The two churches are near one another, and both of bright red-coloured stone or brick. Attributing the apparent want of holy water at the entrance to the fault of the architect, or to his own near-sightedness, he went up the side aisle, catching a glimpse of a vested priest at the "high altar," and entered the sacristy. Here he asked an attendant if he could say mass there that morning. The answer was "that he could." Now as the priest was unrobing before putting on the chasuble, etc., which were all spread out before him, there enters the sacristy the clergyman fresh from celebrating, attended by a "server," and carrying "paten, chalice, and corporal" in as orthodox a manner as could the pope himself. Now as the priest turned to look at this gentleman, in whom he expected to find the Parochus of the Catholic community, his eye lighted upon three university hoods. "Do you wear hoods here?" he inquired. The clergyman answered that such was their custom. "I was told," says the priest, hesitating, that I could say mass here this morning." "So you can," returns the clergyman blandly. "But—ahem—is this a Catholic Church?" "Yes," was the calm answer. "Ah!" says the priest, "is it the Roman Catholic Church?" "Oh!" replies the Ritualist, meekly, "*you must go lower down for that.*"

THE STREET "BY-AND-BY" AND THE HOUSE "NEVER."

FOR THE YOUNG.

"Oh, mamma! who has been writing me this copy?" said Katie, as she ran with her book in her hand into the garden where her mother was watering flowers.

"What copy, darling?"

"Why this, mamma: 'The Street By-and-By leads to the House Never,'" said Katie with eyes and mouth wide open.

"I did, last night," said mamma. "Look, my dear, how delighted these ferns seem with the water, and all the moss has come out green and plump again; if I waited till the sun was very hot the cold water would blister them."

"Yes," said Katie, "but what does this mean; do come and tell me about the Never House and the By-and-by Street."

"I will when I have finished watering; till then you feed your bird, and take him some groundsel; there is plenty outside this gate."

"Ah yes, that I will. But oh! mamma, mamma, there's a butterfly!" and out came Katie's handkerchief, and off she skipped across the lawn. Seeing the little figure disappearing under an archway of hops and clematis mamma called to remind her of the bird.

"Yes, I'm coming in a minute, presently," she cried. But the "presently" had not come when mamma had watered her flowers, so she went to look for her little girl, who was standing with her hands behind her talking to the gardener. Just then a great deal of "chirping" and "sweeting," as of a pet bird, was heard close behind them; they turned round, and there was Katie's canary in a cherry tree.

"Oh, Dick, Dick, how did you get out? do come you sweet pet;" and the child began those coaxing cooing sounds her bird very well knew. But Dick, though he put his head first on this side and then on that, and answered his young mistress, never for a moment intended to come to her pretty little stretched out forefinger.

"Do catch him, mamma, do." But mamma and the gardener of course could not. Just then Wilkins the nurse came out with the empty cage, saying, "Did you know, Miss Katie, that you left the cage door unfastened, and when I opened the nursery window your 'Dick' flew out."

"Why yes, I remember," and the tears came into her eyes. "I had put fresh sand into his cage, and seeing my copy-book with such a funny copy, I took it up and forgot all about the door being open. Look nurse, there he sits, the tiresome thing, and won't come to me."

"Well, Miss, I'll just put some groundsel into the cage and creep up softly;" which the kind Wilkins did. But "Dick," though a tame bird, was a self-willed bird; he looked at his cage, in fact, perched on it, and then flew away to another part of the garden. They all trotted after him, and after a great deal of coaxing, and waiting, and talking, and trying, they were at last successful; "Dick" was shut in his cage and taken into the house. Then Katie threw herself into her mamma's arms.

"Suppose he had flown quite away, what should I have done, mamma? I wish I had gone to feed him at once."

Now Katie had a very tiresome trick of saying she would do a thing "in a minute, presently;" and nearly losing her pet bird did not cure her. Her mamma had often helped her out of her troubles, and yet the little girl did not improve, so she thought she must let her take the consequences. One pill or one dose of medicine rarely cures a sick person, and so the accident of nearly losing her bird did not altogether alter the dear child; and though for a few days she was very prompt and quick in obeying, yet she went back to her old habit of putting off things. She would mend her gloves "by-and-by;" she would sow her seeds "in a minute;" she would weed her garden "presently;" she would run up-stairs to dress for a walk "when she had read this." And as you may guess, poor Katie was often too late for her walk, she had no sweet peas, or mignonette, or Virginia stock in her garden, and somehow the right time never came for her to pull out the weeds and set her plot in order.

Her mamma had gone away to the sea-side, and her little pet was getting altogether out of order under nurse's care.

One day Wilkins said she had had a letter from her mistress, who told her to pack up Katie's and her brother's things and to bring them all to the sea-side. The children were so delighted, and Wilkins was expected to put half the nursery into the boxes. Katie's doll and a few other things were chosen from the great heap they had collected.

To see mamma again was, for the first day, better even than the sea, the beach, and the sand. But soon they began digging as other children do, making castles, and moats, and gardens, which the sea washes away in an hour. Mamma sat near them, sometimes reading and often nursing Katie's doll, a great beauty who opened her eyes when she sat up, had morning and afternoon frocks, a night-dress too, and nightcap.

One day Maurice and Katie determined to build dolly a castle. The tide was low, they collected a great many large stones and made a splendid tower into which they put the wax darling. Then they made

a moat round the castle, and laid out a garden of smooth sand, edged with oyster shells. There were scarlet and yellow poppies up the cliff, and pink thrift, napweeds, and scabious, all of which would make the garden beautiful. So away the dear children went scrambling over the rough stones and up the steep banks. Mamma who had been reading looked off her book, and seeing the tide coming in called to Katie.

Her soft little voice was heard overhead, "Yes, mamma, I am coming by-and-by."

"But you must come at once, Kate, the tide is coming up rapidly."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute; I've such a lot of flowers for the garden."

But, alas, before Katie's minute was over a great wave had rolled up, swept away the castle, the garden, and the doll, and the poor doll went battling out to sea in the midst of white foam, her pretty pink dress, her straw hat, her golden hair looking like a bunch of sea-weeds. There was such a loud cry from Maurice and Kate; they came running down the beach to mamma who was looking in despair out at the sea. The doll never came back again; each wave seemed to wash her farther from them, and the only thing they ever saw was one of her little shoes which Maurice picked up the next day.

"I quite forgot, mamma," said the dear girl with tears in her eyes, "about the 'By-and-by' Street; what a pity it is that it leads to the House 'Never.'"

"No, my sweet pet, if we did not sometimes go into that cold House 'Never' we should very often make great mistakes and get ourselves as well as others into great trouble."

"But nobody's hurt but me because I've lost dolly."

"Yes, darling, I am hurt and sorry too; but if losing your doll and never seeing her again will make you careful about saying by-and-by I shall not be grieved for very long; and some day when you are a grown woman you will say to me, 'Mamma, I am glad I did know how wretched it was to be in the House 'Never,' for it made me very careful.'"

There were then kisses as well as tears, and if you or I had been near we should have heard Katie say, "Mamma, don't let me ever again say 'by-and-by,' or, 'in a minute presently,' but do you just say, 'Kate, the tide is coming up rapidly.'"

Mamma often helped the dear forgetful spirit; but there was One, the dear Jesus, who watched the struggle even more lovingly, and made the child's heart strong. She knew that He whose hand had once gathered the Hebrew girls and boys to His knees was still alive, and

though she could not see it she was quite sure it often held her in the right way.

The House "Never" is a very chill dreary place, and it stands right across the Street "By-and-by," but children do not often see it until they get inside its doors. Perhaps some dear mamma, or grandmamma, or aunt, will point it out to the children when she sees the little feet lingering in that pleasant but perilous street.

Y.

SNOWED UP.

FATHER had been gone eight days, when one afternoon mother came in from the barn, where she had been to shake down some hay for the cows, with a face so sober that I was frightened at once.

"Why, mother! what is the matter?" I cried.

"I'm worried about your father, child," said she; and then she went to the window and looked out.

"Why, mother, if he started for home yesterday—"

"He would be just in season to be caught in the snow," she interrupted with a vehemence unnatural to her.

"Snow, mother,"—I rose, and went to the window. The sky was full of great masses of grey clouds, that sometimes parted, and showed a steel-coloured background, intense and cold, and immeasurably distant. Wide before us spread the waste white uninhabited fields,—the nearest house a mile away, and its chimney only visible above the hills which hid it. A tawny brazen belt of light lying along the west, where the sun had gone down, illuminated the snow, and gave a weird character to the whole scene. There was a high wind swaying the tops of the tall trees before the house; and once in a while, you would see a fragment of cloud caught from the great grey curtain, and torn into shreds, or raveled into a thin web, which seemed for a moment to shut close down upon us. It was a strange night, a strange sky. I felt a vague alarm. But I tried to speak cheerfully. "It is too cold to snow, mother!"

She pointed to the window. Even as I spoke, the air was suddenly darkened by a multitude of fine flakes, that crowded faster and faster, and were swirled about by the wind, and quickly built up a wall around the door. As it grew dark, the storm increased. The wind, which had been blowing steadily all day, rose to a gale. It tugged at the doors and windows; it thundered down the chimney; it caught the little house and shook it till all the timbers creaked; the noise was truly awful. We

got the boys into the trundle bed as soon as we could, and then mother brought out her wheel, and I took my knitting. There was a great blazing fire on the hearth, and the room was so warm that the yarn ran beautifully. Mother made out her stint that night; she was a famous spinner, and the wheel went as fast, and the yarn was as even as if she had not been so dreadfully worried about father. But every few minutes she would stop and say she hoped he had not started, or that, having set out, he would be warned in time, and stop by the way.

It was so strange to see mother, who was usually calm, so put about, that I got very nervous, and was glad when she stopped the wheel, and twisted up the yarn she had spun. But as she turned round toward me with it in her hand, she looked so strange that I cried out to know what was the matter. "It is nothing," she whispered; but I took hold of her and steadied her into an arm-chair, and then ran for the camphor. That brought her round, but now she looked feverish, and was shaking all over, and I knew that she was going to have one of her ill-turns,—possibly lung-fever,—for her lungs were but weak, and she rarely got over the winter without a fever. The thought made me half wild, but I dared not wait to cry or fret. I knew there was no time to be lost, and I hurried around, and gave her a warm footbath, and kept hot flannels on her chest, and made her drink a nice bowl of herb tea as soon as she was in bed; for I thought when the perspiration started she would be relieved. I was glad enough when the great drops stood on her forehead. Yet the hard breathing and the rattling in the chest were not cured. I kept renewing the steaming flannels, as the doctor always directed, till she fell asleep. She slept almost all night, and I sat in the chair by her, occasionally rousing up to put more wood on the fire, and listen to the wind, which still held as fierce as it was at sundown.

By-and-by I dosed—I don't know how long, but I was wakened by hearing Jem call out, "Mercy, why don't it come day?" I started up. My fire had gone down, and the room was dark. Mother was breathing heavily beside me. "I say, Mercy, isn't it morning? Why don't we get up?" persisted Jem. I begged him to be still, and rising, made my way to the clock! I could not see the face, but by touching the hands I made out that it was eight o'clock. I knew now that we were snowed up, and that was the reason why it was so dark. I kindled up the fire and lighted a pine knot. Jem and David came up to the hearth to dress, half crying and fretting for mother. But I pacified them with a breakfast of bread and milk, and while they were eating it I ventured to open a door. There was a solid wall of snow. I looked into the foreroom—it was as dark as a cellar. Then I ran upstairs, and here the courage I

had forsook me, and I grew weak and sick, for the snow was already even with the ledge of the chamber window, and all the outbuildings were as completely hidden as if the earth had swallowed them in the night.

I ran downstairs hastily, for I heard mother call. She looked up at me anxiously. "How is it, Mercy?" "I'm afraid, mother, we are snowed up," I said. "And I'm sick!" Mother was sick: that was the worst side of the trouble. It was a settled fever by this time, I was sure. We both knew it; we both knew that no help was to be had, and that she might die for the want of it. We were both silent, neither daring to speak, not knowing how to encourage or strengthen the other. Mother grew worse all day, in spite of all that I could do for her. The darkness in the house was most depressing, and made the situation tenfold more painful; though I kept a fire and a light burning as at evening, I had to be economical of both, for there was only a small stock of fuel, and a handful of pine knots in the house. It was painful to hear the poor cows at the barn lowing for food, and to know that it was impossible to reach them. I might, perhaps, have gone out on snow-shoes, and managed to get into the barn by the window in the loft, but father's shoes were loaned to a neighbour, and even if they had been at hand, I should hardly dare to risk my strength, not yet renovated after my sickness, and, which was so essential to mother's safety, in an effort that might fail.

So the hours went on, and the day that was like night wore to a close. In the evening mother brightened up a little. She was calm now, and for the time free from pain. There was an unearthly beauty in the large bright hollow eyes, and the thin cheeks, where the rose of fever burned, the disease had worked swiftly. Even this revival might be only a forerunner of death. "I want to tell you, dear," she said, "what to do in case I should not get well." I hid my face in the quilt, and tried not to sob, while she went on, in a sweet calm thoughtful way, to tell me of the things that in my inexperience I might forget. I must not be wasteful of food or fuel; if the snow, which was still falling, should cover the chimney so that I could not make a fire, I must wrap myself and the children in all the warm things I could find; there were some new blankets in the chest in the chamber she said, that she had meant for me. I must get those, if I needed them. "And if I am not here to encourage you, my child," she said tenderly, "don't give up hoping. Help cannot be very far off. Some of the neighbours will come to us, or father will work his way through the snow, and get home. And, Mercy, don't be afraid of the poor body that I shall leave behind

me. Think of it as the empty house that I have used for a little while, and be sure it can do you no harm."

I promised all she asked, and hid my tears as well as I could. While she slept, and I could do nothing for her, I kept the children quiet with play-things and stories. I cooked bread and meat, and made a great kettle of porridge against the time when we might not be able to have a fire; I hunted in the garret for bits of old boards and broken furniture that might serve for fuel. For two days the wind held, and then there fell an awful silence as of the grave. Sometimes I read from the Psalms or from the Gospel of John, which mother dearly loved; and though she did not take much notice, but lay in a stupor most of the time, the holy words were comfort and company to me. At other times I sat in mute grief, watching her painful breathing, and the gradual pinching and sharpening of her features as the relentless disease worked upon them. O, it was hard! I don't think many lives know so much and such utter misery. In my anxiety and grief, and the mental bewilderment resulting from loss of sleep, I forgot to reckon the days as they passed.

But one day, as I sat by mother's pillow, my mind full of the dread that seemed now as if it might any moment be realised,—of the awfulness of being left alone in that living tomb with the marble image of what was and yet was not my mother, the clock struck nine in the morning. Somewhere the sun was shining, I thought. Somewhere there were happy lovers, merrymakings in divers places, wedding bells ringing. A faint sound disturbed my reverie. I started up, and listened intently; but the noise did not recur, and I dropped my head again, thinking my fancy had cheated me. I don't know why it was that what failed to reach my strained ear found its way to mother's; but all at once, from having been in a state of stupor from which I could hardly rouse her, she opened her eyes, and said, "What is that?" "Do you hear anything?" I asked, trembling. But before she could answer, I too, heard a shout. Help was at hand! And mother might yet be saved. I burst into tears, and Jem and David set up a loud cry for company. Those outside heard it, for the next instant there was a great halloo. They were cutting their way through the drift,—they came every minute nearer and nearer. Pretty soon I heard a voice that set my heart beating, and made me sob again. It was Ephraim's.

"Are you all alive?" he cried. "We are all alive, but mother is very sick." I don't know how long it took to tunnel that huge snowdrift. I sat holding mother's hand till there was a noise at the door. I sprang up then, and the next minute stood face to face with Ephraim. And

we did not meet as we had parted. I was glad to think that we owed our deliverance to him. He had roused up the neighbours, and they came over that trackless waste on snow-shoes. On snow-shoes, Ephraim went for the doctor, and mother began to mend from the time of his coming. It was a week before father got home. Yet he had come as fast as the roads would let him, travelling night and day in his eagerness to reach us. He told us of houses snowed up, and people and animals perishing miserably. And by God's grace we were saved, even to the cows, which in their hunger had broken loose from their stalls, and eaten the hay from the mow. And so my life's greatest joy and pain came to me by the storm. It gave Ephraim back to me. For forty years as man and wife we had never a hard word. 'Tis thirty years since he went—thirty years of Heaven's peace for him. I did not think to wait so long when he went. The children have been very good to me, but I've missed their father always. But I shall go to him soon. Son Ephraim, I am ninety-two to-morrow!"—*From an American Periodical.*

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.

YOUNG people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and consequently will in general sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning. Nothing but the *practical habit* of overcoming our own selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. And, therefore, I am fully persuaded that indulgence *infallibly* produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

I have long felt that until the fathers and mothers are better men and women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear on the MOTHERS more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done.—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

IN the new Parliament there are more than eighty members unconnected with the Established Church. Two of the members of that house are Wesleyans; five are Baptists; and twelve are Independents, viz. :—Mr. Hadfield, Sir F. Crossley, Mr. W. E. Baxter, Mr. Edward Baines, Mr. S. Morley, Mr. C. Reed, Mr. H. Richard, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Rylands, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Pochin, and Mr. Lea. A contemporary points out that the gain to the Liberal party is owing exclusively to Nonconformist Wales, Presbyterian Scotland, and Roman Catholic Ireland; these have returned the whole of the increased Liberal majority; the representation of England stands exactly as it was.

Some of the Wesleyans, in the late elections, have spoken boldly on the questions of the day. The *Watchman* says, "If any Wesleyan Methodists have, in the late elections, assumed an attitude of active hostility to the Church, some of the clergy have to thank themselves for it. They have denounced us as schismatics, they have ignored our Church status, they have treated our ministers as laymen, they have re-baptized our children, they have refused to bury our dead, they have driven our children from the National-schools, because their parents wished them to attend their own Sabbath-school, they have prevented us obtaining sites for schools and chapels, they have dismissed Methodist servants, and ejected Methodist tenants, and they have threatened to prosecute our missionary collectors under the Vagrancy Act!"

Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, has been appointed to the highest post in the Church. And it is stated that Mr. Disraeli was "commanded" by Her Majesty to offer that gentleman the vacant seat. The High Churchmen can hardly reconcile themselves to the elevation of a Bishop who, on one occasion, called a Report of Convocation a most foolish production, and has frustrated various attempts to excommunicate Dr. Colenso. The *Church News*, says the *English Independent*, gives the new Archbishop fair warning, that his "first overt act of communion with the infidel Colenso, will be the signal for the High Church party to renounce his authority, and 'excommunicate' him."

A letter from Toronto, quoted in the *Record*, says "The clergy are dependent for their support on the voluntary contributions of the people, and the case is, and is even likely to be, exceptional, in which the people are willing to have their money spent in gratifying a morbid taste for ecclesiastical fireworks, and intricate ceremonial. People are very

practical in this country, and supplies are apt to diminish as ornaments increase." "Will the English Evangelicals," says the *English Independent*, "take heed to this remarkable testimony? The way to preserve Evangelicalism in the Church, is to make it Congregational."

The seceders from the Established Church to Rome become more and more numerous. Other members of the Rev. Mr. Pye's family have followed the example of the reverend son-in-law of the Bishop of Oxford. The Hon. Colin Lindsay, the President of the English Church Union, which provides funds for the defence of prosecuted Ritualists, has had the honest courage to go to his proper place. The *Tablet* informs us that one hundred and four persons in London alone passed over from the Anglican to the Romish Church in a single month of the present year. And here, says the *English Independent*, is the Church which all the pious Protestants of the land are distractedly summoned to uphold, lest forsooth "the Queen and the Nation should be delivered into the hands of the Pope." The way to do that, it is added, the really probable way of securing Popish ascendancy in Great Britain plainly is, to preserve the Establishment with sacred care.

The *Church News*, the organ of the Ritualistic party, declares plainly that the hopes for the Romanising of England are *through the Establishment itself*. "The Established Church," it says, "must get hold of the people, and not only get hold of them, but Catholicise them. As we move onward, and restore again the sacrifice of the mass, the confessional, the seven sacraments, the veneration of Mary and the saints, prayers for the departed, the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, and the like, we must remember that we have to restore these rites, beliefs, and practices, not as luxuries for a few, but as living realities to be held and used by all."

The great Temperance question, or the problem as to how the wretchedness caused by drunkenness in our country is to be lessened, is receiving wider and deeper attention than ever before. A number of philanthropic gentlemen of all religious opinions—total abstainers and moderate drinkers—have held meetings in London, in order to take into consideration the evils arising from the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The cause which the friends of Temperance have sought to serve has hitherto suffered from the want of co-operation between total abstainers and the religious public, although the latter are equally anxious for the diminution of drunkenness with the former. The conferences have been attended by gentlemen of ability and influence. Archdeacon Sandford and the Bishop of Windsor represented the Established Church. Dr. Raleigh, the President of the Congregational

Union, with the Rev. Henry Allon, the Rev. Newman Hall, the Rev. Edward White, the Rev. James Martineau, and others, represented English Nonconformity. Much may be expected to result from this movement in which good men are willing thus to join in labouring for an end which all Christendom would delight to reach.

Arrangements have been made for the inauguration of a movement of rather a notable character in London. St. James's Hall has been engaged for the purpose of accommodating an undenominational congregation which is to be gathered from the locality. "There will," it is stated, "be one vast miscellaneous congregation, with no Church organisation, the business incident to it being transacted by a committee of gentlemen of all evangelical denominations. The persons composing this congregation may be of any church, or of no church. The preaching of Christ and Him crucified will be its one grand characteristic. A modified form of the Liturgy will be used, together with free prayer." Efforts are being made to induce the Rev. Newman Hall to undertake the conduct of the services, at least for a time, which would necessitate that gentleman's relinquishment of the evening service at Surrey Chapel.

The new missionary ship, *John Williams*, belonging to the London Missionary Society, has left the shores of England on her first voyage. She sails for Sidney and the South Sea Islands. She has been committed by the directors to the care of Captain Fowler, of Scarborough, a thoroughly able seaman and a Christian. Her officers and crew are picked men, several of them being teetotallers and members of churches. A missionary schoolmaster and his wife have sailed in the *John Williams* for Samoa; and the ship also carries supplies for the missionary families and their stations.

The *Shanghai* correspondent of the *Times* writes of sad occurrences connected with missionary work in China which may lead to very unpleasant consequences. The writer says that the missionary party had not been long settled when an organised system of placarding was resorted to, to excite popular feeling against them. They were accused of kidnapping children and boiling them up for medicine; of abstracting the heart and liver from dead bodies and eating it; of administering drugs to Chinamen which turned them into foreigners. Their religion was foully abused. The natural consequence was that the populace got excited, mobbed and pelted them, and eventually smashed the windows in their house. The mission-house was broken into, and the lower story set fire to. The occupants were maltreated; the ladies had to throw their children out of the window and jump out after them. Mr.

Reid lost one of his eyes. Eventually the party were rescued by an official guard, and shipped off to Chinkiang. Mr. Medhurst, the British Consul at Shanghai, went to that port, and finding how matters stood, ordered up Her Majesty's ship *Rinaldo*, went to the scene of the riot, and demanded the release of the lessor of the mission-house, and the punishment of those who had instigated the attack. Finding it impossible to settle matters satisfactorily on the spot, Mr. Medhurst determined to go to the Viceroy at Nankin, and he requested the prefect to accompany him. The Viceroy showed every disposition to concede the claims made. At this juncture, however, Captain Bush withdrew the war ship, and left Mr. Medhurst to finish his negotiations. Relieved from the fears with which the presence of the ship inspired him, the Viceroy retracted his promises, became insolent, refused to punish any body, or to remove the magistrates. Her Majesty's Consul had no option but to reject these terms, and withdraw. How the matter may end is a question for the future to solve.

The cause of religious liberty still goes forward in Spain. Permission has been given by the authorities for the erection of a Protestant Church at Madrid. The Roman Catholic papers are said to be frantic at the concession. Other papers, however, praise the act, and encourage the Ministry in developing still more clearly and fully the principle of entire freedom of worship.

The Free Church of Scotland, as far as finance is concerned, is a pattern Church. Last year, by the operation of the Sustentation Fund, £150 was the smallest income received by any minister throughout the denomination.

A new and beautiful Congregational Church has been opened at Clifton Down, which was erected at a cost of £10,000. A new Congregational Church, in the Gothic style, has been erected at Blyth; and another at Chard, which has cost £3,000.

The following gentlemen have accepted Congregational pastorates:—The Rev. H. Luckett, at Ebenezer Chapel, West Bromwich; Mr. A. Philips, at Springhead, Manchester; the Rev. H. Coleman, at Penryn; the Rev. H. Ollerenshaw, of Hull, at Bethnal Green Road, London; the Rev. T. Wills, of Pontefract, at Grosvenor Street Chapel, Manchester.

Mr. A. C. Gill has been ordained to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Ingatestone.

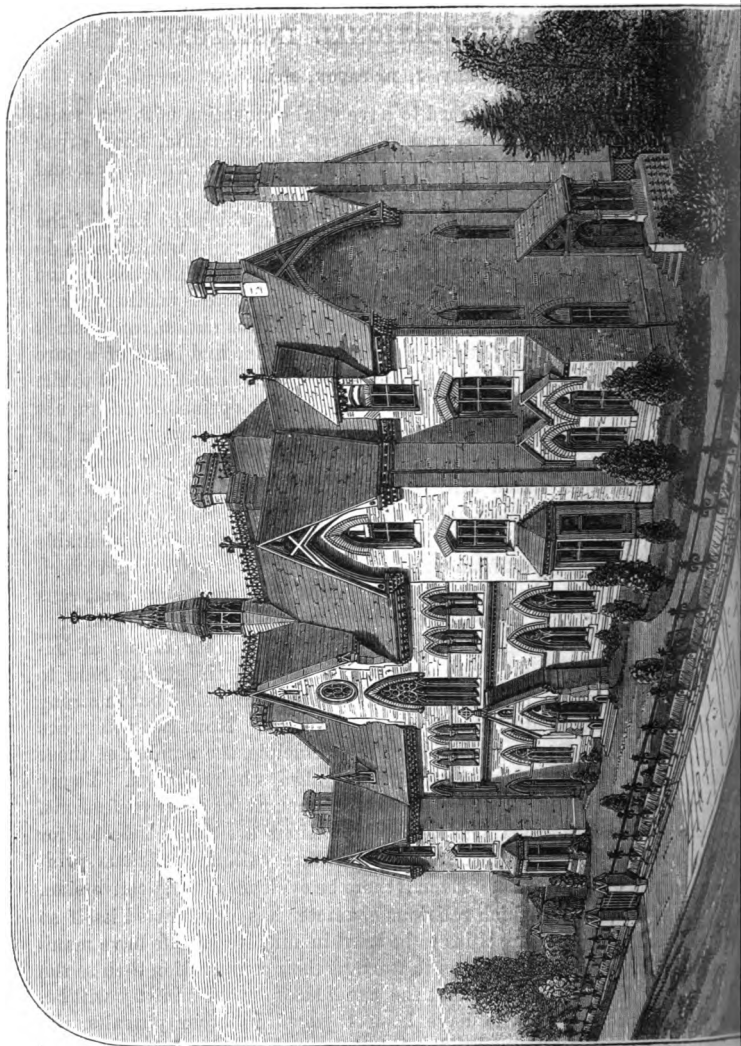
The Rev. J. E. Richards has resigned his pastorate at Hammersmith; the Rev. R. M. Mac Briar, M.A., at Sheffield; the Rev. R. G. Soper, B.A., at Ludlow; the Rev. R. E. Forsaith, at Orange Street Chapel, London; and the Rev. J. A. T. Skinner, at Itchen.

THE CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTE.

BY REV. J. B. PATON, M.A.

Two principles, which I regard to have vital connection with the prosperity of our denomination, and of every denomination, have given rise and importance to the Congregational Institute for Theological and Missionary Training.

The first is the conviction that, for every work which the Lord of the Church gives a denomination to do, He gives the right workmen to do it. But whilst He gives the men, it is the duty of the Churches to give them the equipment and training they need. Now, there is another principle universally recognised by the Independent denomination, and springs in fact from its characteristic and essential doctrine and habit of a pure communion in its Churches: that only they who are called of God to the ministry should enter it, or be educated for it. This principle I deem not only wise, but to be a Divine ordinance, and to be the very safeguard of spiritual vitality, and consequently of sound doctrine in our Churches. But this principle, which attributes directly to God the provision of a ministry for His Churches, involves, to my mind, most indubitably the conclusion that His provision will be sufficient, and that the lamentable deficiency in this respect from which our denomination suffers, and which deteriorates and weakens our Churches, must arise from some erroneous methods of our own devising, by which we prevent the wisdom and fulness of the Divine grace. Let me show such error in one all-important respect. The Divine call to the ministry is rightly held to consist not merely in the evidence of individual conversion, but in strong desire and manifest aptitude for ministerial work. Now, two things are very plain—1st. By the operation of this principle, the number of those who are being trained for the ministry will always be restricted. Young men are not provided for the ministry among us, as for other professions. At the age of life when trades and professions are being selected for boys, and they are initiated into their future callings, religious principles are often undefined. Even if there be evidence of early conversion, the cases are rare in which religious character has pronounced itself so emphatically, or the capacities to be tried in ministerial life have manifested themselves so clearly, as to warrant their consecration then to the ministry. Hence it follows that the candidates for our ministry will be, very commonly, men who have been engaged in other pursuits, the opening years of whose manhood has been devoted to their secular callings, and who have realised to themselves, by actual and successful



service for the Church; in the Sabbath-school, prayer-meetings, &c., and have approved to others, the fact that they are fitted for and called to the labour of the ministry. But, 2nd, it is also plain that if the number of those who are qualified to enter the ministry be much restricted—God Himself imposing the limit—it must be erroneous policy to limit this number still further, by any arbitrary appointment. It seems to be a clear corollary from this principle, so sacredly held by us, that only those who are called of God should enter the ministry; that none who are called, *i.e.*, who have a desire and show an aptitude for the ministry, should be debarred from it. The Divine call does not supersede or annul the necessity for most careful suitable instruction; *but it imposes the necessity of providing* such instruction for those who shall receive it.

Our arrangements, until the establishment of the Institute, seemed, however, adapted to quite another principle than that avowed by our denomination. Our colleges are manifestly intended for young men—certainly for unmarried men; and candidates are obliged to present themselves for admission with scholastic acquirements which the school-boy has by rote, but which the grown-up man has forgotten. This would suit admirably if men passed from the school to the college, as is generally the case in preparing for other professions; but with us the preparation for the ministry is not so. With us, men are expected to have been out in business, to have given evidence of piety, and to have shown aptness to teach. And such qualifications may be revealed when these men are no longer youths.

Doubtless there are many—would they were more!*—whom the present arrangements of our older colleges suit. It is plain, however, that there must be many more who are certainly called, so far as their own desire and their abundant labours give evidence thereof, to the ministry of the Gospel, who are excluded from our colleges by these conditions, and as these colleges have been the only schools for ministerial preparation, such men have been debarred from the ministry. Now this restriction has been of our own making; and, if removed, it will appear that sufficient men are forthcoming, and men of the right stamp. If God has called them to His work, it is for us to equip and send them forth, and especially at this time, when the demands for more labourers are so urgent. Our means of ministerial training should reach every man of every class of life who possesses tried abilities, and who will

* It is a pleasure to me to reflect that this Institute has done so much to increase the number of students in the older colleges. Last year we recommended *seven* men to them. In a word, the Institute, in addition to its own work, has, in five years, as good as filled one older college with men who would not, save in one or two cases, have been likely to enter any of them had not the Institute been in existence.

avail himself of them. Our methods should be varied, and thoroughly adapted to the men we train, and the work we train them for.

The second principle which has originated, and which is the life of the Institute, is one which I have illustrated in a letter addressed by me at the close of last year to many of our leading ministers, and which I now hereby address to a larger circle of readers, all of whom are deeply interested in the matters which I set forth in it. The principle on which I so earnestly insist is this—to do work, our first care must be to select, and then to train the workmen. Unless this be done, our other efforts are all stultified. Time, and zeal, and moneys, are largely wasted. If we need a ministry—if we employ evangelists, do let us, as a denomination, be wise, in securing able, accredited, and trained men, for these most responsible and arduous services of the Churches. I give the letter without abridgment or alteration, and commend the facts which I state therein to the reflection of every reader. Only, let reflection be followed by action.

“ CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTE, *Dec. 28th, 1868.*

“DEAR SIR,—I am constrained, by my duty to our denomination, to ask your attention to the following facts, and further to ask you to lay them before your deacons, in order that some action may be taken upon them.

“I send you last year's report of our Institute. Our present building has been raised and opened free from debt, and is adequate to the training of 100 men. The maintenance of the Institute is wholly dependent upon the free-will offerings of the Churches of our denomination. We have no endowments. Well, we are called just now to face this great responsibility. During the last three months we have received many applications from members of our Churches, seeking admission, and strongly recommended by the Churches to which they belong. So far, too, as I can judge, they seem to be men eminently fitted for the specific services of the Church for which we train men. But in the present state of our finances, we dare not receive them unless we have promises of further help for the year. You will sympathise with me when I say I dare not ask our Committee to undertake the responsibility of rejecting these men, without personally consulting our ministers and Churches, and laying this fact before them.

“In answer to our prayers, labourers have been given us of God ; and now, when He asks the Churches to prove the sincerity of their prayers to Him, by giving them what it is their duty to provide—suitable equipment and training, we dare not make the answer for our Churches, which

I dread to contemplate, until we have laid our position fully before them, and have received their decision.

"And allow me to show the urgent, nay, the paramount importance of the question I am asking your Church and yourself to consider, by the statement of a few grave facts, to my mind most alarming and painful—facts which bear more nearly, and surely, and fatally, in the progress and destiny of our denomination, than any other which could be named.

"1st. By reference to page 417 of the 'Year Book' for 1868, you will see that our eight older colleges trained only thirty-two men out of the eighty-six new ministers who entered our denomination in England and settled over Churches during the year. Nineteen more were educated at Nottingham, Bristol, Cotton End, and Bedford. But for all the remainder we were dependent on other communities, or very largely upon men who had no training or probation for the work at all. Now, a denomination that can leave the supply of its ministry to this hap-hazard, must suffer enormously in many ways, which I have at various times attempted to set forth. But allow me to say this much. Our larger Churches are now supplied from our older colleges. *They* may not suffer, but the weaker Churches, those for whom, in a true communion of Churches, the strong ought chiefly to care, are left unprovided, or are provided in a hap-hazard and perilous manner! This is not magnanimous conduct in a great denomination; and I affirm that we are terribly punished for our neglect in the weakness and death of many of our rural Churches, and in the chronic pauperism in which many perforce abide.

"Again.—In no denomination so much as in ours does the Church live in and by the zeal, fidelity, and approved ability of its minister. It is everything with an Independent and Baptist Church that it should have an accredited and competent minister, yet there is no other denomination, that I know of, that leaves this vital concernment of its ministry so neglected. Some other denominations may not give much scholarship to their ministers, but they test them thoroughly before they receive them, and train and prove them for a definite period after their admission.

"Now many men are asking for this training at our hands, are we to refuse them?

"2nd. By referring to Mr. Davison's admirable paper on 'Evangelists,' delivered before the 'Union' in May last, you will observe this statement:—'Of eleven evangelists employed in one county, eight at least had, almost up to the time of their engagements, been Methodists of one sort or another, and only one had any Congregational training for the work.' Yet the evangelists referred to by Mr. Davison generally have

to labour in populous districts, with a view of gathering new congregations, and should be, I conceive, men thoroughly imbued with our principles, carefully instructed both in our doctrine and polity. What Mr. Davison says of one county is true of others. Is it not plain that evangelistic work, like every other, must largely fail, if we do not first secure, and rightly train the men for it. Money spent in this work, as in the support of all of our societies, is not made effective, and often obtains no satisfactory return, just because this primary matter of the agents and their training is not, with wise statesmanly forethought and diligence, attended to.

"I venture, therefore, to ask you to look at the first great concernment of all Christian Churches in doing their Lord's work, viz., to seek and to call out the right men for this work, and above all, when God gives us 'good and faithful men,' then not to fail in giving them the training and probation which every right-minded man will desire to have, before he ventures on such a solemn ministry, and with which it is the Churches' duty to provide them.

"Our Committee will meet early in the new year, to decide on the admission of applicants, and I shall be grateful if, by a collection, or by other promises of help, you prevent us doing what, under the present circumstances of our denomination to which I have referred, I shall deplore, viz., the rejection of *good* candidates.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"J. B. PATON."

CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. G. B. JOHNSON.*

LET us anticipate the day when the name of Christian shall absorb all other names. That venerable name, first given in Antioch, has proved, and ever will, the highest and the fullest. Before it every other shall shrink and shrivel, shall fade and melt away! Other names distinguish us from our brethren; this unites us with them! Other names are but parts; this is the whole! Other names are abstract, and they coldly affect us; this is personal, and gains our very soul! As yet we may not lay them aside; but we keep them in their places by giving supremacy to this! They befit earth and time; only this will abide for ever! Let us bethink ourselves every day that we bear this name! Christians may sanction no error, for Christ is truth!—no sel-

* From his valuable little Manual on "Our Principles." New Edition. Hodder and Staughton.

fishness, for Christ is love!—no sin, for Christ is holiness! “Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him *my new name.*”

BAD TIMES.

BY THE REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

THERE are just now “bad times” in Lancashire. The mills are on only half-work, and half-work means half-pay, perhaps half-food and half-clothing. In other directions, too, there are complaints. Trade is slack. There is little money making, little work available. Merchants, shop-keepers, and artizans alike suffer.

Is there a “silver lining” to this cloud? Are there any sweet drops in the bitter cup? May we behold a Divine hand writing on the wall amid surrounding fear and perplexity? Unquestionably.

Bad times might be worse. We should never forget that. Much has been lost, but how much more could have been taken. Many things have been removed from our grasp, but what a number are left! Contrast the blessings which, in His providence, God has taken away, with those that He has left. Vastly do the latter exceed the former. A merchant some few years ago failed in business. He went home in great agitation. “I am ruined! I am beggared; I have lost all,” he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead. “All?” said his wife. “No; I am left.” “All? papa,” said his eldest boy; “here I am.” “And I, too,” said his little girl, running up and putting her arms round his neck. “And you have your health left.” “And your hands to work with.” “And God’s promises.” “And a rest in heaven at last.” Thus cried consolatory voices. “God forgive me!” said the poor merchant, bursting into tears; “I have not lost my all. What have I lost to what I have left me!” He took comfort, and began the world afresh. What a lesson for us all! Let us go and do likewise.

Bad times are not worse than we deserve. This may sound extreme. We may be charged with severity in affirming it. But it is true. Honestly now, my reader, put this question to your conscience—what do I merit? We are certain that the reply will be—nothing. It is a sad but accurate confession. Those who have lived the nearest to God will be the readiest to make it. They feel that they have served Him so poorly, blundered so often, neglected so much, that they have no

claims upon God for anything. Jacob was perfectly right when he said, "I am not worthy of the least of all Thy mercies." Nor was noble David mistaken in his estimate, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." Only realise the ingratitude of sin. Do but look at disobedience in its true light, namely, as opposition to our best Father and Friend, and it will be seen to be a monstrous unmitigated evil. Such a fact should modify murmurs and check complaints. A German prince, travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys were kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, offered to set at liberty any slave whom he selected. The prince went the round of the prison, therefore, and conversed with the prisoners. He inquired into the reason of their confinement, and met only with universal complaints of injustice, oppression, and false accusation. At last he came to one man, who admitted his imprisonment to be just. "My lord," said he, "I have no reason to complain. I have been a wicked desperate wretch." The prince fixed his eyes upon the man, and, without hesitation, selected him, saying, "This is the man whom I wish released." In like manner, when surrounded by troubles, and made the prisoners of tribulation, it best behoves us to acknowledge that we suffer no more than our sins merit.

Bad times are preceded by good times. Trade is not always depressed. Far from it. Wonderful has been Britain's prosperity. Her wealth has increased to an extent that is amazing. Official returns prove as much. Usually commerce flourishes. Generally speaking, occupation is found for our workers, and capital is possessed by our manufacturers. Ragged raiment, empty cupboards, half-furnished homes, only fall to the lot of the labouring classes occasionally. And yet how often we lose sight of this! Oh, thankless mortals that we are, to allow to-day's trials to obscure yesterday's mercies, and to-morrow's sure relief. We repeat it—"To-morrow's sure relief;" for if bad times are preceded by good ones, they will be succeeded by the same. "That which is to be hath already been."

"Frail flowers, that droop beneath the blast,
Smile with new beauty when 'tis past,
And, looking from the fields below,
Behold the many-coloured bow—
The arch of hope, whose glorious form
Shines through the shadows of the storm.
Uplift thy face, and see the sign
Reflecting love and peace Divine,
And then thy selfish grief restrain;
The setting sun will rise again.

Oh, sigh not, weep not, if some day
 Fling shade or shadow on thy way;
 Remember thou hast but thy share
 Of the great sum of human care;
 Think of the things beyond thy sphere
 Thou canst not see, thou canst not hear,
 Of labour's fetters lightly borne,
 Of mighty sorrows bravely worn,
 And then subdue thy lesser pain;
The setting sun will rise again."

Bad times were endured by the best of Beings. "The English Cicero," as Bishop Jeremy Taylor is called, has the following beautiful passage in one of his works:—"It is reported in the Bohemian story that St. Wincellaus, their king, one winter night, going to his devotions in a remote church barefooted in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant Podarius, who waited upon his master's piety, and endeavoured to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a cure or found one; for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps for him in the snow. In the same manner does the blessed Jesus; for, since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objection and danger, apt to be mistaken, and to affright our industry, he commands us to mark his footsteps, to tread where his feet have trod, and not only invites us forward by his example, but he hath trodden down much of the difficulty, and made the way easier and fit for our feet.

The Son of God was the child of poverty. His were "bad times" indeed. Bad times when a manger was his bed, and a stable his chamber; bad times when foxes had holes, and birds of the air had nests, but he had not where to lay his head; bad times when, dependent on the hand of charity, "women ministered unto him of their substance;" bad times when his body was begged by Joseph of Arimathea, and his very tomb was a borrowed one. "Silver and gold have I none," might as truly have been the assertion of the Master as it was that of the disciples. Does He forget this? Impossible. Recalling the years of trial through which He passed, He looks down in tender sympathy upon all His afflicted followers. Blessed consolation!

Bad times are meant for our good. They come to teach us an infinitely important lesson. What is it? To moderate our earthly desires and expectations. We are all too prone to over-rate the temporal. It is so hard to have respect to the "happy medium" between extremes,

and so easy to ignore it. We either despise or worship secular good—usually the latter. God remonstrates, pleads, warns. Still we “bow the knee” to some self-elected “Baal.” How, then, shall He act towards us? There is but one course, and that is to destroy our idol. *This is the meaning of bad times.* We allow gifts to hide from us the Giver, and therefore He removes them. Thus He seeks to bring us face to face with Himself.

Bad times will be followed by better times or by worse times. To the servant of God, better. None can say how much better. Very brief to him will prove the cares of mortality. When on the scaffold, Sir Walter Raleigh felt the edge of the axe with which he was to be slain. Having done so, he remarked—“It is a sharp medicine, but it will cure the worst disease.” Yes, as regards believers, death heals all the “ills that flesh is heir to,” and all the ills, also, that soul is heir to. The very sorrows of life will enhance the joys of eternity. By how much we suffer here, by so much we shall rejoice there. “Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how plain it is. Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness round to make its presence felt.” Even so, the darkness of earth will enable us to appreciate the light of heaven. Oh, servant of Christ, be thankful. Try to be patient. Sing while you suffer. Bad times will soon be over. Good times, indeed, will speedily be yours.

But not *yours*, my unconverted reader. Most emphatically not yours, if you persist in unbelief. Far, far worse times must be the dreadful portion of those who neglect the Gospel. It is bad enough to be without raiment, food, home, friends. But to have not on the wedding garment, to be forbidden the hidden manna, to be in outer darkness, to be without God, the eternal Friend—how unutterably dreadful! Be wise in time. Implore mercy. Pray for pardon. Seek renewal. Do it now. Then you will quickly know the last of “bad times.”

Luton.

TRUSTY AND TRUE.

Two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel in Edinburgh one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said,

“Please, Sir, buy some matches?”

“No, don’t want any,” the gentleman said.

“But they are only a penny a box,” the little fellow pleaded.

"Yes, but you see we don't want any," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will gee ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last. But then, says the gentleman who tells this story, I found I had no change, so I said,

"I will buy a box to-morrow."

"Oh! do buy them the nicht, if you please," the boy pleaded; "I will run and get ye the change, for I am hungry."

So I gave him the shilling, and he started away; and I waited for him, but no boy came. But still there was that in the boy's face that I trusted. Well, late in the evening a little boy was brought in, and I saw that it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment, diving into his rags, as if he was seeking for something, and then said,

"Are ye the gentleman that bought the matches fra Sandie?"

"Yes."

"Weel, then, here's fourpence out a yer shilling. Sandie canna come, he's no weel. A cart ran over him and knocked him down, he lost his bonnet and his matches, and your elevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee, and that's all he can gie ye noo," and the poor child broke down into great sobs.

So I fed the little man, the gentleman went on to say, and then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little boys lived with a wretched drunken stepmother, their own father and mother being both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me at once as I came in, and said,

"I got the change, Sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs are broken, and oh! Reuby, little Reuby, I am sure, I am sure I am deein, and who will take care of little Reuby?"

Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand and told him that I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me, as if he would thank me, then the light went out of his blue eyes, and in a moment

"He lay within the light of God, like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WHEELER.

WILL not disestablishment of religion, some are asking, injure the purity, or hinder the spread of spiritual Christianity? We are astonished

that such a question should ever arise ; for all history, Scripture, reason, and religion prove it to be groundless. For we ask, "did its Divine Author give it, or allow it to take that form?" Listen ! "It shall *not* be so among you." "My kingdom is *not* of this world." "Call *no* man master on earth, for one is your master, who is in heaven." For three centuries it remained an independent all-irresistible moral force ; first as the leaven hid in the meal, and then as the city set on the hill that could not be hid ; yea, more than that, it was the stone cut out of the mountain, without hands, which smote the kingdoms of error and evil, and filled the whole earth. Emperors spent their wrath against it in vain. The axe, the sword, the fire, the rack, could not touch its ethereal life. Its free churches stood serene through hurricanes of persecution, like lighthouses in the midst of tempest-wrought seas.

But then came the fatal *establishment* of Christianity. Constantine turned the cross bottom upwards, and it became in his hand a sword, and with it he cut his way to the throne of Rome ; then was initiated that hierarchy, which, when ripened, became the "mother of harlots," and "mystery of iniquity," whose arrogance and atrocity, massacres and rapine, blasphemy and lust, furnish the most heart-aborrent annals of Church story. Then professing *Christians* did to God's Holy Word just what the Jews had done to God's Holy Son, and for exactly the same reasons. It was ever throwing its pure light in upon their dark impostures ; and because it laid naked their perfidy and denounced their wickedness, they villified and cursed it. It was a dangerous Book—a heretical Book. It must be burned, and the world be rid of it. But "He that sitteth in the heavens did laugh."

Religion, regarded either as a Divine revelation, or worship, has no more to do with political law-making than with broad-cloth making. Her sole work is to inspire all secular men with goodness and righteousness. The best law that was ever made has just as much religion in it as the best steam-engine. Think of a railway company passing a law which made it penal for any man, woman, or child, to receive the grace of God except through one of their officials. The business of civil rulers is equally to protect all and patronise none. They are guilty of sacrilege whenever they break into the realm of man's spiritual life. By limiting religious thought, they must necessarily enslave and corrupt it ; for the exercise of conscience then becomes a political crime. By making it illegal for men to drink of the waters of life except from a government reservoir, where, perhaps, it smells stagnant, they virtually licence the Holy Ghost, and forbid God to receive any worship, or impart any truth, except by their Acts of Parliament.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Oh! man immortal, live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

"GREAT PLAINNESS OF SPEECH."

THE Divine Word should be understood by all, even by the poor woman who crouches into a corner of the church; for she has a soul to be saved, and her soul is as precious in the sight of God as the soul of a rich or learned man, perhaps more so. This is one of the glories of Christianity. The Gospel is remarkably plain. When it was first announced, or while the facts which it narrates were extant or palpable, it must have been surpassingly so. Hence it is not surprising that the multitude upon whom our blessed Lord had been pouring forth the torrents of his Divine eloquence, exclaimed, "Never man spake like this man!"

A preacher, who had been appointed to deliver a course of sermons in a certain town in France, was accosted while walking out by a poor woman, upon whom his presence seemed to produce a lively impression of joy, which was forthwith manifested in these words, "How delighted I am to have met you! I must tell you that I attend your sermons, and understand them. Yes, believe me, even I understand your sermons. Everybody says that you are a *savant*, but for my part I don't believe it; because whenever our rector or his curates preach I don't understand anything they say; whereas when you preach I understand all. If you were a *savant*, an ignoramus like me would not be able to understand you." Let us, then, return to a clear, plain, simple, and lively exposition of the Gospel; for when religion is set forth in that way it is always attractive.—*The Clergy and the Pulpit.*

JOHN HAMPDEN.

BY HENRY T. ROBJOHN, B.A.

JOHN HAMPDEN was of very ancient family. Edward the Confessor gave Baldwyn de Hampden part of the family estate in Buckinghamshire. Both with sword and civil service his ancestors had impressed the family name on the records of their country. John Hampden was first cousin to Oliver Cromwell, and was born in 1594. His father, who had been a member of the House of Commons in Elizabeth's reign, left him a large estate. After the grammar-school at Thame, young Hampden was sent, at fifteen, to Magdalene College, Oxford. At nineteen he began to master the principles of law, as a student of the Inner Temple. In 1619 he married Elizabeth Tymean, a lady to whom he was devotedly



JOHN HAMPDEN'S HOUSE.

attached. At twenty-six, he was returned to parliament as member for Grampound.

One of Hampden's homes, where for eleven years he resided, was in one of the most beautiful parts of Buckinghamshire. The house stood on the brow of a hill, overlooking a narrow valley. The extensive woods around were pierced by long avenues. One of these had been cut by the patriot's grandfather, for the approach of Elizabeth, and the opening, still visible for many miles, is known as the Queen's Gap. No doubt much of his retirement was devoted to study. It was at one time contemplated to buy him over from the popular side, by giving him the charge of the education of the Prince of Wales. From this we may infer scholarly tastes and considerable acquirements. During this retirement, in 1634, there fell a heavy calamity upon him : his wife, the mother of nine children, died. She lies in the parish church of Hampden, close to the Manor House.



GREAT HAMPDEN CHURCH.

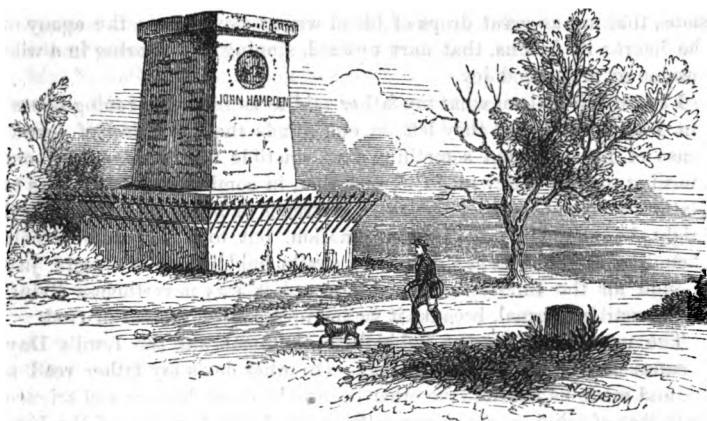
We may not here trace the history of those troublous times, nor tell of the martyrs for public liberty who suffered in the pillory, their ears cut off, their noses slit, who languished and even died in prison. The

cry must often have gone up from Hampden's soul—"O Lord, how long?" At length the patriot was obliged to reappear from obscurity. Kings of England had levied aforetime ship money on seaport towns, but even the imperious Elizabeth had never dared, though the Spanish Armada was threatening our shores, to levy ship money on the inland towns. But Charles I. dared. Hampden, having consulted eminent constitutional lawyers, resolved at great expense, and immense personal danger, to resist. "Then," says Clarendon, "he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and prosperity of the kingdom." The Exchequer Chamber gave judgment against the champion of freedom; but his conduct was so noble during the trial of the great cause, that he won golden opinions from enemies, and substantially the verdict was with Hampden, for since that age no king has arbitrarily levied ship money in England. . . .

The patriot got disheartened, and with Cromwell resolved to fly from oppression to New England. They were on board ship in the Thames, and were stopped by an order of Council. In that, the king knew not what he did. Was not the hand of God most manifestly here?

In the Parliament that met in 1640, known as the Long Parliament, Pym and Hampden were the dominant spirits, the latter even more by magnificence of moral worth, than by intellectual superiority. In 1642 Hampden was one of the five members whom the king attempted to seize, which attempt opened the floodgates of the revolution. That year the Civil War broke out. Hampden spared now neither fortune nor person. He subscribed £2,000 to the public service, took a colonel's commission, raised a regiment of infantry, and gave himself with all energy and vigour to make successful the appeal to arms. Temperate hitherto in the use of legal and peaceable means, now, having drawn the sword, he threw away the scabbard. He made himself master of his military duty, and showed at once that he possessed the talents of a great general, as well as those of a great statesman.

John Hampden received his death-wound on the field of Chalgrove. In the first charge he was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. With drooping head, and hands on the horse's neck, he moved feebly out of the battle. The paternal home of the bride of his early manhood was in sight. He looked in that direction, as though he would thither go to die. But the enemy lay there. He turned his horse's head towards Thame, where he arrived faint with agony. There was no hope. The pain was excruciating. On his dying bed he attended to important public duty. Then came



MONUMENT ON CHALGROVE FIELD.

the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and such comfort as holy ministers could give. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers. Dying he exclaimed—"Lord Jesus! receive my soul. O Lord! save my country. O Lord! be merciful to——." And the prayer died, as the praying spirit itself passed away to higher realms of life and peace. It was thus that this Christian patriot went home to the Christian patriot's end.

A PURITAN SABBATH.

THE other golden hour of our golden day (for Sunday was ever that to us) was when, in the evening, my father read the Bible to Roger and me in his own room. I cannot remember much that he used to say about it. I only remember how he made us reverence and love it; its fragments of biography, which make you know the people better than volumes of narrative; its characters, that are never mere incarnations of principles, but men and women; its letters, that are never mere sermons concentrated on an individual; its sermons, that are never mere dissertations peculiarly applicable to no one time or place, but *speeches* intensely directed to the needs of one audience and the circumstances of one place, and *therefore* containing guiding wisdom for all; its prayers, that are never sermons from a pulpit, but brief cries of entreaty from the dust, or flaming torrents of adoration piercing beyond the stars, or quiet asking of little children for daily bread; its confes-

sions, that are as great drops of blood wrung slowly from the agony of the heart; its hymns, that dart upward, singing and soaring in a wild passion of praise and joy.

I can recall little of what my father said to us in those evening hours; but I remember that they left on our minds the same kind of joyous sense of having found something inexhaustible which came from our morning walks. They made us feel that, in coming to the Bible, as to Nature, we come, not to a cistern, or a stream, or ponded store, though it might be abundant enough for a nation, but to a Fountain, which, though it might seem at times but a gentle bubbling-up of waters, just enough for the thirsty lips which pressed it, was nevertheless living, inexhaustible, eternal, because it welled up from the fulness of God.

The usual name for the Sabbath in our home was the Lord's Day, because of our Lord's resurrection. On other days my father read to us, and made us read to love other books—books of history and science, as well as of religion—Shakspeare, Spenser, the early poems of Mr. John Milton, and, when we could understand them, the Italian poet Dante, or Davila, and other great Italians who spoke nobly of order and liberty. But, on this day of God, he never read but from these two Divine books—Nature and the Holy Scriptures.

In church we had not always any sermon at all. Preaching had not been much encouraged since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Occasionally one of the lecturers, or Gospel-preachers, whom Mr. Cromwell and other good men were so anxious to supply at their own cost, used, in our earlier days, to enter our pulpit, and arouse us children with bursts of earnest warning or entreaty (our parish minister then being a meek and conformable person). But Archbishop Laud soon put a stop to this, and sent us a clergyman of his own type, who fretted Aunt Dorothy by changing the places and colours of things; moving the communion-table from the middle of the church, where it had stood since the Reformation, to the east end; wearing white where we were used to black, and coats of many colours where we were used to white; and, in general, moving about the church in what appeared to us Puritan children, uninstructed in symbolism, a restless and unaccountable manner—standing when we had been wont to sit, kneeling when we had been wont to stand, making little unexpected bows in one direction, and little inexplicable turns in another, in a way which provided matter of lively speculation to Roger and me during the week, since we never knew what new movement might be expected on the following Sunday. But to Aunt Dorothy these innovations were profanities, which would have been utterly intolerable, had she not consoled herself by regarding them

as signs of the end of all things. For what to Mr. Nicholls, the parson, was the "beauty of holiness," and to our father "personal peculiarities of Mr. Nicholls," and to Aunt Gretel but one more of our "incomprehensible English customs," were to Aunt Dorothy the infernal insignia of the "Mother of Abominations."—*The Draytons and Davenants*.*

THE FORGOTTEN TEXT.

It was sometime about the year 1770, one Lord's-day morning, that Mr. Neale opened his Bible to select the passage he had studied through the week, and from which he was to deliver a discourse that day. He looked again and again, but could not find the passage which he sought. He then endeavoured to remember the words, but, to his great surprise and embarrassment, neither words nor text could he recollect. He endeavoured afterward to fix his mind on some part of the sermon he had committed to memory, but all was gone. In this dilemma, he lifted up his cry to God, and entreated that he would recall the subject to his recollection, lest he should be a terror to himself and his congregation. At this instant there flashed into his mind with peculiar energy the blessed words of St. Paul, "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." Instantly this passage became luminous to his mind. "My soul," said he, "fed upon the precious truth."

But now the time drew on when he must proceed to the service, and he again vainly endeavoured to recall the subject which he had previously studied. The above-cited passage still pressed itself upon his thoughts,— "And," said he, "when I went into the pulpit, I was in the greatest distress and confusion, and said to God, 'I never served Thee with naught.'"

In his public prayer he felt deeply moved by the Spirit of God, but while the congregation was employed in singing the praises of God, he gave way to alarm, as to how he should stand up unprepared before the people.

The hymn was ended; and he had no alternative but to read the text. He had not spoken many minutes, when he observed a well-dressed person, a stranger, apparently in the clerical dress, enter the

* By the accomplished author of "The Schönburg-Cotta Family;" published by T. Nelson and Sons, Edinburgh.

place. This man, thought he, must have come to spy out the nakedness of the land. In this fear he was soon confirmed; for the stranger, reclining his head on the front of the pew, and appearing to be agitated, Mr. Neale apprehended that he must be talking some nonsense, and that the man must be laughing at him.

At length Mr. Neale perceived the man pull out his handkerchief to wipe his face, which seemed to be bathed in tears. Mr. Neale now began to be relieved from his embarrassment. "Ah!" said he, "this is the work of God. He has given me the text. He has suggested a word in season." So he proceeded in his sermon, and never had he more liberty in delivering a discourse. Through the whole of the service the stranger never raised his head, but seemed to feed upon the message of grace that was delivered, as a hungry man feeds upon bread.

In the evening the man called upon Mr. Neale, and wished for a copy of the discourse that day delivered. He gratefully assured Mr. Neale that his purse was at his service for the sermon, and added, "Two or three years ago I heard you, in such a place, preach upon such a subject, and ever since then I have been under the spirit of conviction and bondage. This day I took my horse and rode to hear you: and blessed be God, He has now given me to see Him as my reconciled God and father in Jesus Christ, and has given me to enjoy that liberty wherewith He makes His people free." This and more did he say before Mr. Neale could speak a word. Mr. Neale then informed him how he had been circumstanced relative to that text. He also assured him that he could not for all the world commit the sermon to writing, for he had delivered it just as it had occurred to his thoughts in the pulpit.

"We both, by this time," continued Mr. Neale, "began to see the good hand of God in the matter, and His good providence in determining me, in such a remarkable manner, to preach upon a subject I had never before prepared, and which He had accompanied with such efficacy as to make it an immediate message from Himself, and in causing this stranger to come fourteen miles to hear me preach that day! To me it was one of my best days, and one which, both by him and me, will be remembered through a long and joyful eternity."

THE POWER OF GRACE.

THE most crooked tree will make timber for the temple, if God please to hew it.—*Fuller.*

THE SCRIPTURES AND MODERN INFIDELITY.

"We are told," says the Rev. Baptist Noel, "that there is a growing infidelity in Europe. Well, this is all natural. Luther taught men to read and think for themselves; he emancipated the Christian mind, but he emancipated also the irreligious mind, and he taught men they had a right to think and investigate; and scientific, and able, and literary men, not always religious, will investigate for themselves, and in the process of the investigation, will come to facts that they think they perceive in nature hostile to our creed, hostile to our claims. But you know this, my friends, that error never has, never can have, in the order of things, satisfactory evidence, and you know that truth always has satisfactory evidence; and therefore you and I, who believe this Book to be God's Word, and Christianity to be the grand truth of man's happiness, and Jesus to be the real friend of man and the Saviour of our souls, we, at least, ought not to hesitate when we see the grapple between error and truth.

"What is the result of this? My own conviction is this: I do not in the least doubt what the effect will be; that when men of ability, hostile, perhaps, to our views and feelings, examine with the most critical research, examine with a painstaking intelligence all the foundations on which our Book rests, I believe they will just tend to this result—that they will first help the friends of Christianity and the friends of the Bible to establish its authority; they will then bring the most clear proofs of the authenticity and genuineness of its books, all the more established because of the critical storms through which they must pass. If you wish to have the rotten twigs and the old leaves shaken off from a tree that the rest may appear the greener and the fairer, you welcome the breeze that moves among the branches. Just such is the effect of these storms through which, for all I know, we may have to pass.

"Well, if the Book's authority is established, established notwithstanding criticism, established by criticism, what happens then? Why, the same research examines all the original text, and brings us to the purest text. We examine a little further, and they bring out all the faults in our translation. With what result? Why, purer, more idiomatic, and more exact translations. They have brought us to this, and what further comes? Why, then they fall foul of our interpretations. Our interpretations are not sacred because the Book is sacred; and what will happen? Why, just what a strong shower of rain brings to our streets. This examination clears away, and I do not doubt it will

clear away, interpretations that we have loved and have clung to, but it is only to give us more sound interpretations.

"And so, when all these things have been secured, the authority of the Book, the authenticity of all the books comprised in it, the genuineness of those books, the purity of the text, the exactness of translation, and, finally, the interpretations in exact accordance with the literal words that God has spoken,—why, His Word has gained a triumph. Who, that receives God's Word, does not wish it to pass through all this? It is the best thing that can happen, and it brings out the sword of the Spirit sharper, brighter, keener, and more adapted to do its work than ever it was before.

"With those convictions, I myself cannot but look with the greatest hopefulness upon the future. Others may be thinking we are coming into great troubles, predicting that we are to have all sorts of griefs—I know not what. I do not find them myself in Scripture. But I do find this,—that the signs of the times to my mind are in exact accordance with the sure word of prophecy. Of the ultimate result no Christian man will doubt. That is this: 'As the rain comes down and the snow from heaven, and returns not thither, but waters the earth to give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goes forth out of my mouth.'"

CARMEL.

CARMEL is regarded as the most beautiful mountain in Palestine, as it was in ancient times, when "the excellency of Carmel" was a proverb. It is everywhere covered with verdure. On its summit are pines and oaks, and further down olive and laurel trees. It is everywhere well watered. A great number of crystal streams have their rise in it; the largest of them is the so-called "Fountain of Elias;" and they all hurry along between banks thickly overgrown with bushes to the Kishon. Every species of tillage succeeds here admirably under this mild and cheerful sky. The prospect from the summit of the mountain over the Gulf of Acre and its fertile shores, to the White Cape and the blue heights of Lebanon, is most impressive. The flora of Carmel is one of the richest and most varied to be found in the land, blending, as it does, the species of the mountains with those of the valleys and the sea-shore; and in this world of various flowers exists an almost boundless variety of rare insects of every hue, so that here the collector might, all the year round, find rich reward for his interesting occupation. Two or three villages, and some scattered cottages, are found upon its sides. It will thus be seen that the vivid representations of the inspired

prophets and poets, with respect to this fine mountain, are still in a great measure applicable to it, and are sufficiently illustrated by its actual condition. Thus, Isaiah alludes to "the excellency of Carmel."

The mountain is of compact limestone, and, as often happens where that is the case, there are in it very many caverns—it is said, more than a thousand. In one tract, there are as many as four hundred adjacent to each other, furnished with windows, and with places for sleeping, hewn in the rock. A peculiarity of many of the caverns of Carmel is, that the entrances are so narrow that only a single person can creep in at a time; and some of them are so crooked that a person is immediately out of sight unless closely followed. This may throw light upon Amos ix. 3, where the Lord says of those who endeavour to escape his punishments, "Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence." That the caverns of Carmel were, even in the most ancient times, the abode of prophets and others, is well known. The prophets Elijah and Elisha often resorted thither; and the context renders it probable that here were the caverns in which the prophets of the Lord were, in the time of Ahab, concealed and sustained by Obadiah.

Still more scripturally interesting to us is this mountain, from its being the scene of one of the most sublime and awful spectacles ever witnessed—when the prophet Elijah alone stood forth before an apostate king and people, and in the calm dignity of faith called down, to consume his sacrifice, the fire from heaven, which the priests of Baal had frantically invoked in vain. Here he demanded of the multitude that they should no longer halt between two opinions, an appeal which was responded to, by innumerable voices, with the shout, "The Lord, he is the God! the Lord, he is the God!"

THE DAY-DAWN IN THE SOUL.

JEREMY TAYLOR's description of the day-spring is so fine that it will bear frequent quotation. He says, in his quaint style, "When the sun approaches toward the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and calls up the lark to matins, and by-and-by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brow of Moses; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines the whole day—often under a cloud, and often weeping great or little showers. So is a man's life."

OPINIONS OF CALVIN.

THE system of Calvin, said the Rev. W. H. Bunting, the Wesleyan minister, is the chief vehicle of evangelical Christianity in Christendom. He did not look upon him so much in the light of a great reformer as of a great evangelist. Dr. James Hamilton said: "To those who, judging merely from the *Institutes*, have the idea of a somewhat east-iron character, I would recommend the study of Calvin's *Commentaries*, especially those on the Psalms, the Epistle to the Romans, and the Gospels. There they will see a mighty intellect sitting meekly at the feet of Jesus, and with rare candour striving only to get at the mind of the Spirit. Arminius, his great rival, spoke of Calvin as excelling beyond comparison in the interpretation of Scripture; and the judicious Hooker called him 'the wisest man that ever the French Church had enjoyed.'"

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE most noticeable item of Church News we have to record is the blow which has been given to Ritualism by the decision of the Court of Arches, in the case of "*Martin v. Mackonochie*." Judgment has gone against Mr. Mackonochie on all points. It has been decided, says the *Nonconformist*, that elevation of the Eucharist is unlawful, that kneeling before the Eucharist is unlawful, that using lighted candles on the Communion-table (when such candles are not wanted for giving light) is unlawful, that using incense in celebrating the Communion is unlawful, and that mixing the wine with water is also unlawful. The Ritualists accept the judgment in a spirit of revolt. At the same time, the judgment cuts both ways, and many things hitherto allowed to the Evangelical party are declared illegal.

The world has been taught the right way to set about Christian union by the Patriarch of the Greek Church. Our readers have heard of the Œcumenical Council which, by desire of the Pope, is to be held at Rome. An invitation has been sent to the Patriarch of the Greek Church. The *Eastern Star* gives an account of the reception the envoy of the Pope received who conveyed the invitation:—"The Greek Patriarch positively refused—'sorrowfully and straightforwardly,' he says—to receive any letter of invitation from the Pope. He had seen the papers, he knew what the letter contained, and as the Pope would not deviate from his position, neither would he—the Patriarch. His Church had no doubt about what was Christian doctrine, and therefore did not wish to discuss the matter in Council." The Patriarch added—"And, further, our opinion is, that the most successful and least irritating method of solving

such questions is the historical method. Since it is manifest that there was a Church in existence ten centuries back which held the same doctrines in the East as in the West, in the Old as in the New Rome, let us each recur to that, and see which of us has added aught, which has diminished aught therefrom; and let all that may have been added be strack off, if any there be, and wherever it be; and let all that has been diminished therefrom be re-added, if any there be, and whatever it be: and then we shall all unawares find ourselves united in the same symbol of Catholic orthodoxy from which Rome, in the latter centuries having strayed, takes pleasure in widening the breach by ever-new doctrines and institutions at variance with holy tradition." "And so," says the *Nonconformist*, "after expressions of Christian piety, which have, it seems to us, a very sound ring in them, the messenger of the Pope was politely dismissed."

The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, which has hitherto been one of the most useful auxiliaries of the Church of England, has become involved in the confusion and perplexity of the Establishment. The *Christian World* gives the following particulars:—"On the 6th of October last, at a meeting of the committee, it was determined that £2,000 should be voted for the diocese of Natal, a clause being added to the resolution formally excluding Dr. Colenso from the voice in its distribution which it is the custom to grant every bishop in his own diocese. Instead of his having to say how it should be spent, he was formally repudiated from any part in the matter. Such a decision was at once felt by the High Church party as equivalent to a recognition of their hero, the Bishop of Cape-Town. The result was that the other sections of the clergy took the alarm, and the committee were led to summon a meeting last week in the Freemason's Tavern, to rescind the reference to Dr. Colenso in the grant, and thus remove the appearance of supporting Dr. Gray, or opposing the decision of the law lords in favour of Dr. Colenso's title. The meeting was crowded to excess; numbers, indeed, could not get in, though they took part in the proceedings by violent kicking, shaking, and hammering with their sticks at the door. Inside, the rival parties were equally noisy. Confusion, and even violence, made the scene more like a tavern brawl than an assembly of clergy and dignitaries. The stormy uproar of which Church historians speak as reigning in some of the ancient councils found its match. Even with the Archbishop of York in the chair, and Lord Harrowby beseeching the black mob to be calm, the hurricane of passion lulled only at intervals, to break out in still wilder gusts the next moment. Met to vote money to spread religion, they conducted themselves

most irreligiously. The issue, however, was fatal to the High Church. The former resolution was rescinded, and another adopted, omitting all reference to Dr. Colenso, and leaving the committee to spend the money themselves as they thought best. It was carried, in a meeting of 1,439, by a majority of 91. We cannot congratulate the evangelicals on the result. They have in effect voted that Dr. Colenso is the Bishop of Natal, and that he is to be upheld in his office, though they do not scruple to call him an 'infidel bishop,' and profess to hold him in horror."

The newspapers inform us that advowsons have suddenly become a drug in the market. Several of the Church livings in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk have been put up for public auction in Tokenhouse-yard. A good many clergymen, speculators and others, were attracted to the auction-mart, but no business was done. Grave doubts were expressed as to the policy of investing money in such property. The auctioneer was called upon to vouch for the stability of the Church Establishment, but his answer did not inspire confidence. Not a single bid could be got for the first lot, even though there was little fear that the present incumbent would live long, he having been baptized on the 25th of December, 1801. The second lot included the most beautiful church the auctioneer had ever seen; but the word confiscation had been spoken, and had dispelled all confidence from the minds of the panic-stricken company. Only one lot was sold out of the five. The *English Independent* remarks, "It is not over nice to stickle at 'secularising' Church property, while its owners do not hesitate to set it up for traffic in the market-place."

A large meeting of the members of the Rev. Henry Allon's Church and congregation has been held at Union Chapel, Islington, for the purpose of celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Allon's pastorate. Mr. Henry Spicer, as senior deacon, presented Mr. Allon, in the name of the Church and congregation, with a very handsome silver tea-service, of the value of one hundred guineas, as a token of their affectionate regard for him as their pastor. Mr. Allon, in expressing his thanks, referred to the fact that but recently they had paid the expenses of his visit of several months to the "Holy Land." In addition to these gifts, on the preceding day the ladies of the congregation had presented him with a new and handsome set of pulpit robes. Their generosity, added Mr. Allon, was like the Leyden jar—perpetually charged. After the presentation, a large congregation assembled in the chapel; the Rev. T. Binney presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. S. Martin, J. C. Harrison, John Stoughton, and others.

The Chicago *Advance* reports a conference of the Illinois clergy and laity, which seems to have been very lively and interesting. A number of important questions were discussed. Each speaker being allowed only three minutes, the speeches were brief, but they were pithy. On the question, "How can people in districts remote from Churches be reached by Gospel influences?" the Rev. Mr. Longley said—"We want to have this sort of feeling, 'Who will go if I don't?' 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.' Members of the Church who do not feel that, ought to go out of it. "What makes you, my boy," said a gentleman, "so successful in catching fish?" "'Cause I just *want* to catch them," replied the boy. That's the way we ought to feel toward the unconverted." Here is the Rev. Mr. Wynn's speech:—"You must preach truth as though it were truth. We must throw aside our manuscripts. The gift of Pentecost was a gift of tongues, and not of pens. I heard of a man who once was asked by his wife to scold the hired girl. He said he would write out a scold. He wrote it out, and the wife read it, but it did not produce any perceptible effect. She threw the manuscript aside, and went at it in the good old-fashioned style. And then the cook began to think she meant something. In the pulpit we ought to take heed of the example of our political brethren. What effect would a political speech have if it were read?" The Rev. F. H. Wines, on "How to reach the poor," said—"A poor but respectably-dressed and feeble old woman went into a city church. She walked away up the aisle, and no one gave her a seat. The pastor saw her, and, interrupting the services, came down from the pulpit, politely offered her his arm, and gave her a seat in his own pew. People were not allowed to stand in the aisle after that." A voice, "Who was it?" Answer, "The Rev. Dr. Tyng." The question, "How can our devotional meetings be made more interesting?" was spoken to by Mr. D. L. Moody, who said, "We don't make them interesting enough so as to get unconverted people to come. We don't expect them to come—would be mortified if they did. To make them interesting and profitable, ask the question, 'How shall we make them most interesting?' and then ask some man who never takes a part how he would do it. Bring up the question, 'What more can we do in our district?' Get those who never do anything to say what they think ought to be done, and then ask them if they are doing it. Don't get in a rut; I abominate a rut. Perhaps I dread them too much, but there is nothing I fear more."

The newspapers tell us how Mr. Spurgeon and his people brought in the New Year:—On the last night of the Old Year a great congregation assembled at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Probably not fewer than

7,000 persons accepted the invitation to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. It would be impossible to imagine a more imposing or a more affecting spectacle than that which met the eye at the hour of midnight, when, at Mr. Spurgeon's suggestion, apparently every member of this vast multitude engaged in silent prayer. Every voice was hushed, not a sound was heard. After the lapse of a few minutes the silence was broken by the reverend gentleman giving one verse of a hymn, which was sung with almost overwhelming effect by the vast assembly. Mr. Spurgeon afterwards, in a few earnest and impressive words, invoked the Divine blessing upon his hearers, who consisted of persons of every class, and who listened with breathless attention to his remarks.

The *New York Independent* reports the celebration by large congregations of the Puritan Thanksgiving at Plymouth Bay. Mr. Beecher's sermon, the *Independent* says, was amongst the most remarkable delivered. He pictured the joy of a beautiful and virtuous home, and said, if young people put off choosing a wife until they thought they could support her in the finery and licentious extravagances of the times, they would put it off for ever. And perhaps it was best, if the paying for this finery were to be the aim and end of marriage, that they should put it off altogether. A log cabin, with two loving people inside, was riches, and better than the Fifth Avenue Hotel without it.

It will interest many of our readers to know that the present Lord Chancellor is one of the oldest and most regular Sabbath-school teachers in Westminster.

The difficulties in China, occasioned by the persecution of the missionaries on the part of the natives, are, it is hoped, at an end. The Viceroy at Nankin has granted all the demands made by Mr. Medhurst. Reparation is to be made for the injury done to the missionaries and their property.

The following gentlemen have accepted Congregational pastorates :—The Rev. H. Quick, late of Sheffield, at Clifton-road, Brighton; the Rev. H. Luckett, at West Bromwich; the Rev. H. Coleman, at Penryn, Cornwall; Mr. A. Craven, of Airedale College, at Westfield Chapel, Wike; the Rev. Mr. Biggs, late of Colyton, at Welford; the Rev. S. Pearson, of Birmingham, at Great George-street, Liverpool.

The following gentlemen have resigned their charges :—The Rev. F. Smith, of Hindley; the Rev. E. Bewlay, of Walworth; Mr. W. Spurgeon, of Nether Stowey; the Rev. H. Martyn Stallybrass, of Saltaire; the Rev. John White, of Pocklington; and the Rev. G. Allen, of Warwick, after a pastorate there of ten years.

"DON'T TAKE MY HANDKERCHIEF."

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

MANY picture scenes of London life have photographed themselves on my mind, whilst passing through the busy streets as a pedestrian from Charing Cross to the London Mission House and elsewhere, and I have sometimes longed for time and opportunity to follow up some thread of inquiry till I have seen where it ends. Now and then I have been unconsciously affected almost to tears, though I am not of a peculiarly lachrymose disposition. But on the occasion I was about to relate, I felt a heart-sickness which made me more sad as I knew it to be a type of numberless cases more, everywhere around us in great cities.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening. I was passing along the Strand, near to Somerset House, when I saw just in front of me evidently a poor lost girl, though gaily dressed, walking side by side with a smooth-shaven, low, villanous-faced sort of man. He evidently lived upon the poor girl's wages of iniquity. I could not overhear all he said, but I knew that it was money, money. He sidled close to her and took up one hand after another, as though the girl had money concealed in them, and then appeared to be feeling for her pocket in rather a stern and determined way. Presently, a little further on, I saw that he did get some money from her, and still kept trying to grasp for more. It was at this point that I heard the piteous voice of the poor girl, who might be some seventeen or eighteen years old, say, "Don't take my handkerchief! don't take my handkerchief!" as though he intended pilfering her even of that.

Oh, miserable slavery! Here was a poor girl, evidently bound hand and foot in the toils of the hardened villain by her side. I felt when this dark-browed dark-hearted wretch turned aside with her up a side Strand street, that this was slavery far worse than ever cursed poor Afric's sons, and many trains of thought chased each other through my mind. Was this girl born amid all these surroundings of vice and iniquity, unloved and uncared for in earliest days? Did any one ever watch for her soul? Perhaps she was neglected from her birth! Or did she listen to the voice of deceit? Or did she believe in the pleasures of sin? If the latter, who ever would have thought that they could end in such cruel, helpless, hopeless misery as this!

What pity is there in the breast of the sinner! We read these words sometimes in the New Testament, "PAST FEELING," but we are apt to demur to their literal application. We think that they express some spiritual state of deadness alone. But sin deadens all emotions of love

and pity, human and divine. Sin will lead a man to steal from others, not mere gold, but virtue, health, peace of mind, rest of home, all that is lovely, enduring, gladdening, and holy, and then still rob on, whilst there is anything to steal, even to *the very last rag*. Yes. "Don't take my handkerchief!" Perhaps some young heart will read these words who needs to be cautioned against the prince of all robbers, even Satan himself, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and who picks HEARTS—not pockets merely—clad in the robes of an angel of light. The devil does not come like an ill-dressed, badly-masked foot-pad. He comes with all delicacy of look and courtesy of appeal, robed like an angel of light. Only let him once get us in his power, then he leads us captive at his will; and when we are his for ever, like the Veiled Prophet he will drop his concealments, and we shall see him all hideous and corrupt as he is.

Perhaps others who read this paper may remember that all sin promises well, looks fair, and is decidedly attractive. But punishment is hidden under all forms of sin. The wasp conceals itself in the flower, and stings us while we are regaling ourselves with its sweet scent; and the inspired Word tells us that the serpent lurks at the bottom of the cup, and then, when the red wine is drained, it darts forth to destroy. If sin always carried penal consequences *immediately* after its indulgence, these figures might exhaust the illustration; but sin sometimes slowly develops its ultimate consequences, the music of flattery very gently ceases, the heart led astray is only step by step taken through the parterres of sin to the cold stairs which lead down to the dark river of desertion and death.

Meanwhile, let us remember that sin is the most CRUEL thing in all the universe. Its heartlessness is beyond all figure of speech! If sin did not wear down the moral feelings, human beings, once made in the image of God, could not sin as they do; so that one of the punishments of sin is sin itself, wearing out as it does the delicate warp and woof of our better nature. "Don't take my handkerchief!" What is there sin would not take? It would steal from us our God, our Saviour, our reputation, our character, our heaven!

Depend upon it there is a great work for all our mission students, our visitors, our ragged-school and Sunday-school teachers, and our city missionaries in all great towns and cities; and I am sure of this, that taking some of the missionary journals and putting them into the hands of some high-class literary celebrity, such a history might be framed as would touch the core of the compassionate hearts of men. Our Saviour once "saw the city and wept;" but He did more than that,—He died

to save the lost, and He came not only to save, but to SEEK and to save them that were lost.

Would that every reader of this article would stop and endeavour solemnly to ponder all the depths of misery, desertion, and woe in that poor lost girl's heart when she uttered the words, "Don't take my handkerchief!" As the scene comes again before me, I cannot think of it without a choky sort of sensation in the throat. I would contrast with that scene the words of the inspired Book, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Take FAST HOLD of her! She is thy life."

THE LITTLE CROSS-BEARER.

"X is the cross that our dear Saviour bore,—
O think of His sorrows, and grieve Him no more."

A LITTLE girl, with a sweet thoughtful face, slowly uttered these words. She was sitting beside her baby sister, who was playing with her "alphabet-blocks" upon the floor, and these lines had caught her eye, and evidently brought something into her mind of which she wished to speak.

"Mamma, what is a cross-bearer? While I was out yesterday with Aunt Jane, we met two ladies, and they looked at me very kindly; but as they went by I heard one of them say, 'Poor child, she is a *little cross-bearer*.' How can I be a cross-bearer?"

If she had watched her mother closely she would have seen the expression of pain that passed over that mother's face, and the tears that started to her eyes as the question was asked; but she only noticed the fond look with which she was always greeted.

"Do you think of anything, little daughter, that grieves you very much, sometimes, and that you wish, or used to wish, you might not have to trouble you?"

One thing had often troubled that young heart.

"Why, yes, mamma; a great while ago, when I was first hurt, and the doctor said I must always be lame and use crutches, I felt very badly; and sometimes, when I have seen the girls running and playing so merrily on the green, I have wished I could run and jump too. But I am happy now. I love to play with sister, or sit and read and talk with you; it is all right, you know, for you have said Jesus never lets His little ones suffer more than is good for them; and don't you think I am one of His little ones, mamma? I am sure I love Him. But is that what they meant? Am I a little cross-bearer because I am lame, and

can't walk without help any more?" And the dear child took up her crutches, and with their aid moved along close to her mother, and, sitting down at her feet, looked up into her face.

The tears crept out of the mother's eyes now, for they would not be kept back longer, but her hand was laid lovingly on her little crippled daughter's head as she answered, "Yes, darling; that is what they meant. We all have some cross to bear. The dear Saviour selected yours, and if you are bearing it patiently and cheerfully for His sake He knows it, and one day He will take it away, and give you a harp and a crown instead."

Yes, young reader, "we will all have some cross to bear." There are trials, great or small, for everybody, even for such as you. Is any little sufferer reading these lines? Dear child, your suffering is your cross. Are you struggling under it—impatient, murmuring, or are you a patient little cross-bearer?

Is any child reading this who thinks he or she cannot help being angry or fretful many times a day? Your vexations, and all those things which *seem* to you good cause for anger or fretfulness, are your crosses. Would it not be much better to bear them meekly, since you can be sure of help to do so if you ask for it. *Ought* you not so to bear them? Is not this one of the ways in which you can show your love to Christ? And will He, who is the great Cross-bearer, ever call you home to receive a crown, if you fret and murmur under every cross He lays upon you? Ah, what if your cross were as heavy as those which some little children have to bear!—*Tract Journal*.

ADMISSION TO THE CHURCH.—THE VIA MEDIA.

No one who heard it will forget the description given by the Rev. D. E. Ford, at the Union Meetings at Leeds, of his reception into a Congregational Church. "The Church into which I was admitted as a youth, and of which my father was the minister, required every candidate to give a *viva voce* account of all his experience, and then submit to a cross-examination. I remember going with fear and trembling to the meeting, but as the service went on I began to feel my spirits revive, and I gave the friends a simple-hearted account of what God had done for my soul. Then came the awful moment of cross-examination, which I passed with remarkable ease. A venerable man rose, and said, 'Master David, I should like to ask you what you think of the *everlasting covenant*!' My wary and consistent answer was, 'It is *ordered in all things and sure*!' Then said the good old man, 'Master David, I am

quite satisfied.' That was all the cross-examination I underwent." Such was a way of receiving members into the Church said to have been not unusual in the days of old.

More commonly of late years the practice has been to name the candidate at a Church meeting; thereupon the Church nominates one or two members to visit the candidate, and to report at the next meeting; if that report be favourable, the candidate is received into the full communion of the Church.

But against this milder ordeal a strong feeling has arisen. This mode of admission, it is said, has no authority in the New Testament; in primitive times there was no distinction between the congregation and the Church, and nervous persons and the young shrink from the trial. Some are thus kept out of the Church who should be in it, while some are in it who ought to be out of it.

Thus is it that the pendulum having swung to one extreme, there are those who would now swing it to the other, forgetting how often it is that the middle path is the more excellent way. They profess not to disparage purity in doctrine and life; but they say, let each pronounce on his own faith in the Redeemer, come as he likes to the Lord's table, and let that coming constitute membership with the Church.

Let us then try to fall back on first principles, and see whether there is not a middle course which will secure all the advantages we need, and avert all the evils that are of any importance.

A Church, in the New Testament, is an association of Christians, formed to promote objects distinctively Christian. These are two. 1. To develop in its own members (they being already believers in the Lord Jesus Christ) the regenerated life. 2. To awaken (instrumentally) the same life in others; to attract them to the fellowship of Christian souls, that in them also the first object may be effected. The qualifications for membership are determined by the nature of the objects contemplated by the association. These are:—1. Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. The one condition of salvation is also the chief condition of Church membership, and the second is near akin to it. 2. Evidence to others of the existence of that faith. The Lord Jesus sees the heart, and He knows independently of the testimony of the life. The believer himself knows, at least this much, that he is sincere in the verbal profession of trust in Jesus. But members already in the Church will have to work with the candidate hereafter in the most sacred employment—aiming at the conversion of souls, their growth in religious life; making use of means distinctively Christian, and professing to be animated by one mighty inspiration, breathed into them by the Cross of

the expiring Son of God. To our minds it is but sanctified common sense that the members of a Christian Church should have evidence that shall justify their reasonable confidence in one another's Christian character. The freedom of a Free Church is not merely freedom to *enter*, but freedom in *receiving* those who wish to enter. The voluntarism of a Voluntary Church is not only willing *entrance*, but cordial and loving *welcome*.

Nor can there be cordial fellowship with any Church unless there be general acquiescence in its ecclesiastical polity by the members; unless there be voluntary submission to the discipline of that Church, and an honourable understanding not to disturb its peace, and not to impede its work.

It will be observed, perhaps, that we do not formally include in the conditions of membership the acceptance of all the details of an elaborate creed; only, however, for this reason, that we believe that where there is the living trust of the soul in Christ, there will be a growing acceptance of all the great verities of the Gospel. The composition of creeds often provokes to every form of mischief. It may be added, however, that a holy faith in the Lord Jesus, and a desire to live in His life, involve much knowledge and belief of the truths distinctively evangelical.

Let us then avoid the two extremes. Let us set our faces like a flint against making a Church an *open communion*. We have in the Episcopal Church both example and warning. It is an assertion capable of abundant proof that there is no Church, in the New Testament sense of the word, gathered under the shadow of the Establishment. There is "a skeleton of clergy," and a heap of disjointed bones, that is, some individual Christians, but they are largely commingled with others, who would themselves admit that they were not Christians. If we wish to destroy not merely the moral and doctrinal purity of the Churches, but the Churches themselves, let us commit ourselves to this loose communion.

At the same time, let each Church be a *freely-entered temple*, the folding doors of which are neither open nor barred, so easily moved that the hand of a child may push them back, and, entering, see the glory. To drop figure, let every Church (1) *require evidence* of trust in the Son of God; but let it (2) allow the largest liberty as to *the mode* of obtaining it. In ordinary cases, candidates will not be unwilling to receive a friendly visit from one or two members of the Church with which they wish to be associated; they will regard it as an act of kind attention, rather than obtrusive. In other instances, letters will be forthcoming.

in which, so far from wishing to conceal, the candidate will be anxious to tell simply and gratefully the story of his love for Christ, and what led him to have that love. With the children of believers, what more do we require than the testimony of a Christian parent, unless it be the glad confirmatory word of the minister? In the case of believing servants, what more than the commendation of master or mistress already in Christ? or of Sunday scholars, than the witness of a godly teacher?

Such are the methods generally in use in our Churches; they harmonise liberty and purity; and we venture to say that if candidates shrink from the microscopic mental sacrifices that may be involved in such confession of their faith, *it is because they have neither part nor lot in the matter.*

DETERMINED TO PERISH.

"I SEE that Mr. A. is coming round to the vestry, and he will say that in my exposition of a particular sin this morning I have been attacking him," said a minister to himself, as he closed the service; "I must prepare, therefore, for a storm of indignation." In a few seconds he left the pulpit, and there, as he expected, was Mr. A.; but instead of being enraged he was all placidity, met the minister with a smile, thanked him for his "admirable discourse," and then added, "I wish Mr. B— had been here this morning, the sermon was the very thing for him."

Thus, that hearer, though his own besetting sin had been faithfully pointed out, heard for another instead of himself: had turned aside the message which might have "pierced to the dividing of soul and spirit, of the joints and the marrow;" and, whether he thought so or not, had made another effort to sear his conscience as with a hot iron, and to seal his own condemnation!

"It's all very kind of you, Mr. C—," once said a dying man to a Christian friend, who on several occasions had spoken to him of ruin by sin, and salvation by Christ; "all very kind, but it's of no use, I have made up my mind, and I am determined to be damned!" Shocking—indescribably shocking as these words were, I can attest that they were uttered; and still further, that they only gave expression—emphatic and lamentable expression—to the conduct of the speaker.

Another fact shows how men reject the truth—the truth as it is in Jesus. A minister preaching in a friend's pulpit, referred to drunkenness, and said there were some who professed Christianity, but were still the slaves of this sin. On the following day, Monday, he called on several families belonging to the congregation, when in one of them the following circumstances occurred.

The master of the house said he wished to speak with the minister

alone, showed him into another room, then locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Somewhat alarmed at such a procedure, the minister stood still, and with all the calmness he could muster, waited for what was next to occur. "How dare you, sir," exclaimed the master of the house, "expose me before the whole congregation, yesterday?" "Expose you, sir," was the reply, "I know nothing about you. I am an entire stranger here. If anything I said came home to your case, charge it not on me, but ascribe it to God, whose message it was!"

This answer only increased the rage of his assailant: "You know," he said, "you intended to insult and expose me. It's of no use to assert the contrary; it was impossible, if you had not known my case, to have spoken so accurately and pointedly as you did."

The repeated denial of the minister, accompanied by words of remonstrance and reproof, increased, instead of lessening, the fire of his wrath, and the infatuated man was wrought into a phrensy. Opening a cupboard in the room, taking thence a bottle which held a large quantity of raw spirits, and a glass, and advancing to the front of the minister, he exclaimed in frantic bravado, "Now, sir, you shall be convinced that I care nothing whatever for your reproofs." The minister was confounded, he could not escape, he could only look on in mute astonishment, as he saw the wretched man drink glass after glass, and shrinking from the sight, beheld him reel, and fall a corpse at his feet.

How truly has the prophet declared: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it?" No wonder that Jesus said in reference to some on whom death had suddenly come, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." To be truly penitent is not merely to be sorry for sin, but to "sorrow after a godly sort," to have the heart broken *for* sin and *from* sin. Repentance takes place only when the sinner truly sees the evil of sin, and its intense opposition to the holy law of God; the judgments threatened and inflicted on it; and above all, the death of Christ, God's own Son, to make an expiation for it. Then such words as those of Herbert, express the feelings of the truly awakened conscience:

"Lord, I have sinned, and the dismal sum,
To such a number swells, that should this head,
These eyes, this sinful trunk, a flood become,
And melt to tears, their drops would flow in vain
To count my score,
Much less to pay;
But thou, they say,
Hast blood in store:
Oh, let that blood my debt repay."

May such be the penitence of every one who reads this page, and of him who writes it!

C.W.

EMPTY PEWS—A WORD TO THE ABSENTEES.

BY A SUBURBAN PASTOR.*

"I was sorry to see your place empty last Sunday," is a lamentation sometimes met by the reply, "Not more sorry than I was not to be there; but I was so unwell as to be quite unable," or, "We have sickness in the house, and I could not leave the invalids." Certainly not. Under these circumstances, your proper place was at home. It was God's own hand which kept you there, and you may always expect that where His hand restrains, His blessing may be obtained.

You have a beautiful illustration of this in one of our Lord's early Sabbaths. As usual, He went to the synagogue to share in public worship. There He met with a man who had a withered hand, and He healed him in the synagogue. But Peter's wife's mother was at home sick of a fever. A withered hand presented no valid excuse for absence; but a raging fever did. As the fever-stricken woman could not go to the synagogue, the Lord of the synagogue went home to her and healed her there. If the paralytic had been absent that morning he would have missed his cure; but the absence of the fever patient was a right thing for her, and the cure followed her to her home.

Just so, if those who should go stay away, they may lose what can never be regained; but if God by His providence says, "Stay at home to-day," you may expect that your home-spent Sabbath will be marked by manifestations of your Saviour's presence, and communications of His grace.

Absentees of this class ministers would never think of reproving; but would rather do all in their power to call forth the sympathies, and lead the prayers of the congregation on their behalf. There are, however, others who belong to a different class, and who adopt a different style of justification. From these let us make a few selections.

Here is one who says, "I can worship at home as well as in public. I have got my Bible—and—some very good sermons, and I can read them." No doubt of it; but what becomes of God's command to "enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise;" and "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together?" The question is not, what you *can* do, but what you *ought* to do; not what you prefer, but what God requires. David loved his Bible quite as much as most of us love ours, and he read it as diligently and devoutly as any of us;

* These suggestions are offered to our readers by a London pastor who, by singular devotion to his ministry, and by eminent success in it, deserves the deferential regard of all whom he addresses.

but he never urged that as a reason why he should not be "glad" when they said unto him, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." Most of you with forethought and diligence may find time for home-worship and Bible reading every day in the week; then why should you take the time which is set apart for public worship on the Sunday and use it for purposes that would be just as appropriate for any part of Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday? However devout you may be at home, you do not in that way bear a visible testimony for God; nor do the good, nor get the good, which the Author of public worship meant by His own institution. It is only when the Holy Spirit becomes your teacher that you can see the light that lies hidden in His word, and He is not likely to give special teaching to any of us when we are putting a slight upon His own appointment. As private worship must not supersede family worship, so neither must home worship set aside church worship. Many of the mysteries of the Bible as well as the mysteries of Providence have been cleared up to the man who regularly and conscientiously "went into the sanctuary of God."

Another pleads his excuse somewhat after this fashion: "I very seldom go out in the evening, for I like the Scotch plan best; and our Nonconformist forefathers also used to go out in the afternoon and stay at home in the evening." That is to say, they conformed to the customs of the country and age in which they lived. The majority of our Scotch brethren have agreed that *for them* it is better to go to church morning and afternoon. As that is the time when full services are celebrated, they go and join in them. But the very same rule should lead English Christians to go morning and evening. These are the times which the British churches, as a rule, have judged best for them; and it is then that their services are conducted. As for our forefathers, if they had lived in our day, they would have been the foremost to adopt our practice. The very considerations which sent them to the sanctuary in the afternoon in their day would have sent them in the evening in ours. What used to be done in the way of family teaching in the evening might just as well be done in the afternoon; while all the advantages intended by public worship are much more likely to be gained in the evening than in the afternoon. Most ministers know that the afternoon is the dulllest time for preachers; and both ministers and people know that it is the sleepest time for hearers.

But so general has become the substitution of evening for afternoon service that in most cases the choice does not lie between evening or afternoon, but between evening and no second service at all.

Many of our people, I am sorry to say, are getting into the habit of

going to worship only in the morning of the Sabbath. This is one of the saddest signs of the times. The practice is dwarfing piety in many a soul, and driving it from many a home. The persons who thus, of choice, go only once, are those who most of all need to go twice, for generally they are those who are seldom seen at any service in the week. All the week long they are surrounded by worldly influences, and chained to earth and earthly things, while the only counteractives they allow themselves are those which reach them during the two hours of the Sabbath morning service. Is it any wonder that such persons should be heard complaining, "How hard it is for business men to be religious?" I feel for such most deeply, and would gladly help them; and therefore I beseech them not to refuse the help which is offered them in the sanctuary. I once heard a good minister offer this prayer: "Lord, save England from the curse of a Continental Sabbath." I suppose we should all be ready to join in the petition. But nothing will be so likely to bring that curse upon us as the habit of half-day worship. On the Continent the rule is—worship in the morning, and then pleasure, play, business, politics, anything the rest of the day. Should the former part of the rule become general among us, nothing will save us, in time, from the latter. Let every one who says "Amen" to the prayer be assured of this—that the sacred observance of evening public worship will be one of the surest safeguards against the curse of a Continental Sabbath.

Another is sometimes absent because he is "fond of variety, and likes to hear different ministers." Of course nothing can be said against this on its own account. "Variety is charming," and it may be right sometimes to gratify the taste for it. A manifestation of brotherly kindness towards another congregation may also be a motive, and that is always a right feeling to cherish. But it would be well for habitual wanderers to try and think what must be the effect of their absence on their own minister, and on their fellow-worshippers left behind? It is the glory of our system that no people can have a minister thrust upon them against their will. If they have a minister, it is because they have invited him to settle among them. He accepts the invitation, and regards the whole transaction in the light of a compact. He supposes that those who ask him to come and preach mean to say, "And we will come to hear." If he labours hard and conscientiously to bring out of the treasury of God's word things new and old, and then when he comes to give his people the result of his preparation finds that many are not there to receive it, he must be more than human not to feel it. Is it any wonder that ministers are sometimes "not up to the mark?" De-

pend upon it nothing has so much to do with making "poor sermons" as "empty pews." Ministers would soon study better, pray better, and preach better, if they could always calculate on their people being present to join in their prayers, and to listen to their preaching. If they were merely hirelings they might satisfy themselves with a proper discharge of their duties, whether the people were there or not. But if they study their people's good, and earnestly desire to promote it, it cannot be a matter of indifference to them whether the people are growing in grace or not.

But perhaps there is "a larger congregation" where the absentees like to wander. No doubt there is a fascination in numbers, and a power in reflex sympathy which nothing else can supply. But then hearers should remember that the power of numbers and sympathy would be just as great in their own place as elsewhere, and that the chilling effects of empty pews are augmented by their absence. I have heard persons utter their lamentations about the smallness of the congregation when they have happened to be present, who seem never to have thought how often their own absence has contributed to the same result, and pained the hearts of their fellow worshippers. If the rovers, instead of wandering in search of excitement, would only band themselves together and use their influence to improve their own congregation, they might soon witness signs of revival at home, their own pastor's heart would be cheered, and the lamentations about empty pews would come to an end.

A SWEET REVENGE.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable, pine coffin. No flowers on its top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but that was all.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a little child, as the undertaker was screwing down the lid.

"You can't—get out the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute?" cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the coffin; and, as he gazed into the rough face he tears streamed down a cheek on which no childish bloom had ever ingered. "Only once, let me see my mother; only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted man struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips apart, a fire glit-

tering through his tears, as he raised his arm, and with an unchildish accent screamed, "When I am a man I'll kill you for that?"

* * * * *

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the Judge.

There was silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his features, a young man stepped forward to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but after his first sentences there was silence in the court.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, as you said, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

: BY HENRY T. ROBJOHN, B.A.

ROBERT SOUTHEY is known as a poet the world over, but not so generally as an intelligent, yet humble Christian. He told James Montgomery, in 1811, that he had passed through many changes of belief, that Gibbon had first shaken his faith in Christianity, that he had become a Socinian, had then been inclined to become a Quaker, but had ended "in clinging to all that Christ has clearly taught, yet shrinking from all attempts at defending by articles of faith those points which the Gospels have left indefinite." Years afterwards he wrote:—"For many years my belief has not been clouded by the shadow of a doubt:" still later:—"Without hope there can be no happiness, and without religion no hope but such as deceives." He takes his place with those who have been made illustrious by genius, but have found rest only at the Cross. When tempted to think it "intellectual" to dismiss the Gospel with slight ceremony, let us think of the gifted fellowship to which men like Southey belong.

Southey's father was a linen-draper at Bristol. There the poet was born, August 12th, 1774. The house in which he was born is still



BIRTHPLACE OF SOUTHEY, BRISTOL.

standing in Wine Street, though what was formerly one house is now divided into two; the division is indicated in the engraving. He was educated at Corston, near Bristol; Westminster School; and at Balliol College, Oxford. On Nov. 14th, 1795, he was married to Edith Fricker, at Redcliff Church, Bristol. She was the sister of the wife of Coleridge. Thirty-nine years after, this lady, who had helped the poet in his great literary labours, became insane, and died in three years, after a married

life without a cloud, save the heavy darkness that obscured the setting sun.

Southey made literature his profession, but this was at that time a hazardous experiment. Usually a man will write better who has avocations that compel him to come into contact with real life; besides it is always a disadvantage to be trammelled with the anxiety incident to writing for bread. Indeed, had it not been for his pension as poet laureate, to which office he was appointed in 1813, Southey himself would often have been in the greatest difficulties. He received small remuneration for some of his best works, and for some of them publishers would make no offer at all. In 1805, he removed to Greta Hall, where



GRETA HALL, THE HOUSE OF SOUTHEY.

he lived all the rest of his days, in view of Derwent Water with its enchanting loveliness, girded by as magnificent a panorama of mountains as is to be seen throughout the Lake district. He himself has finely described the glory spread before his view. Here he laboured on, publishing altogether nearly 100 volumes, original and edited, and contributing to the *Quarterly* and other reviews upwards of 200 articles. His industry was prodigious: often he wrote eighty or a hundred lines before breakfast.

Southey is in disesteem with many persons because of their familiarity with the writings of a more aristocratic but less noble bard. By some he is looked upon as an apostate from the cause of liberty, and as degraded by servility of spirit. The first impression is based on a drama, written in the heat of youth, full of errors, which the poet never published, but was given to the world by some unauthorised person, who had secretly obtained a copy of it, and who published it on purpose to insult and injure Southey. But we need not here go into literary questions; we refer to them for the sake of quoting a passage from "Letters concerning Lord Byron," which may not only account for the bitterness with which the saintly poet laureate was assailed, but points a solemn moral, applicable to other sins besides those of the pen. "The publication of a lascivious book," says Southey, "is one of the worst offences than can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequence of which no limits can be assigned; and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must), will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands that are sent abroad; and so long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation."

The life of Southey was spent in advocating religion, virtue, the cause of humanity, and the rights of men in all their forms. He was ever ready to render effectual aid to struggling genius. Not to name more illustrious instances, we ourselves knew a most gifted young woman, in very humble life, a poetess born: Mary Maria Colling, of Tavistock, Devon, whose works Southey edited. Chatterton's sister was redeemed from poverty by £300, the result of Southey's collecting for the first time the poems of the infatuated youth. Thus labouring for great objects, and helping those who needed help, he was not unmindful of home duties, for he found ample leisure to signify and sweeten life by the cultivation of all domestic charities. Benedictions fell from outspread hands on every side. In 1839 he had married again, but the end was not to be cloudless.

Fifty years of literary labour had told upon him. Soon after his second marriage, the same shadow that had darkened the last days of his first wife enfolded him,—the decay of the mental powers. On March 21st, 1843, he fell asleep. Two days after he was buried in Crosthwaite Churchyard, in a grave on which the everlasting hills look down. William Wordsworth, at the age of seventy-three, walked over the mountains to be present. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," said the clergyman; and just then the rain ceased, the wind lulled, a beam of sunshine suddenly



THE GRAVE OF SOUTHEY.

illuminated the grave, and at the same instant two little birds began to sing from an adjacent tree.

"Heedless of the driving rain,
Fearless of the mourning train,
Perched upon the trembling stem,
They sang the poet's requiem."

TOO LATE!

DR. RAFFLES once, in the discharge of a painful duty, visited Newgate, to see the son of an old friend, who had been convicted of forgery, and condemned to death. He says:—"One pound notes were then in circulation, and his crime consisted in changing the *one* into *five*. This he did with wonderful skill; I saw him in the press-yard, heavily ironed, and never shall I forget the expression with which he saluted me, by repeating the lines of Charles Wesley:—

'An inch of time—a moment's space—
Will land me in yon heavenly place,
Or shut me up in hell!'

"'I am to be executed on Monday week,' he said. I visited him several times during my stay in town, and on one occasion as I was leaving, the door of the press-yard was about to close, when a young man, also heavily ironed, came, and thrusting his arm between the door and the door-post held it open for a moment, and eagerly grasping my hand, said, 'O, sir! I know you well; I have often heard you preach in Liverpool; would to God I had attended to what you said!' I was obliged to withdraw my hand, the time allowed to prisoners for intercourse with their friends having elapsed, and the door closed."

"Late, late—so late—and dark the night and chill;
Late, late—so late—but we can enter still."

"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

"No light had we; for that we do repent:
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent."

"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

"No light—so late—and dark and chill the night
Oh! let us in, that we may find the light."

"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh! let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!"

"No, no—too late! ye cannot enter now."

"And at midnight there was a cry made. Behold the bridegroom cometh. * * * Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily, I say unto you, I know you not."—MATTHEW xxv. 6, 11, 12.

THE LAST KISS.

THE SUN glanced merrily through the green wood, and the shadows swayed backwards and forwards on the chequered grass. On a cleared spot, a few broken sticks, the burnt and trodden-down grass, a few pots and pans scattered about, and a cart close by, marked the site of a gipsy encampment. What a pleasant life to lead, in the quiet woods, with the blue heavens above, and the flower-covered earth beneath, and everything bright and beautiful around us! Yes, so we may fancy; but facts are very different from fancies. . . .

The husband of a poor woman died, and left her with four children. The three elder were soon able to do something for themselves, but little Johnnie, the youngest one, was left entirely to his mother's care. To maintain him and herself the mother went out charring. The mother loved her child, but—she was a drunkard. She neither knew what was

good or right herself, nor did she, could she, teach her child; yet still the mother loved her little boy. When he was eleven years old, she got him a place with a chairmaker, who was to teach him his business.

The first day passed slowly. It was very disagreeable to sit working at chairmaking when the sun shone through the dim window, and the voices of other boys at play were heard in the streets. Johnnie felt he had rather be with them, and he had always been accustomed to be where he liked, and it was very hard. At the chairmaker's he was poorly and coarsely fed; this was harder still. Then when night came, instead of stretching himself on the floor, on his hay or chaff bed by the side of his mother, he was put to sleep in a narrow cupboard, so narrow that he could not lie down. This was hardest of all. As Johnnie doubled himself up for the night, he vowed he would not bear it—no, he would not; he would go and get his own living, that he would. He did not know what getting his own living meant.

That night there was no Johnnie in the narrow cupboard. Where was he? No one could tell what had become of him. His mother came—where was her Johnnie? No one knew. From place to place she went searching for him in her anguish. One had seen him here; another had seen him there. When she got there, Johnnie was not there, but some one had seen him somewhere else. As soon as she got to this place, she was sent to another, then to another, and so on. At length she heard some one had seen him near the river Lea, so to the river Lea she went. In vain—Johnnie was not there.

And where was Johnnie? Out far away on the road from London, with a company of young thieves on a plundering expedition. Money, food, clothes, poultry; anything they could steal with a chance of escape they stole. Nevertheless, the life was a hard and a wretched one. Johnnie found it worse by far even than sleeping in the narrow cupboard, bad though that was. The Bible says, "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked;" and certainly the hardest fare, with a good conscience, is better than the softest and sweetest without.

In his wandering life he sometimes saw the gipsies' tent. He bethought himself that he would like to be a gipsy.

He learned their language, and all their cunning and wicked ways. He would go into the villages with clothes pegs to sell, and steal boots and shoes. He would steal a hen and pop it under his ragged coat. All these things and more he did, and yet he was content to lead this wicked life—that is, as content as people can be in a life of sin. What, then, made him so very miserable on the morning we have described? That

night had been indeed a dreadful night to him. We have said that the gipsies stole poultry and game. It was probably some act of this description—perhaps one in which John H—— had been engaged—that led to the crime which had so terrified him. He saw it down in the depths of that thick dark wood; he saw the gipsies murder a man, a gamekeeper. They struck him on the head with a heavy stiek, and dug his grave, and heaped up the earth upon it. He could not stay in the gipsy camp; he was a thief, not a murderer. And he went to live among London thieves.

Here sickness came upon him; with none to comfort, none to pity, none to help. . . . One day he heard of a Christian man, a missionary, who was in the habit of showing kindness, we will not say to the poor,—many do that, especially many Christians,—but to the vicious; to those for whom no one else has a kind word, a kind look, or a prayer; to those whom Jesus received kindly, and said, “Go, and sin no more.” To him John H—— went, and found the good news was true. The missionary pitied him, helped him, gave him medicine, gave him food, nay, more, invited him to his house. There was a special reason, indeed, for this invitation; the missionary had compassion not only upon the body, but upon the soul. Wonderful is the influence of love. Call it by whatever name you will—charity, sympathy, benevolence, kindness, friendship, affection—it is one and the same principle, showing itself in different ways and different degrees, faintly or brightly, feebly or strongly; it is that principle in which the children of God most resemble their Father in heaven; it is that principle, the power of which is universally felt and acknowledged upon earth. It was quite new to John H—— to have any one to pity him, to care for him, to mind whether he was sick or well, happy or miserable. He began to try to be happy in the way his new friends pointed out to him; he was always at their prayer-meetings, and when the Bible was read in their family, there he was a willing listener. This was gratitude.

What was the first sign of a change in John H——? One day, as he rose from his knees, he turned to the missionary, and said he wished he could see his mother! . . . At length they came to a miserable little lodging; yes, here she had really been, she had only just left; but where was she gone? She was taken ill, and had been removed to the workhouse at Shoreditch. To the workhouse they went. The missionary obtained an order, and leaving John at the door of the ward, he walked quietly up to the bedside of the mother. But when he saw her, he feared to give the news he brought. He leant over her bed, and spoke not of her son, but of her soul, of her Saviour. At length, recalling

his sad errand, he began to ask about her family, how many children she had? "Three," she replied. "One was married, one was working at a butcher's." "Is one of them," said the missionary, "called John?" The sick mother started up, and clasping her hands, said, "Johnnie, Johnnie!" The missionary tried to calm her, and in part succeeded. 'Would you like to see your boy?' he said. The mother wept. As soon as she could speak she said, "Oh, let me see my child!" Then raising her hands and eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Must I see my dear little Johnnie before I die? Oh, if I could only see him, I could die in comfort!" "Do," she continued, seizing the missionary's hand, "my good gentleman, for God's sake, let me see my child!" The voice of his mother had drawn her son from the door, and creeping up softly behind the missionary just at this moment, he peeped over his shoulder, and said, "Mother!" She sprang up with frantic eagerness; she clasped him to her bosom. Then turning his face towards her, that she might look on it, she screamed, "'Tis Johnnie, 'tis Johnnie!" The poor sick people around were melted into tears, and all who could gather round the bed; but the excess of joy was too much for the poor mother, and she fainted. When she came to herself again, the missionary tried to calm the hearts and spirits of all. He read a portion of God's Word—perhaps the story of the returning prodigal—and kneeling down, he commended both mother and son to the mercy of the Lord. But all the mother uttered, in broken accents, was, "It is my child! I am sure it is—is it not you, Johnnie? Bless God, I can die: I've seen him—I've seen him—I've seen his face—I can die now!" It was the last kiss; when John H—— came to the workhouse again, his mother was dead:

He asked to look upon her face once more before the lid of the coffin was nailed down, and the entreaty was granted. He wept some bitter tears when he looked upon her, and kneeling down beside the coffin, he prayed most fervently for grace to be kept henceforth from sin. His prayer was heard. The missionary procured occupation for him. John became a fisherman, and lived many years in comfort and respectability.

It is said that our stories are "founded on fact." They are *not* "founded on fact," *they are fact*. Fiction excites the feelings; truth calls forth the action unto the Lord. Our stories are *true*. The name, the circumstances of every individual named in them can be given. It is because they are true that they are a faithful appeal to every Christian heart to help us in this cause; and we earnestly call upon our friends to help us in supporting this Missionary's Reformatory, that his door may never be closed against such applicants as John H——.—*Children's Missionary Magazine*.

THE MEN FOR MISSIONARIES.

"We want men," recently said the Rev. Robert Robinson, the Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society, "we want men of a kindred spirit with Henry Martyn, who, when told that his constitution would not stand the climate of India, eagerly asked of his medical adviser how long he thought he might live. He replied, 'Possibly seven years.' 'Seven years!' exclaimed Martyn. 'Oh, how much I may do for Christ in seven years! I will go.' We want men of a kindred spirit with George Whitefield, who, when his zeal was at its height, exclaimed, 'I want to be one of Christ's bees, but I seem such a drone that I deserve to be driven out of the hive.' We want men of a kindred spirit with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who said, 'My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they may be saved.' In a word, we want men having in them 'the mind that was in Christ Jesus,' that chief, that Divine missionary who said, 'I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!' If we can get such men, then we may hope that the world will be won for Christ. The work is advancing, though some sneeringly question it, and tell us that, compared with the number of years we have been at work, and the sums of money expended, we have done but little. Some seventy years ago, an infidel fancied he had written down Christianity, and said, 'Mark me, if the Bible should perish, as the result of my exposure of its errors and absurdities, that is not my fault;' but, since that period, the Bible has been translated into nearly every language and dialect of the earth, and the globe is dotted over with missionary stations and Christian schools.

"But how is it that, with many, patience is a virtue in every work except the work of God? How is it men can patiently wait 700 years for the building of Cologne Cathedral, which must some day crumble into ruins, and yet are so impatient with us while seeking to build up living temples of the Holy Ghost, 'which shall be to the Lord for a name, and for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off?' How is it that men can patiently wait twelve years during the sinking of a shaft, at the cost of £100,000, and yet are so impatient with us while trying to send a shaft down into the lowest depths of ignorance and sin, bringing up, not coal-dust, but precious gems, of whom the great Lord will say, 'They shall be mine in the day that I make up my jewels?' How is it that men can wait so patiently while they try to cut a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, to connect sea with sea, and yet are so impatient with us who are seeking to open a channel for the waters of life, which,

‘Like a sea of glory,
Shall spread from pole to pole?’

But it is a mistake to say that little has been done; considering the amount of funds, and the extent of the agency, the wonder is that so much has been accomplished. There are others who taunt us with our weakness; they remind us that our capabilities are below our aims. True, we are a feeble folk; well we know it. Often we have to exclaim, ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ But we believe in ‘the power of weakness.’ We say, with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, ‘When I am weak, then am I strong;’ ‘The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.’ I once learned a lesson on this point by visiting a vast engineering establishment, and seeing how the mighty steam-hammer, moved by an invisible power, was brought to bear, guided in its descent, so as to break a block of granite by the hand of a child. ‘Is not my word as a hammer, saith the Lord, to break in pieces the rocky heart?’ We are ready to cry, with the Prophet, ‘O, Lord God, I am but a child;’ yet we can bring the Word to bear, and it shall, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, be ‘the power of God unto salvation.’

“Archimedes, in ancient times, as a believer in the power of mechanical forces, said, ‘Give me a fulcrum on which I may place my lever, and I will move the world.’ But he found no such fulcrum. We have one, one provided by our God. The doctrine of Divine influence is the fulcrum on which we may place the lever of the Divine Word and uplift the world. Of this we have many striking proofs. The other day I had in my hands a letter from the South Seas, written by our missionary, Mr. Lawes, who is labouring in Savage Island, an island thus named by Captain Cook, because of the peculiar barbarism of the people; and Mr. Lawes tells us how, when he went, a few years since, to that island, he found there a people prepared of the Lord, for by the efforts of a native teacher left there the people had been constrained to cast away all their idols; and now in that Savage Island there are 1,070 Church members. Above 300 were admitted last year, and over 400 remain as candidates. And they sent, in that letter, an intimation that their contributions to the Missionary Society for the year amounted to £324; £124 of it being for the missionary ship; and that they have raised, in addition, above £100 for books.

“If you look to India, Dr. Mullens tells us how, in South Travancore, he found 300 native teachers all understanding the English language, and 100 of whom could speak it with tolerable fluency, and many sufficiently matured in gift and grace to justify their ordination as Christian pastors. These things are amply sufficient for our encouragement, and ought to

constrain our Christian young men to dedicate themselves to this glorious work.

"Young men, where are you? The Master has need of you. Where are these young men? Do you say they are in our Churches? Well, as they have given themselves to Christ, surely they ought to yield themselves to His service. Where are they? Surely many such are now in this hall. Young men! the Master calls you, the world needs you; take heed lest you fall under the influence of that malediction, 'Curse ye Meroz, yea, curse bitterly, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' Let us think of India with her 160 millions of idolaters, who look to Christian lands to send them, by the living voice, 'the word of life.' Let us think how Afric's sons, sixty millions strong, amid woes, and wars, and bitter bondage, appeal to us, as with tears of blood, to send them the 'perfect law of liberty.' Let us think how China's massive walls are broken, and the people wait to learn from us the tidings of redeeming love. Let us think how Japan has its outer door partially open, and the rays of Divine light begin to struggle in. Let us think how, even on Siberia's Plains, the beams of the Sun of Righteousness begin to fall. Let us think how, from the Southern Ocean, amid shoutings of 'Grace, grace!' comes the Macedonian cry for help, for the isles wait for Jehovah's law. Let us think of this, and as we think, let us clasp holy hands again this day, dedicating ourselves afresh to this Divine work."

WORDS OF THE WISE.—I.

BIBLE promises are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the window of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace.

If I were to fall into a river and were just drowning, and some benevolent man jumped in and saved me, I should praise that man for what he had done for me; but if afterwards I heard that he was a very good and a very benevolent man, and did much good in the world, I should praise him for what he was in himself. So we have cause to praise the Lord for what He has done for us, and for what He is in Himself.—*Dr. Marsh.*

Take a piece of wax, and a piece of gold of the same magnitude; the wax is not valuable with the gold: but as the wax hangs at the label of some will, by virtue of which some great estate is confirmed and conveyed, so it may be worth many hundred pounds. So faith, considered purely in itself, doth challenge nothing more than other graces, nay, in some sense it is inferior, it being an empty hand; but as this hand receives the precious alms of Christ's merits, and is an instrument or channel

through which the blessed streams of life flow to us from Him, so it doth challenge a superiority over, and is more excellent than, all other graces whatsoever.—*Spencer's Things New and Old.*

"Lord, save us from prayerless prayer, and praiseless praise," was a petition of the late eminent servant of Christ, James Harrington Evans.

A little boy being asked what forgiveness is, gave this beautiful answer: "It is the odour that flowers breathe when they are trampled upon."

Outward good things are no sign of God's special love. The sun of prosperity shines upon the brambles of the wilderness, as well as upon the flowers of the garden.

Many good resolutions lie in the churchyard.

Cromwell said, "Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking."

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE most important event which has lately transpired in the religious world is the decision which has been given against Ritualism. All England has been anxiously looking on to learn what would be the result—whether the Ritualists would yield, or adopt a policy of defiance. Although there at first seemed to be a division of opinion in the Ritualistic camp, and various leaders gave differing counsel, most have apparently settled down submissive to the judgment which has been pronounced upon their practices. The *Christian World* says:—"With the exception of the churches of Mr. Bennett, of Frome, Mr. Lowder, of St. Peter's, and a few others of the more advanced of the party, the ceremonial condemned by the recent judgment has been discontinued; and even in these it is doubtful whether lighted candles on the altar and incense will be used when once they are called upon by the bishops of their dioceses to yield obedience to what is now regarded as the law of the Church."

The Curates' question has attracted the attention of the *Rock* newspaper, which has the following:—"It is surely rather hard to find that as intellect and culture are most needed for the advantage of the Church, such gifts are gradually becoming less and less characteristic of our ministry..... We confess, with pain, that talent and honest work, as a rule, have as much chance of promotion in the English Church as they would have at Timbuctoo." The *Nonconformist* remarks:—"At the same time, both intellect and culture are becoming more and more characteristic of the Free Churches. But can any reasonable person

expect the intellect and culture of the nineteenth century to take sides with a Church characterised by all the weaknesses and much of the vices of the Middle Ages, and not a few of the vices of Paganism itself?"

The Lord Chancellor—the *English Independent* informs us—has given the authority and influence of his high position, as well as the weight of his individual character, to the cause of Sabbath observance, under the economic as well as the moral view of the question. Lord Hatherley has taken the lead as chairman and president in the formation of a working men's branch of the Lord's-day Observance Society for the Westminster parishes. Giving expression to his own sentiments as a Christian man, he spoke of the pain which such persons must feel to see how the Lord's-day is profaned and desecrated by many sorts of unnecessary work and trading. He also deprecated excursion trains and other ways in which the day of rest is made one of business or of pleasure. He warned his countrymen against the introduction of a Continental Sunday into England. In fine, the noble and learned lord maintained the argument often used before by humbler advocates of Sabbath observance, that, unless the working classes insist upon retaining in their own hands one day out of seven for rest, they will have, ultimately, if not immediately, to give seven days' work for six days' wages.

From the last volume of the *Year Book*, we learn that the number of Congregational Churches in England and Wales is 2,869, that there are 1,884 settled pastors, and 244 vacant churches. The *English Independent* says:—"Accepting the statement of a writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, that the Free Churches of England raise £3,000,000 per annum for religious purposes, we are inclined to credit the Congregational Churches with a fourth of that sum. A few weeks ago we printed a report for Union Chapel, Islington, which disclosed the astonishing fact, that the subscriptions of the congregation assembling there for the last quarter of a century had averaged £2,000 a year for building and benevolent purposes, with another £1,000 a year for ministerial salary and the maintenance of worship. We have no doubt," it adds, "there have been years in which the Congregational Churches of England and Wales have subscribed a million of money for the spread of the Gospel, the maintenance of worship, and for charitable purposes."

The Church and congregation at Hare-court Chapel, Canonbury, of which Dr. Raleigh is the pastor, have just held their annual meeting, when reports were presented of the operations of the past year. These operations show in a very striking manner the powers of voluntarism. During 1868 upwards of £4,300 was raised for religious and benevolent

objects alone, more than another £1,000 being raised by pew rents, which are appropriated to the payment of the ministry. Of the £4,300, above £3,800 was devoted to home purposes, the balance being expended on foreign objects.....The Church consists of 929 communicants, of whom 646 belong to the parent Church, and 283 to the branch Churches. The agency by which the work is done, consists of three paid ministers, six gratuitous lay evangelists, six paid teachers, and seven monitors for the schools, and upwards of 300 members of the Church and congregation, who give their services in various ways. One medical man also gives gratuitously advice and medicine, and visits the poor connected with the various stations. One fact stated by Mr. Sinclair, the treasurer of the various societies connected with the home operations of the Church, was very significant. He said that they had no collectors, either paid or voluntary, for any of the societies of which he was treasurer. When they had collectors the societies were always in debt: since they had been discontinued he had always been able to report a balance in hand. During the year upwards of £2,800 had flowed into his hands without a single collector being employed to gather it. Such a statement is pregnant with instruction to those who would understand the workings of the voluntary principle.

During the last month the Protestants of Madrid worshipped for the first time in public. It is evident, however, that the Spanish priests will do all in their power against religious toleration and equality. The Cardinal Archbishop of Valladolid denounces "religious liberty" in the strongest terms, and says it simply "means bringing to Spain all the false religions in the world, 'which are enemies to the true one, which this magnanimous nation loves and venerates.'" He describes the intention to promote religious liberty as an "infamous resolution" and a "scandalous deed." One of the Spanish papers says, "if men cannot be found to pull down the Protestant Church the women will do it for them."

A second memorial Church has been erected in Madagascar. The Rev. W. Pool, writing from Antananarivo, says:—"The members of the mission, with Dr. Davidson and the friends, received the Queen at the tower entrance, the Queen shaking hands with all of us. It being law that no one must sit higher than the Queen, I had the floor in the eastern transept gallery raised for her accommodation, and also for the Prime Minister. As soon as the Queen had taken her seat, those who were to lead the singing were admitted at the vestry door. When these were seated, the Prime Minister ordered the doors to be opened, and the building was speedily filled in every part. . . . Besides an

exposition of Church principles, there were two sermons, the one by a native preacher, the other by a missionary." The Queen remained until the last notes of the harmonium had died away, after which the Secretary of State, and another member of the Government dined at the house of Mr. Toy, the missionary."

A correspondent of the *Times* has devoted his Sunday mornings for the last twelve months to visiting the City Churches, and he reports the results of his observations. Of the 35 Churches, between St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Dunstan's in the East, in two the congregations consisted of 5 persons each; in 3 others the attendance was under 10 each; in 6 others from 10 to 28; in 10 others from 20 to 40; and in the remainder the worshippers were from 40 to 90; in only one Church were 100 found.

We are happy to state that by localising the *Christian's Penny Magazine* during the last year, the Hull and East Riding County Association has cleared a profit of £48 14s. 5d.

A new Congregational Church has been formed at Cardiff, of which the Rev. W. Watkins, who seceded from the Free Methodists, has become the pastor. The foundation stone of a new Congregational Church has been laid at Anceats, by Mr. W. Armitage. The total outlay connected with the movement will be £5,800.

The following have accepted Congregational pastorates:—The Rev. J. L. Collins, at Finchfield; the Rev. H. H. Honley, of Huddersfield, at Market Drayton; the Rev. W. G. Horder, of St. Helen's, at Torquay; the Rev. W. Satchwell, at Hartshill, Warwickshire; the Rev. D. Horscraft, of Bourn, at New Hampton; Mr. F. C. Blackburn, at Tipton; Mr. D. S. Hollies, of Nottingham Institute, at Great Totham, Essex; the Rev. E. Corbold, of Knaresborough, at Royston, Herts.; the Rev. R. Wyatt, of Queenborough, at Billericay, Essex; the Rev. B. Bond, of Rangbank School, at Chinnor, Oxfordshire; the Rev. W. Woods, of Leicester, at Melbourne, Australia; the Rev. J. B. Lister, of Blackburn, at Brighouse, Yorkshire; and the Rev. R. D. Maxwell, of Bedford, at Goole.

The following have been ordained as pastors of Congregational Churches:—Mr. J. Bennetts, of the Congregational Institute, at Haydon Bridge, Northumberland; and Mr. T. Simpson, of Lancashire College, at Providence Chapel, Middleton, Manchester.

The following have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches:—the Rev. W. Robinson, at the Tabernacle, Hull; and the Rev. W. H. Brigg, at Cliff Road Chapel, Woodhouse Moor, Leeds.

HE BEGAN LIFE WITH NOTHING.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a young man was sitting in a dingy lodging above the greengrocer's shop in Bentley's Court, Millfield. The little carpet-bag in the corner, with the soiled and dusty travelling rug thrown beside it, together with the general air of disarrangement that prevailed throughout the room, showed that the solitary inmate of the apartment had not long taken up his abode within it.

An even less fastidious eye might have been annoyed by the air of discomfort and confusion, but the thoughts of the young man were far away from his meagre surroundings. As he sat gazing abstractedly into the fire that smouldered in the narrow grate, visions of future prosperity were rising before his eyes, shaping themselves more distinctly as his vague reveries resolved themselves by degrees into definite determinations.

"Yes," he said to himself, and he started up and began to pace restlessly up and down the room, "yes, I have made up my mind, I will get money! A man is worth nothing now unless he is worth money. There is nothing like knowing what one has to do, unless it be doing it, and now that I have made up my mind, the only thing is to keep steadily to it. Money! Yes, that is the thing! I will get money, and that will get me a position, and then power, and all three of them are worth the winning. Aye! in twenty years' time why shouldn't I be the first man in Millfield, instead of a poor clerk with fifty pounds a year, and board and lodging to find out of it?" And John Lewin thrust both his hands into his empty pockets. "Yes, I have nothing to begin life with, but see if I will end it so!"

And with a whole world of projects rolling through his brain, the young man threw himself down that night upon his bed, prepared the next day to begin life for himself as under clerk in one of the great Millfield warehouses.

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"I began life with nothing!" And John Lewin, the richest merchant in Millfield, set down his glass, and glanced proudly on the guests who surrounded his sumptuous table. He was not ashamed of owning that his whole fortune had once lain in his head and his two hands. Indeed, he rather liked to boast that he had been the architect of his own fortunes. The most splendid mansion in Millfield now belonged to him. The merchant princes of the neighbourhood were eager to obtain his friendship. The power that he had longed for was within his grasp. All that wealth could bring was laid at his feet, and, with the plaudits of his admiring guests resounding in his ears, John Lewin stood at last

"the first man in Millfield." The successful merchant had realised the dream of the penniless clerk.

The last carriage had rolled away, and in the crimson-lit hall a footman, with a low bow, presented to his master the letters and papers which the evening mail had just brought in. The merchant took them, and sat down to glance over them, intending to defer their leisurely perusal until the morning. But the grey dawn mingled with the sickly glare of the unextinguished lamps, and still he sat gazing vacantly on the paper that he held in his stiffened hands. It was but a newspaper paragraph on which his eyes were fixed, but it told him that the American firm, in which his whole fortune was embarked, had failed! He was a ruined man!

"He will never get over it, I fear. The shock has been too much for him." And the grey-haired physician shook his head as he descended the marble staircase, and turned into the now deserted dining-room to write the prescription, powerless, alas! to save the man whose feet even now were crossing the threshold of that dark portal through which none return.

There was a strange hush in the stately mansion that day, broken only by the low whispers of the awe-struck attendants, or the delirious cries that from time to time issued from the chamber where the ruined merchant was struggling with his fate.

"Nothing to begin life with! nothing to begin life with!" moaned the dying man, as he tossed restlessly on his bed. "Nothing to begin life with!"

Yes, it was indeed the truth. Another life was commencing for him, but he must begin that with nothing too.

Reader, let us see to it, that while we labour for the meat that perisheth, we fail not to lay up for ourselves also treasure in heaven, that so, when the great day of eternity dawns upon us, it may be said of none of us, "he began life with nothing!"

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

THE words *courtesy* and *courteousness* are derived from the term *court*, and are used, in their primitive sense, to describe that polish and refinement of manners which prevail in the palaces of princes, and distinguish the intercourse of the great. *Courtesy* refers to all that belongs to affability of manner in our intercourse; but *Christian courtesy* involves along with it the internal principle, from which that affability should

proceed. It is true there may be the outward appearance of affection without any feeling of actual regard; but it is also true that there may be the principle of affection, with a very defective manifestation of it. In the one case, we have the picture of many a man of the world, who cares nothing about the principle so long as he can impose on others by seeming to possess it; and, in the other, we have the picture of many a man in the church, who cares so little about the principle, that he does not mind, in many cases, whether he seems to have it or not. Now both of them are in the wrong: the first character is positively bad, and the second is extremely defective; and he who attends to the whole of his duty will differ from both, for he will combine the internal feeling of benevolence with all the appropriate modes of its manifestation.

This leads me to remark, that all true and proper courtesy presupposes the principle which I have just named, that is, *benevolence*—benevolence, or good-will towards men; a desire to promote, and complacency in, the happiness of others. It has been called—I forget by whom—it has been called, and, perhaps, not improperly, “benevolence in trifles”—a care in little things, in words, and manner, and acts, by minute attention, to guard the feelings, and to consult the comfort and happiness of others. It comprehends a readiness to conform to their tastes and habits in matters of indifference, an obvious preference for their accommodation to our own—a solicitude to avoid whatever may give pain, when no moral principle forbids—and, in short, a constant endeavour to prevent pain and impart pleasure.

It is to be observed, that the possession of this virtue, in full play and exercise, implies two things. It implies that benevolence exists in the mind of the individual as *a principle*; not merely as a fluctuating feeling, a thing subject to perpetual change, according to the flow of the spirits and the circumstances of the day, but as a principle—that is, the steady purpose of the reason, based upon the remembrance of the relation of man and man, and a just regard to the will of God. It implies, secondly, that it is so regular as to be *habitual*—that an occasion of failure, from a sudden irruption of what remains, either of unsanctified or incurable depravity, is felt and lamented—that an endeavour to repair the injury accompanies the neglect—and that the principle is re-established in the moment of the judgment regaining the ascendancy.

Let us now observe more particularly the sphere in which this virtue is to act and to display itself—of course, this is commensurate with our social relations, but we may mention some a little more particularly.

It should be seen *in the family*, and should regulate the intercourse of

kindred. Here it is the mode of manifesting love, properly so called ; and it preserves and purifies affection by requiring that its expression be respectful and delicate ; it keeps it from being disordered and debased by vulgar familiarity ; it prompts to little ingenious devices by which it is sustained. The children of such a circle are taught to overcome their inherent selfishness, by tasting the satisfaction of making little mutual sacrifices for its sake. In such a household, nothing can more mark the presence of this virtue, and the power of the motive from which it springs, than the manner in which *the servants* will be spoken of and addressed. Instead of being regarded as if they belonged to an inferior species, or continually ordered in a tone of authority, they will be treated as partaking our common nature, and often directed in a tone of request rather than command.

I should like here to add a word or two in regard to servants. While the observations, which we have made before, bear upon their intercourse with each other—with respect to the family, in which they reside, that deference is demanded which we have already described as courtesy to superiors. It is not to be denied, however, that the religious servants of a religious house often appear to forget their station and their duty, as if participating with their employers in the privileges of the church cancelled the distinctions of civil society ; nor is it to be doubted, that some, who are heads of families, contribute to the evil of which they complain, by themselves first forgetting their station, and thus permitting or encouraging approaches neither prompted by religion nor sanctioned by good sense. Such conduct is a violation of those distinctions which exist in this world, and which He, who is a God of order, unquestionably surveys with approbation. The consequence of such a state of things is seen and felt in irreverence, or a realisation of the saying that “familiarity breeds contempt.” I hope I am as sincere and strenuous an advocate as any man of whatever can promote the comfort of those who are in servitude, but I believe the most efficient means to be, that both master and servant should know their places, and act accordingly. The danger of this being forgotten did not escape the apostle ; and hence, while he admonishes masters not to “threaten,” he still tells them to expect obedience of servants, and, in admonishing servants, especially where both are Christians, he says, “Let as many servants, as are under the yoke, count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed ; and they that have believing masters, let them not despise them because they are brethren, but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefits.”—so that this circumstance, instead of being abused to indolence and

familiarity, is to be an additional motive to personal industry and relative respect.

But, further : the virtue to which I refer, should be seen *in the church*. As far as the present condition of society allows, it will promote, among the members of a church, the expression of interest and sympathy, according to the customs of different denominations. For such as have to transact matters of business, or to come together to direct great institutions, and to engage in discussions in which there may be difference of opinion, there truly is required, with peculiar emphasis, the "charity which thinketh no evil," the singleness of heart that can bear to be suspected, the self-command that can resist provocation, the love that would dread to give it ; and every other grace, solid and ornamental, of the Christian character, will need to be cultivated for this purpose.

Again, it should accompany the Christian *into the world*. In the transaction of business, a Christian should be distinguished by a readiness to oblige, and a carefulness to observe whatever may diffuse pleasure and give satisfaction. In social and familiar intercourse it requires to be often and habitually observed. In remarking any instance of individual peculiarity, of natural or acquired habits, the one should never, and the other seldom, be noticed. In perceiving in another, with whom we converse, ignorance or mistake, both, perhaps, venial, we should try to insinuate knowledge, or to excite attention to the proper sources of examination ; the individual should be benefited as if by his own voluntary act ; but never should we expose him to the rude remark of others, unless, perhaps, in some cases, to punish inflated vanity or excessive pride.

But I remark, more particularly, that, in controversial and argumentative conversation, courtesy is eminently required. It should make us fair in argument ; just to objections, calm in reply, capable of combining affability of manner with firmness of opinion, and respect for conscience, with opposition to mistake. It should lead us to despise a spirit of personality, which betrays rather the excitement of mortified feeling, than the love of truth or anxiety to remove error. It should lead us always to distinguish between systems and men. It should lead us not to charge the holders of sentiments, or the advocates of institutions, with seeing and sanctioning the consequences or evils which we may believe flow from them, but which they may deny. It should prompt us, in all cases, to show that we can love the individual, though we may not be able to approve his opinions. In the last place, in the utterance of censure, where we may be permitted to pronounce it, it becomes us most religiously

to attend to the injunction, "Be courteous"—knowing that it is one of the distinctive attributes—however hard, however erring, and however fallen—it is one of the distinctive attributes of our nature still, to be melted and moved by the display of kindness; and a courteous regard to the feelings of the man, in admonishing a brother, will contribute far more to his conviction and return than the force of hard arguments or the pungency of stinging reproof.

There are two extreme opposites, to which the man, whose courtesy is Christian and conscientious, cannot go; and, therefore, his character may sometimes be mistaken, and he, on account of not being able to go thus far, may have to suffer some inconvenience. He cannot give, as is said in Scripture—he cannot give "*flattering words*;" that is one extreme. And he cannot return "*railing for railing*;" that is another. He dare not express what he does not believe, nor simulate what he does not feel; and hence he may sometimes appear to be deficient in courtesy, when he only aims to be eminently conscientious. In like manner, as he cannot utter what he does not believe, and cannot utter what he does not feel, so he often *will* not utter what he does; he will not describe some as he may know they are, or speak the daggers which his feelings may furnish. Such a man makes a bad partisan; he cannot match others by going to the same excess of violence. He has no congeniality, therefore, with those to whom all weapons are welcome, and who can employ any, whether dropped from above or forged beneath. Hence you may expect that Christian courtesy will sometimes appear tame, and defenceless, and deficient in vigour, because it will take wrong rather than retaliate.—*The Rev. Thomas Binney.*

CHURCHMEN'S OPINIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

"MEMBERS of the Church of England," says a country rector, writing to the *Morning Star*, "see a great deal of difference between the Church and the Establishment. They utterly deny any right of the State to pronounce on doctrine, but they may acquiesce in the right to pronounce on the principles and conditions of the Establishment. *That disestablishment is desirable, and will come sooner or later I am convinced*; but till then it is not fair to attempt to expel one party for the sake of the other."

An "Oxford M.A.," who says that "no words of his could describe the sorrow and dismay which this most deplorable judgment (on the Ritualists) has produced in thousands and tens of thousands of hearts," also

thinks that there is a "point where forbearance and non-resistance should give way to sharper and bolder measures."

"I need not say," remarks Dr. Pusey, "what effect it will produce in the minds of English Churchmen if the Supreme Court of Appeal is at one time stringent in its construction of words, at another lax, and both alike in criminal causes; for, however the accuser's costs, which are thus laid upon Mr. Mackonochie, may be paid by others, the law knows nothing of this. It has not only condemned him of doing an unlawful act in the most solemn part of public worship (which is the most sensible wound it can inflict on any clergyman), but has laid a considerable fine upon him.

"If the union of the Church and State involves this ultimate laxity and more than rigidity in the construction of our formularies, involving the denial of true doctrine and the prohibition of practice which represents doctrine, it certainly will be the earnest desire and prayer of Churchmen that *the precedent now being set as to the Irish Establishment may be speedily followed as to the English.*"

The *Church News* declares that "every tyrannical act of the kind is a nail in the Establishment's coffin."

"Assuredly it is hopeless," writes a "Presbyter" to the *Guardian*, "to press for any remedy, save one—that of *separation* from the State. I, Mr. Carter with Dr. Pusey and others will form a 'liberation' society, having for its object to free the Church from State-control. I think it will include some thousands of members in a short space of time. The chances of its gaining the desired 'remedy' I need hardly point out, but even the 'red Erastianism' of the day would probably dread the next general election. The 'Liberation' Society outside, and that which I propose within the Church, would at least be formidable to Mr. Disraeli."

"I suppose," says Mr. Mackonochie in a letter to the *Times*, "every one has more or less been thinking over the question of Establishments. If I may judge from the reception which was given to a few words of mine at the meeting of Tuesday, in Freemasons' Tavern, the conviction is gaining ground that the time has come for the Church to claim deliverance from the yoke of State-control. I do not believe it to be a question belonging to any political school, for I constantly find myself at one on this point with men of views differing as widely as possible from one another and myself on political questions. The union of Church and state is an anachronism, and ought to be swept away. . . .

"The Jewish Church began to fall from God, and ultimately sunk into idolatry, from the time that it became an Establishment in the reign of Saul. The reign of Constantine was the beginning of the decline

of Christianity in spiritual things quite as much as it was the beginning of its rise in temporal grandeur. Nor do I think that the State has suffered less than the Church from the alliance. But I must not prolong my letter by the discussion of this question. Let us, then, as citizens as well as Churchmen, move every power to obtain a dissolution of this ungodly alliance.

"Once free from State-control, we shall begin, I trust, to feel as a body, and not merely as individuals, that we belong to a kingdom which is not of this world. Our bishops will know that their power is that of the servants of *Christ*, not of lords of parliament; we of the clergy shall be free from the temptation to worldly gain and ambition with which an Establishment surrounds men; and our people will receive or reject us for *Christ's* sake, not as ministers appointed by the State."

The bill announcing the midnight service on Christmas Eve at St. Mary's, Plaistow, had at the bottom, in large type, "No Church-rates! no pew-rents! no State-endowments!"

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

BY THE REV. E. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B.

It must be confessed to be a very natural thing in an age like our own, remarkable for the rapid interchange of thought, and for advancement in almost every department of life, that some dissatisfaction should be felt with old methods and customs existing among our Churches. At the same time it is evident that a great deal which is now being written and said on the subject of Church Membership is rather the expression of disturbed thought than the result of mature deliberation. But what a misfortune it would be if, just at this important juncture, when the whole of our English population is more or less awakened to an interest in Church questions, Independents should be seen disputing among themselves as to their methods of procedure, and venturing on experiments, confessedly without system, and without definite principles as their justification! Would not many conclude that Independency was another name for anarchy? Would they not think that we are in danger of breaking up into a heterogeneous mass of pertinacious atoms in perpetual conflict and contradiction?

For three hundred years Independents have protested, both by their words and by their deeds, against all other ideas of a Christian Church than that which regards it as constituted of such as are gathered together in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and who are by their own act separated from the world and consecrated to a spiritual life.

For any part of the Church to admit members by a mere exercise of authority, by the administration of a rite, by application of a formal standard of knowledge, such as examination by means of a catechism and adoption of a creed, or in any other way to put human agency in the place of God, has always appeared to Independents to ignore the fact that the real qualification for membership in a Christian Church is personal piety—the soul's living fellowship with the Saviour. Our separation from the Establishment is mainly on this ground. We cannot ally ourselves with a system which, as we think, destroys the vitality of the Church by substituting external rites as the condition of membership, for spiritual religion. Early Christians were afraid that their heathen auditors would not eagerly and rapidly embrace a Christianity which set the soul before the scrutiny of God; and in an evil hour they compromised their faith: they threw wide the door, and invited the multitudes to become nominally Christian, in the hope that they would afterward become really so. Through that wide door poured in a flood of corruptions never since expelled. And now that all Christians, all sincere believers of every denomination, are sighing and praying for more union, it seems more than ever necessary to insist on the spirituality of the Church, for there never can be a true brotherhood among believers on any other foundation.

Now what, we may ask, is a Church? Some have fallen into error by regarding it as an association of Christians, and no more. It has been called a "spiritual club;" and recently we have known it scornfully asked what there is in our Independent Churches to make them more than religious clubs? But a voluntary association of men, calling themselves Christians, is not identical with a Christian Church. The essential idea of a Church must be sought not in the mere association, but in the nature of the persons associated. The spiritual life is not a life which can be lived out fully in solitude. It demands fellowship, co-operation, social action. A Church is the result of these characteristics of the spiritual life. A school is not a family. There must be the relationship and community of action to constitute family life, as well as association under one roof. So any kind of voluntary union of Christians is not a Church; the whole spiritual life of those who are in the Church must be blended into one spiritual body.

If this view be correct, then there are several important consequences which follow naturally from it. A Christian Church is not an association which admits members upon arbitrary terms laid down in some articles of association. It is not a mere gathering together of professing Christians who may be left each to himself to live out his Christian life as he

pleases. It is not an organisation for the purpose of better celebrating Christian ordinances. *It is essentially a spiritual union*, the purpose of which is the realisation of the spiritual life in fellowship. Nothing which is a hindrance to fellowship can be consistent with healthy Church-life. And it follows, moreover, from such a view, that the profession of faith which admits to a Christian Church is not entirely the concern of the person seeking admission, but, as an entrance into fellowship with Christians, is also the concern of the Church who receive the candidate. Their right hand of fellowship clasps his right hand of profession, and the act is reciprocal, or else it is meaningless. Just as the new member giving his hand declares himself a Christian, so the Church, embracing that hand, is expressing its confidence and pledging its love. A bond of fellowship is struck, and both parties are henceforth responsible for its preservation. Is it then consistent with the spirituality of our Churches to make light of their responsibility in the admission of members?

How can there be fellowship without confidence, and how can there be confidence without knowledge? Church-life is not analogous to club-life, but rather to family-life. If I join a club, I undertake to fulfil certain conditions of association, and while I do so no one has a right to inquire further into my private character. But if a stranger enters my family, I must know all that is possible about him before I give him my hand. We have a right to know all that can be known of one who seeks admission into the fellowship of a Christian Church, because he asks of us a confidence which we cannot yield on any other condition. The mistake which is made by some who have written on the subject of admission to the Church is that they regard that admission as nothing more than a profession of Christianity. They insist that one who professes faith in Christ ought to be left to do so on his own responsibility, and the Church should simply receive that profession as witnesses. But surely this is to forget that the Church on receiving a professor of Christianity into its fellowship, engages to give him a place and part in its Church-life; and, therefore, if it receives him heedlessly, dishonours itself.

A writer in the "Christian World Magazine" for February makes the following startling assertion:—"The idea of some that their own purity is defiled and their enjoyment lessened by the fact that there are in the Church to which they belong some who are not of the true Church of Christ, is a mere fancy. Of course the presence of ungodly men in a Christian society is a blot and imperfection, but not one which need interfere with the power or peace of the other members of the community." This is certainly a strange view of Church life. Does

the writer really mean that we may know that there are ungodly men amongst us, and know who they are, and still remain unconcerned? Then why does the New Testament insist upon the exercise of discipline? Indeed, why have a Church at all? Let the world be the Church, and hope that some day the ungodly will become the minority. Hypocrisy may evade the strictest rules of admission. But if the hypocrisy be so subtle that it cannot be detected, then it cannot influence those who are not aware of it. To know that there must be some hypocrites in a Church, that as a fact no Church is pure, certainly need not interfere with the spiritual advancement of those who know it; but to know the ungodly men, and not to put them away—to be holding an external fellowship with them, and at the same time to be conscious that we have no sympathy with them in our hearts—is to be ourselves guilty of an insincerity which is most harmful to our spiritual character.

Is it a fact that no harm accrues where there is laxness of discipline? Can we not point to many instances where the presence of unspiritual men in Churches has lowered the tone of piety in nearly all the members, and brought terrible dishonour to the name of Christian among those who make no profession? Is it not a fact that Churches have character, as well as individuals, and that we can perceive in them a prevailing spirituality, or the contrary, which is, in fact, the influence of individuals making itself felt? Is it not a fact that in some instances where popular exciting but shallow preaching has brought members rapidly into our Churches, and vigilance has been relaxed on the part of the Churches themselves, the result has been great weakness and unhealthiness in the Church life; after a time, an unusual number of scandals, and in the end spiritual deadness, even with outward prosperity? How can Christians advance in "power and peace," if they are surrounded by unspiritual men? True, the individual believer is responsible for himself. The presence of ungodliness is no excuse for his falling away. Temptation may be stimulus to effort, and therefore lead to greater advancement, but the prayer we are taught to present is "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." If there is a special blessing in the communion of saints, if there are special opportunities afforded us by Church life for the maintenance of our graces, then surely it is a matter of the highest moment that, as far as possible, those with whom we associate should be one with us in sincerity and spirituality. We protest, therefore, against any relaxing of the Church's responsibility in the admission of members. We are undermining the very foundations of our Independency if we call in the multitude, and at the same time renounce the principle of our strength, which is spiritual fellowship.

First, then, let us remember that the whole Church is responsible in the admission of members. The minister ought not to act for the Church in such a sense that he shall assume its responsibility. Deacons, or any other officers, if they act in the name of the Church, must still call the Church to exercise its proper function on its own responsibility. Now, in some cases it is to be feared ministers have virtually ignored the Church, using their personal influence to conceal their assumption of power. Deacons, too often, in giving their testimony concerning candidates for admission, have taken little pains to make that testimony intelligent and trustworthy, and the Church has passively acquiesced, reposing on the authority of the deacons.

Secondly. Though there may, in some cases, be reasons for postponing membership with the Church, such as youth, or unacquaintance with the principles of Church government in the particular Church, or uncertainty as to residence, which would not be reasons for postponing communion at the Lord's Table, yet we do earnestly protest against the notion which seems to be gaining favour at the present time, that those whose piety is not decided, whose Christian character is not ripe for profession, may be admitted to the Lord's Supper as a preparation for admission to the Church. This is to hide the meaning both of the one and of the other. The communion of the body of Christ in that ordinance implies faith in the participants. It is an expression of fellowship.

Thirdly. An arbitrary standard of judgment in respect to the fitness of candidates ought to be avoided, and is not requisite. Our aim is to obtain such evidence as satisfies the Church that there is a spiritual life in the candidate. We ought not to expect that that spiritual life should be capable of being testified, in every instance, in the same way. We may find evidence of real spiritual life where theological ideas are but very imperfectly comprehended. Experience may be easily described by one which ought not to be expected in another. An intellectual man, seeking admission to a Church, may be reasonably required to show that he coincides with that Church in doctrine and in views of Church government. One to whom questions of such a nature are remote may be left to the simplest expression of spiritual life, which will be the most natural and real.

Fourthly. As the meaning of admission to a Christian Church is not merely profession of Christianity, but an entrance upon Church life regarded as a whole; it is most desirable that the Church should become cognisant, as far as possible, of the capabilities and spiritual character of those received into its fellowship, and thus co-operation will be more practicable and more living.

Let us be staunch in our adherence to those spiritual principles which form the strength of our Churches, and which, if they be hidden or disparaged, will soon be lost. May "the Great Shepherd of the sheep" send us wisdom and faithfulness, and mercifully keep us from all "sleight of man, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive," and may all our Churches be as "a building fitly framed together, growing unto a holy temple in the Lord."

A HINT TO YOUNG MEN.

WOULD to God some of you could be made to feel that you were born to higher things than reading novels, or smoking cigars, or lounging on sofas, or sauntering in the streets, or killing time in any other equally fruitless aims. Look, my friends, at the frightful evils which blight this poor world. Millions of your fellow-creatures are lost under the darkest blackest idolatries and superstitions, from which there is no deliverance but by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which must be carried to them by living earnest men. Behold what slaveries, despotisms, oppressions, grindings, there are all over the earth! Look at home. What reforms are needed in business—what need of sweeping away the rottenness of deceit and dishonesty—the cruel sweating and driving. In other connections what ignorance, what filth, what intemperance, what sensuality, what hypocrisy, what superstition, what misery and crime. Will you be so cruel, so weak, so unmanly, as to stand the idle unmoved spectators of these dire evils, when you could do so much to remove them? Be not overawed by the enormity of the evil, the multitude of the enemy.

Do your part. Fight the foe nearest to you and die. Kill two, three, or more; as God gives you strength, the number will be less. Reap your acre or two before your sun goes down. Make a circle of light and happiness around you before you burn to the socket. Remember how those mighty coral islands, now covered with a rich vegetation and a numerous population, are the accumulations of the smallest insect. Remember how the mighty fortresses of Sebastopol were constructed by one spadeful of earth after another, one stone above another. Carry your stone, your spadeful. Let it be known when you die, that you have lived, and that you have lived to some purpose. Have you done nothing, will you do nothing, to make you regretted when you die, and to leave a savour of your name behind you? Shall it be said of you "He sold sugar for forty years, and died." "He kept accounts for thirty years, and died." "He hammered in iron or in brass all his lifetime, and died." "He was a good harmless creature, and died.—*Rev. R. Bruce.*

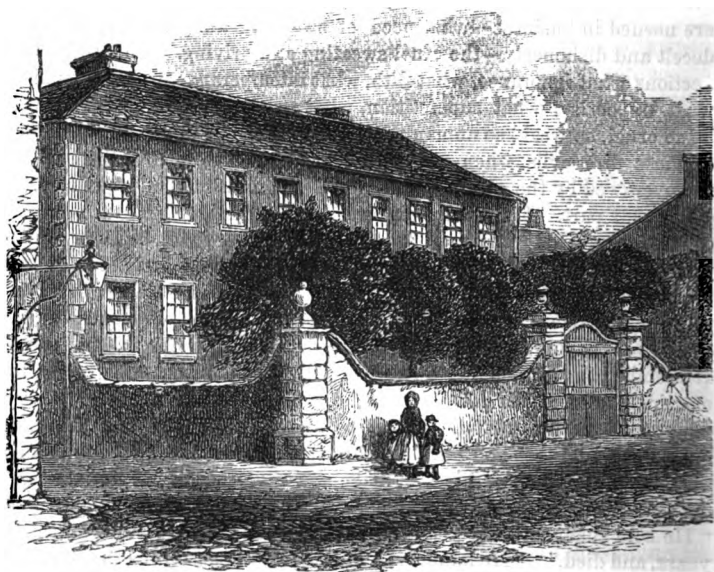
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BY HENRY T. ROBJOHN, B.A.

"THE poet is a teacher," said Wordsworth; "I wish to be considered as a teacher, or nothing." A teacher he was, unfolding the beauty and wonders of the material world, showing the moral uses of the imagination, and how our senses might be saved from merely ministering to animal pleasures, pointing out the nobler elements which underlie the forms of human life. He had a deep consciousness of the sacredness of genius, and of the responsibility of its possession. In an age made brilliant by many stars, some erratic enough, Wordsworth stands forth, the personification of simplicity and purity. Tennyson says of the laureate wreath that it is

"Greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base."

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, the 7th April, 1770. His father was an attorney, and both he and the mother belonged to families of high antiquity and great respectability.



HOUSE IN WHICH WORDSWORTH WAS BORN.

The mother died when the boy was only eight. But his education did not therefore fail, for

"He
Who fills the mother's breast with innocent milk,
Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under his great correction and control."

So far as she was allowed to mould the future of her boy, she seems to have studiously avoided forcing him. Many children are injured in body and mind by this dreadful hot-house process. The picturesque Derwent played no mean part in the education of imagination and heart. At five he would "make one long bathing of a summer's day." A joyous childhood like this is beyond all price. Another influence, mightier than that of rivers was his sister's. She was two years younger, and by Wordsworth passionately loved. Of her he says:—

"The blessing of my later years,
Was with me when a boy.
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

The rudiments of learning were acquired at Cockermouth from the Rev. Mr. Gilbanks. His father had made him very early learn passages from the best English poets. At Hawkshead, in the heart of the Lake District, he acquired a fair knowledge of Latin and the elements of mathematics. Both at school and in vacation time he seems to have read whatever he liked, particularly works of imagination. But communion with nature was already doing more for him than either Latin or the humourists. Already, as a boy, he had begun to feel the presence of God in the sky and on the earth; and he had begun to offer the sacrifices of praise.

At the age of fourteen, Wordsworth wrote a poem, in heroic metre, on the second centenary of the foundation of the school. His father died when he was thirteen. Lord Lonsdale, whose agent he was, refused to settle his accounts, and thus the four sons and one daughter were deprived of the bulk of their fortune. It was twenty years afterwards restored, with interest, by the second earl. Meanwhile, Wordsworth, in 1787, was sent by his uncles to St. John's College, Cambridge. But there he pined for the mountains and the waterfalls. One morning, his whole being was stirred within him, as—

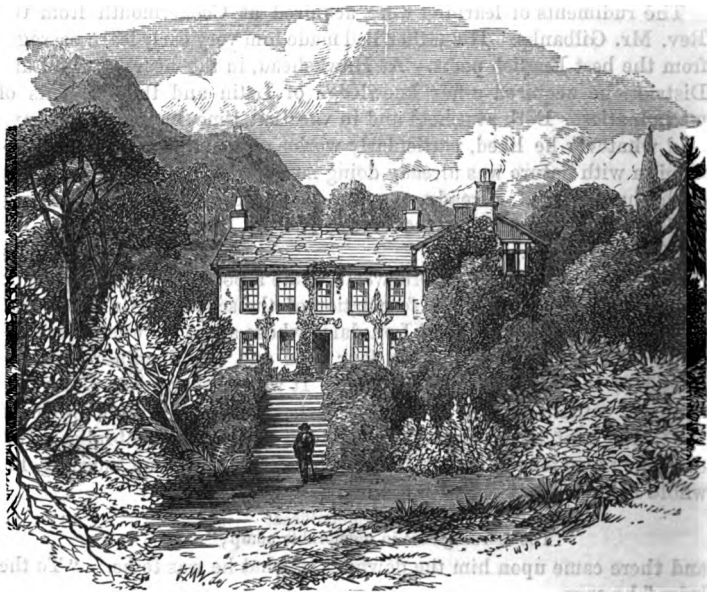
"Magnificent
The morning rose in memorable pomp;"

and there came upon him the dawning of what he was to be. "To the brim," he says,

"My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
 Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
 Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
 A dedicated spirit. As I walked
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives."

His last long vacation was spent travelling abroad, and near the close of 1792, at the epoch of the revolution he was in France.

During 1793, "The Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches" were published, which in the following year attracted the attention of Coleridge, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and thus was laid the foundation of an intimacy valuable to both. He was urged to enter the Episcopalian ministry, but declined. He projected a republican periodical, which came to nothing; he then tried to secure employment on a London paper, when, just at this juncture, a friend left him £900. He now gave himself up to poetry, and such was his frugality that he and his sister lived on a little more than that £900, for nearly eight years. Sir George Beaumont subsequently bequeathed to him an annuity. He was appointed stamp distributor to his native county. Then he was placed on the "Pension List," and at last crowned as poet laureate.



RYDAL MOUNT.

In 1799 Wordsworth went to live in a comparatively humble cottage at Town-end, Grasmere. In 1802 he was married to Mary Hutchinson, his cousin: they had gone to the same dame's school together, and been playfellows in youth. In 1808 they removed to Allan Bank, near at hand; and in 1813 to Rydal Mount. There, in the midst of scenery that has few rivals, in a home of beauty, they lived in affection and peace for thirty-seven years, the poet going to the everlasting home, April 23rd, 1850, at the advanced age of eighty.

Wordsworth's life had few incidents. It is to be found in his works. He is one who will be remembered by what he has done. He was the student and lover of nature, and his mission was to imbue us with like pure tastes. But he lived to be an old man before the world had learnt to appreciate his genius. Critics tried to crush him. They sneered at what they called "puerilities" and "absurdities," but which, as one says, have since become "immortalities." One of the most beautiful of his poems, "We are Seven," he was advised never to print, because he was told it would make him "everlastingly ridiculous." His poems, on account of the severity of his reviewers, sold off most badly. At times he was almost broken-hearted. But he held on, believing in himself,



THE CHURCH AT GRASMERE.

and most of all in God. When Jeffrey had crushed (as he thought) "The Excursion," Wordsworth wrote to Southey—"Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write, with, I trust, the light of heaven upon me." Southey had written—"He crush 'The Excursion!' tell him he can as easily crush Skiddaw!" And so it proved. Wordsworth lived to find his work appreciated, himself famous, in spite of the earlier adverse deliverances of the mightiest magnates of the literary world, and ever since he was laid in Grasmere churchyard, his holy influence has been increasing, even over minds which have not for themselves read a line of his writing. He has ennobled the whole æsthetic and moral culture of our time, and there is not an intelligent mind that does not answer to the regal touch of that "vanished hand." And so it shall be. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and *He shall bring it to pass*. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. *Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.*"

RICHARD BAXTER.

"Two days after the battle of Naseby, a young gentleman, a preacher, aged some thirty years, came amongst the army. His name was Richard Baxter, a puny feeble body, marked with small-pox, and bowed and worn at thirty like an old man. Yet had the puny body good quality of courage in it. Courage of the soul, burning out of his dark eyes. Courage, surely, he had of his kind! For he came amongst our men, flushed and strong from the victorious fight, and exhorted and rebuked us as if we had been a pack of school-boys. Called us—the Ironsides, with Whalley's and Rue's regiments of horse—'Hot-headed, self-conceited Sectaries,' 'Anabaptists,' 'Antinomians,' and what not; us who had been fighting the Lord's battles for him, and the like of him, these two years! Took our camp jokes ill, about 'Scotch *dry-vines*,' 'Dissembling men at Westminster,' and '*priest-byters*.' Called us profane; us who had paid twelvepence fine for one careless oath ever since we came together. Called us disloyal; as if subjects could obey the king whilst making war on him, or could make war on him without the risk of killing him, or would make war on him without the stedfast purpose to conquer him and hinder him, in one way or another, from ever wronging or oppressing them again.

"Argued with us, dividing his discourse into as many heads as Leviathan, and using words from every heathen tongue under the sun. If we had the best of it, called us levellers and firebrands. If we were

silent under his flood of talk, thought we were beaten, as if to have the best in *talk* were to win the day! As if an Englishman was to change his mind because he could not, all in a moment, see his way out of Mr. Baxter's Presbyterial puzzles! Scarcely grateful, I think, seeing our men had once asked him to be their chaplain. Some of us reminded him of it, and he said he was sorry he had refused, or we should not have come to what we are. And he rebuked us sore, and called us out of our names in a gentlemanly way, in Latin and Greek, as if we had been plunderers and malignants; us of General Cromwell's own regiment! Of his courage there can, after this, I think, be no doubt; nor, forsooth, of our patience. And he hath gone back to Coventry and spoken slanders of the "sad state" of the army.

"Sad state of the army, indeed! where every morsel we put into our mouths is paid for; through which any modest wench, if she were as fair as Sarah, can walk, if she had need, as safe as past her father's door. An army which had just won Naseby by the strength of the Lord and the Ten Commandments; where not an oath is heard; where psalms and prayers rise night and morning as from the old Temple; and where a young gentleman like Mr. Richard Baxter could come and go, and call the soldiers what ill names he chose, without hurt. For a godly young gentleman we all hold him to be, and a scholar; and honour him in our souls as such, and for the chastening hand of the Lord on the poor suffering puny brave body of him. In proof whereof, Whalley's regiment have given him a call to be their chaplain, the which he seems likely to accept. Although in some ways he, and the like of him, are a sore puzzle to me, and cost me more wrestlings than even the Irish Papist women with their knives."—*The Draytons and the Davenants*.

“WAYS AND MEANS.”*

God confers on man the honour and the charge of contributing for the support of public worship. With what joy and what bounty should man use this privilege! Let us seriously ask—

I. *What for?* What will you give to support the worship of God and the ministry of your choice? Through these channels chiefly you learn of the love of God and of salvation through Christ. Also they greatly strengthen believing hearts, besides promoting piety and peace, and fostering all good agencies among men.

* This article will be reprinted as a handbill, and may be obtained of the Rev. John Ross, Hackney, for One Shilling per 100.

II. *What?* How much will you give? The sacred duty to give has the highest authority: "Even so, hath the Lord ordained, that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel." The same authority makes giving personal, liberal, and frequent: "Let him that is taught in the word, communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." No Christian should spend on a fancy, a foible, or a folly, more than he devotes to his soul's consolation and culture; or quaff in a draught, or puff in fumes, more than he spares in a week to the worship which glorifies God and cherishes his own spiritual life.

III. *How?* In what way will you give? Suppose I reply, Give as seldom as possible—Avoid giving if you can. You feel instinctively that this is wrong. Pray then do not act thus, but rather obey the Apostolic order: "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him," i.e., Store for sacred and benevolent purposes, and when you go to God's house, present a suitable part of the store fund a grateful offering to the Lord.

IV. *Why?* (1) Why should you support the worship of your choice? Because if any one should, you should. Because if you do not, no one else can be expected to do it. Because if you do not, you cannot love your minister, or prize the Gospel. Because it is not just to ask help till you do all you can yourself. (2) Why should you support worship by Lord's-day offerings? Because this method was enjoined on the Apostolic Churches, and succeeded so well in the Macedonian Churches that the Apostle Paul urged it anew on those of Corinth—1 Cor. iv. 17; xvi. 1, 2; 2 Cor. viii. 1—7. Because all human methods prove deficient; while this method is being extensively resumed, with fuller funds and fervour of heart. And because men's treatment of this method tests their obedience and love to Christ. 2 Cor. viii. 8, 24; ix. 18.

Every man should devote his full share towards a liberal sufficiency first, as a just claim. The Saviour forbade giving to worship what parents needed. All should help home worship well, before they aid distant objects. The Saviour's gracious approval of the widow's mites should animate every one to bring a suitable gift, and even the poor with but one talent to put it out to usury in the Lord's Treasury.

Hackney.

JOHN ROSS.

SELF-SATISFACTION.

A MAN'S being wise in his own conceit is a sure way to be so in nobody else's.—*South.*

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL AND THE BIBLE.

A FEW years ago there was a boy in a Sunday-school in Kent. He was one of the earliest scholars. He was the only child of his mother, and she was a widow. Perhaps the child had been spoiled, for his life was wild, capricious, and wicked. In the Sunday-school, where he was placed for instruction, he made no improvement, and it was only respect for the aged widow which prevented the conductors from expelling the lad. At length they were driven to dismiss him—at which they were extremely distressed. The boy was cast out of the bosom of all the means most likely to save him, and he enlisted for a soldier. We could have expected nothing better. He was sent to America during the unhappy and regretted war which we last conducted against our colony. When he entered the army he became as notorious, as marked, and as profligate there, as he had been obstinate and self-willed at home. His mother still survived to weep over him, and to pray for him. She found a serjeant, the son of a neighbouring farmer, who was going out to the same regiment in which her son was, and she obtained a small Bible and sent it to him. And who can help supposing that she embalmed it with her tears, and followed it by her prayers? The boy had resisted many efforts to do him good, but who could tell whether this effort might not prove availing? The serjeant embraced an early opportunity of taking him aside, and said, "I have seen your mother."

"Ah," he replied, "is the old woman alive?" Such was the careless, unnatural reply.

"Yes, she is," rejoined the serjeant, "but I suppose that, by this time, she is no more; she was very ill, and has sent you a small present."

"I hope it is some money," was his answer.

"Ah," said the serjeant, "my lad, it is something better than money; it may prove better than gold and silver, if you use it aright—it is a Bible." He looked at it with deepened chagrin. "Your mother has sent you one dying request, and that is, that you will look at this Bible, and read, at least, one verse every day." He took the Bible, and handled it as if he were afraid or ashamed of it—sorely disappointed that he had got nothing that he esteemed better.

"Well," he said, "it is not much to look at a single verse every day." He cursorily opened the book, and said, "Why, this is very strange; here is the only verse just falls under my eye that ever I was able to learn at the Sunday-school—'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Oh, that is very strange; pray who is this that says, 'Come unto me?'"

"Why, do not you know!" answered the serjeant; "it is Jesus Christ. It is He who says, 'Come unto me.' He is waiting to receive such poor sinners as you and me." A few more words passed, and, as the serjeant turned aside, he looked back, and saw the soldier with both his hands placed over his eyes, and the big tears falling from between his fingers. The man began to read the Bible, and he became as distinguished for piety as he had previously been for sin. The battle of Orleans soon occurred; and, after the violent struggle on the plain below, the serjeant, who escaped, was passing the field of blood, and saw the poor soldier lying dead under a tree. He had been shot in the neck; but he had evidently been reading the Bible after he was shot, for he was lying pillowed upon it, and it was open at the very verse which I have recited. The gentleman who stated this fact, said that he had had the Bible frequently in his hand, and that it was saturated with the blood of the dying soldier.

Why do I state this occurrence? and, especially, why do I occupy some time in reciting it? I do it for several reasons. It tells parents that their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. It tells them not to despair over the seed they are sowing, but to pray over it, and to use other methods. But oh, young people, let me say a word on this part of the subject to you. There are some, probably, hearing me to-night, who were early instructed by kind Sunday-school teachers—and, perhaps, by dear but deceased parents; and you have been thrown into evil company—you have been associated with some of the wicked; perhaps, you have given way to drunkenness, and when a man does that there is very little hope of him. Take care young people, when you first go out from under a parent's wing; when you first launch out on the deep, and no mother's eye rests on you—no mother's warning voice falls on your ear.—*Rev. A. E. Farrar.*

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

"You never saw a woman sewing without a needle! She would come but poor speed if she only sewed wi' the thread. So, I think, when we are dealing wi' sinners we maun aye put in the needle o' the law first; for the fact is, they're sleepin' sound, and they need to be awakened up wi' something sharp. But when we've got the needle o' the law fairly in, we may draw as lang a thread as you like o' Gospel consolation after it."

WORDS FROM THE WORKSHOP.

THE following testimonies of working-men were delivered principally at meetings over which the Rev. Newman Hall presided. They are reported in a condensed form, but as nearly as possible in the words of the speakers :—

C. M., Blacksmith.—I am a blacksmith's hammer-man. I've swung a hammer weighing twenty-two pounds, in front of a hot fire, without beer, the last fourteen years. I see several hammer-men here to-night, my shop-mates. Let them say if I haven't done my work as well as any of them. Some said when I signed that I should soon want a wooden suit. Here I am, strong, healthy, hearty, and happy; and I feel fourteen years younger to-day than I did fourteen years ago. Whatever I could do before on beer, I can do ten times better on water. They thought no one could swing a hammer without intoxicating drink. But they had not tried. When I signed no one could tell which was the original piece in my pair of trowsers. It looked as if it had been taken in in numbers. I don't get the horrors and the blues now. When I leave work I go to the temperance meeting. I rejoice to say I never felt comfortabler. If you think I am not hearty, ask me home to supper! Working men, you don't know your true position. Keep your money for yourselves, and don't spend it in drink. Look after your families. Then you will always be able to get a fair day's wages for a fair day's labour. Sitting at the public with a pipe in your mouth, singing "Rule Britannia," isn't the way to reform abuses. 150,000 workmen go to bed drunk every Saturday night in London alone. If they spend three shillings each, there is £22,500. This would buy 720,000 quartern loaves. They would be better in your houses than giving the money to Mr. Bonny-face at the public-house. "Sweet Home," indeed! Home is miserable through drink, and the children half-starved. Take the advice of a blacksmith's hammer-man—sign the pledge, and stick to it. I have had fourteen years' experience of it, and hope to live and die a teetotaller.

S. R., Sergeant-Major, Royal Artillery.—I have been nineteen years a soldier, and sixteen of these a teetotaller. I have been in long marches in hot countries, in the West Indies, and in all weathers. This fiery rum sends the men mad. For five years I met not a single person to encourage me, except four American sailors on board a transport. A young man in my regiment rose to a lucrative position, but became a drunkard, and died of drink, saying—"Rum! thou hast robbed me of all; and now, fiend of the devil, wilt thou send my soul to hell!" Drink is the

slave-driver, lashing its victims and keeping them to their work. But we've brought our guns to bear on the system, and a breach has already been made. Who will say teetotalism is not good? It's practical, safe, scriptural, and, thank God, available for every one.

W. S., Stoker.—There was not a worse drunkard than I was. I was hated and despised, and near cursed by my own relations. Drink gave me a broken arm. Drink broke my ribs. Above all, I robbed my wife and children for cursed drink. Now, as a teetotaller, I've worked with my one arm stoking all alone for thirty hours, right on, and taken out my own clinkers. I couldn't have done this with the drink. O Christians, come and help us!

THE THRESHING-FLOOR OF THE EAST.

"THE wheat was beautiful; it is cultivated solely by irrigation, without which nothing grows in the plain. Most of the fields were already reaped. The grain, as soon as it is cut, is brought in small sheaves to the threshing-floors on the backs of asses, or sometimes of camels. The little donkeys are often so covered with their load of grain, as to be themselves hardly visible; one sees only a mass of sheaves, moving along as of its own accord. A level spot is selected for the threshing-floors; which are then constructed near each other, of a circular form, perhaps fifty feet in diameter, merely by beating down the earth hard. Upon these circles sheaves are spread out quite thick, and the grain is trodden out by animals. Here were no less than five such floors, all trodden by oxen, cows, and younger cattle, arranged in each case five abreast, and driven round in a circle, or rather in all directions, over the floor. The sled or sledge is not here in use, though we afterwards met with it in the north of Palestine. The ancient machine with rollers we saw nowhere. By this process the straw is broken up and becomes chaff. It is occasionally turned with a large wooden fork, having two prongs; and when sufficiently trodden, is thrown up with the same fork against the wind, in order to separate the grain, which is then gathered up and winnowed. The whole process is exceedingly wasteful, from the transportation on the backs of animals to the treading out on the bare ground. The precept of Moses, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn,' was not very well regarded by our Christian friends—many of their animals having their mouths tied up: while among the Mohammedans, I do not remember ever to have seen an animal muzzled. This precept serves to show that of old, as well

as at the present day, only neat cattle were usually employed to tread out the grain."—*Dr. Robinson.*

JOHN NEWTON.

A FORWARD young man one day said to the celebrated John Newton, "Pray, Mr. Newton, what do you think of the entrance of sin into our world?" "Sir," said he, "I never think of it. I know there is such a thing as moral evil, and I know there is a remedy for it; and there my knowledge begins, and there it ends."

Mr. Newton, having asked a friend whether he knew the writer of a letter he had just received, his friend replied that he had been a most awful character, and almost in all evil. "But," said Mr. Newton, "he writes now like a penitent." "He may be such," said his friend, "but if he be, I shall never despair of the conversion of any one again." "Oh," says Mr. Newton, "I never did, since God saved me."

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

ON the evening of the day of our last issue, Mr. Gladstone, in perhaps the greatest speech of his life, made known in the House of Commons his Irish Church policy. Seldom has a legislative work equal to that of Mr. Gladstone's been laid before the world in a form so mature, so complete in its details, and expounded in so lucid and masterly a style. The *English Independent* says—"It is done. The master speech, three hours long, and a Bill of sixty-three clauses, suffice to separate the Church from the State in Ireland. We speak of it as already accomplished, for so it virtually is." "Now that the whole scheme of disestablishment and disendowment is before the country," says the *Noneonformist*, "and that the wonderfully lucid statement of the Premier has explained every part of that scheme, it gives us a pleasure we are quite unable adequately to express, to hail it with intense gratitude and unmingled joy as worthy of the man, of the country, of the occasion, and of the age. It would be somewhat presumptuous to affirm of it that it could not be better; but, taking it for all and all, it would be difficult, we think, to improve it, either in completeness, in symmetry, in the adaptation of means to ends, or, above all, in the justice, the considerate kindness, the consummate skill, which characterises its provisions."

The great nunnery case has occupied the attention of a jury and the Lord Chief Justice, in the Court of Queen's Bench, for nearly three weeks. The action was brought by Miss Saurin, a late inmate of two convents, against Mrs. Star, the superioress, for having sought by perse-

cutions and annoyances to compel the plaintiff to leave the sisterhood. The revelations which have been made in the progress of the trial will go far to dispel that halo of sanctity which by some is believed to surround convent life. Miss Saurin, it would seem, made herself very annoying to the reverend mother. She was guilty of grave faults—"suspected thefts of pins, underhand gnawings of ham, worldly-minded refusals of boiled mutton, reprobate longings for a scrubbing-brush with sufficient hair upon it, insubordinate desires for a fair share of an umbrella in a shower, and unregenerate preference for two stockings to one." Miss Saurin is to have the £300 she paid to the convent when she entered returned to her, and £200 additional as damages.

Homerton College, which has for the past twenty years supplied teachers for Congregational schools, has been admitted to the number of training-schools inspected and partly supported by Government. Owing to the change of opinion which has lately taken place on the subject of education amongst Nonconformists, the subscriptions by which the Homerton College was supported had considerably fallen off, and a new financial arrangement became necessary. At several conferences on the subject, it became evident that the friends of the College and leading Congregationalists were ready to accept Government aid, if no questions were asked in the school as to religious teaching. Application was made to Government, and Mr. Matthew Arnold was sent by the Education Committee of the Privy Council to inspect the school. His report must be gratifying to Congregationalists in general. "He commends the liberality of the Congregational Board of Education in opening the Training College to 'all evangelical denominations,' and expresses his opinion that in seizing this notion of Evangelical Protestantism as the basis of the religious character of their schools, and in guarding this, so far as they could, from being a mere unreal colourless thing, made up of vague generalities, the Congregational Board had had the merit of conceiving a type of popular school better suited, probably, to be the public school of the bulk of the people of this country than either the so-called National School or the Wesleyan School on the one hand, or than the British School, or, still more, than the Secular School on the other. Having heard Dr. Unwin and his assistant, Mr. Liddell, lecture and give lessons, he warmly testifies to the capacity and skill of the teaching staff of the College."

The subscribers to the Airedale College have held a meeting in reference to the report of the Amalgamation Committee, in favour of a site at Potternewton, near Leeds, for the united Colleges of Airedale and Rotherham. The meeting ended with the adoption of a resolution to

the following effect:—"That owing to the difficulties in the way of amalgamation, and a wide-spread and growing opinion that in a few years a great change will take place in our educational institutions, it will be better to defer the further consideration of the question of amalgamation *sine die*."

A meeting of gentlemen resident in Leicester and the neighbourhood has been held to consider the propriety of erecting a marble statute in that town, as a memorial of the late Robert Hall. The proposal commended itself to the meeting, and three models were produced, which proved that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a good likeness of the deceased in a colossal marble stature.

Attention has been called to the fact that from Middlesex to the Land's-end there is hardly one bishop capable of fulfilling his duties. The salaries of the five prelates thus disabled are said to amount to £25,000; and it is added: "Nor is it creditable to the conscientiousness of the spiritual lords that they continue to retain positions, of such extensive usefulness long after they have failed to render the services thereof. An earnest man in any other vocation resigns his trust when his state of health unfits him for its duties, but the inference as regards the bishops is that their first concern is for themselves, and for religion and the Church afterwards."

The Marquis of Bute, the recent pervert to the Romish Church, has received the sacrament of confirmation in the private chapel of the Pope, at Rome. It is said that on the occasion of the Marquis of Bute's coming of age, many copies of a lithographic portrait of his lordship were sold among the Bute tenantry. When, however, the news of the Marquis's perversion arrived, many of the portraits were taken from their frames, and others hung upside-down. One doughty descendant of a Covenanting house took the portrait he possessed from the wall, placed it on a tree in his farm-yard, then took a fowling-piece, and, firing, shattered the unfortunate representation of his lordship into fragments.

It is rumoured that the Government contemplate the abolition of the office of Lord High Commissioner to represent Her Majesty at the opening of the General Assembly of the Scotch Kirk. The office is a useless one, and its abolition would save £2,000 a-year of the public money.

Several sacks of beans have been brought into the market at Reigate to be sold, having been seized for Church-rates. Just before the sale the town crier appeared upon the scene and made a proclamation, which was received with loud cheers, of which the commencement was, "Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! positively for the last time!" The announcement

concluded as follows: "Whereas the British Government having now decided that robbery does not promote Christianity, no further sales of this kind will take place. . God save the Queen!"

Dr. Colenso, writing to a clergyman of the Zulu Mission, said:—"You are still living on land granted to me for the Church of England, and over which I claim the right of proprietorship, and shall exercise it at the proper time, and in the proper way." Mr. Robertson, in his reply, addresses Dr. Colenso as the Right Rev. the Letters' Patent Bishop of Natal, and defies him to turn him off the land. "I have an advantage," he says, "which the citizens of Moscow had not, viz., a halfpenny box of matches. Should you be able to turn me out, you obtain nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. I should utterly destroy the labour of eight years."

New Congregational Churches have been opened at Halifax; at Dresden, Staffordshire; at Saltley Road, Birmingham; and at Mount Pleasant, Glossop, Derbyshire.

The following ministers have accepted Congregational pastorates:—Mr. T. Pearson, of Rotherham College, at Burton-on-Trent; Rev. F. S. Attenborough, of Uckfield, at Leamington; Rev. H. E. Thomas, of Birkenhead, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. A. James, of Bristol Institute, at Fairford, Gloucestershire; Rev. R. Nobbs, of Fareham, at Dudley; Rev. E. Bolten, of Brixton Hill, at Lancaster Road, Preston; Mr. T. G. Swindill, of Bristol Institute, at Windsor; Mr. C. W. Butler, of Cotton End College, at Pocklington, Yorkshire; Rev. D. Davies, of East Grimstead, at Bromsgrove; Rev. F. F. Thomas, of Torquay, at Harrogate; Rev. J. W. Atkinson, Assistant to Dr. Raleigh, at Mile End; Rev. W. H. Donovan, late of Lancashire College, at Tintwistle; Rev. L. T. Maclean, of Tarbert, at Gainborough; Rev. J. Shaw, of London, at Ewell.

The Rev. R. A. Johnson, of New College, has been ordained as pastor of the Church at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire; and the Rev. J. Broadhouse has been recognised as pastor of the Congregational Church, King's Cliffe, Northamptonshire.

The following have resigned their pastorates:—Rev. G. Robbins, of Slough; Rev. W. Foale, of Langport, Somerset; Rev. J. B. Buhier, of Acocok's Green, Birmingham; Rev. J. Knaggs, of Stratford; Rev. J. Foster, of Plaistow; Rev. J. Oddin, of Ossett, Yorkshire; Rev. J. Hoyle, of Rotherwood.

DELIVERED OUT OF THE PIT.

ON arriving at Brierley Hill, on Monday evening, as soon indeed as I emerged at the station-door, and set my face towards the long straggling High Street, it became evident to me that something even more startling and amazing than I had bargained for had transpired.

I need not here specify what I had bargained for. With the knowledge that seven men were entombed for nearly a week in a deep coal-pit, apparently brimful to its black mouth with poisonous gas, and without food, it would in no way have surprised me had I found every window and every shop exhibiting the mournful token of death. What I did discover was something very different. Stuck against the walls, on hoardings, on wayside posts, displayed in the windows of butchers and bakers and shoemakers as well as of newspaper sellers, were slips of paper just long and broad enough to contain, in eight-inch letters, the mysterious words, "Recovery of Benjamin Higgs" . . .

The "Bell" is a quiet and highly-respectable hostel at the end of the town, but I found that the mystery had crossed its comfortable threshold. In the smoking-room, where the well-to-do tradesmen were sedately occupied with pipe and grog, there were the mystic words over the big fireplace, on the pegs where the hats hung, just opposite the doorway, so that all who entered might be apprised at once—"Recovery of Benjamin Higgs." Benjamin Higgs was not openly discussed, however. Every man whispered his neighbour on the subject, but so softly that I could not catch a word, though I tried even to the verge of rudeness. Presently in came a person who might have passed for a grocer or a hatter, or any other commonplace individual, but for the consciousness of importance that pursed his mouth and wrinkled his forehead.

"Well!"

"He's sound asleep!" the newsmonger replied, under his breath, and softly taking a chair, as though the accidental creaking of it might wake him.

"Well, now, *that's* good news." And, joining in a grateful sigh, the company relapsed to inaudible whispering.

Seeking the landlord, I begged of him an explanation. He knew all about it, and I there and then resolved to visit Benjamin Higgs on the morrow, provided he lived so long. He informed me that the sick were too far gone to be yet awhile removed to their homes, and were lying in a "*hovel*" at the pit's mouth. It is, however, quite a respectable brick-built structure, with a coal-dust floor, and a great fire-place at each end.

It was evident at a glance that, as a sanctuary for the sick, and possibly the dying, the internal arrangements of the hovel were not premeditated. In the first place, its door, which was without any proper fastening, was secured against anxious intruders by means of a pickaxe, one point of which was stuck in the ground just by the threshold; and whenever a visitor entered or departed, the implement in question had to be dislodged or readjusted. In the next place, the beds, although perfectly clean and comfortable, were evidently a hurried arrangement. Piers of bricks supported broad boards, and on these were laid the mattresses, all bran new, as were the blankets and sheets—new with the draper's tickets still on them, in the breathless hurry of bearing them away from his premises. The bran-newness of the bedding contrasted oddly with all else, with the old trodden floor and the long-used walls, and the long-burnt bars of the clumsy fireplaces. But before all did the newness of the beds contrast strangely with their occupants—Benjamin Higgs at this end by the fire, Stephen Page at that. When we entered, Stephen, pale and ghastly, was huddled on his mattress, his head and shoulders nursed on the lap of a friendly miner, who had all along tended him. Never were there such kind nurses as these rough fellows are to each other. Half the night before, and all day yesterday and all last night, had this man stood by his mate; and now, when the doctor said, "Isn't it time you were relieved, my man?" the six-foot nurse, with his smutty face, and his great hands hard as iron, softly answered, "I'd rather stick by Stephen, please sir, till he's well enough to be carried home."

But Benjamin Higgs, at the other end, was a sight to remember as long as a man's recollection lasted.

There, on a bunk close at hand, lay his old soiled mining-clothes—there the heavy blue-worsted stockings that had been drawn off his helpless legs. "Why, you look ten years younger than you looked yesterday!" exclaimed the doctor, cheerily. "How old *are* you, Higgs?" To which the feeble man, faintly moving his lips, replied, "Forty-four." Did he look forty-four? No. He looked not that age, nor any other a man arrives at in a natural way. He looked like nothing else than a man starved to death in a coal-mine, and returned to life again, but with no certainty of staying for so long as a minute. He did not look a man at all thankful for this half-promise of a new lease of existence. It were hard to say if his aspect was that of a living man in a dream of death, or a dead man for a moment restored by a cruelly-vivid dream of life. It would have been much easier to account him dead if he were lying straight, and closed those great hollow eyes of his—so full of a something that seldom looks out of eyes that are accustomed only to the

world's ordinary ways. His pinched white cheeks were all smudged and stained with coal, his beard was fierce and scrubby, and there seemed no life at all in his limp, wispy, iron-grey hair.

All that medical skill could suggest had been done for him, all that was good for a man in his desperate condition had been supplied him. He had been fed on brandy and milk and mutton broth, but he was tormented with thirst it seemed, and saved his little breath till he mustered enough of it to tell the doctor that "he longed for a good pull o' water." But a "good pull of water" wasn't good for him; and oh! what helpless beseeching and at the same time manly resignation there was in his great hollow eyes as the doctor, with a kind word of promise for the future, moistened his lips with not more than a table-spoonful out of a bottle. Fresh water must, indeed, have been a luxury to the poor fellow! Although it kept him and his mates alive, it could scarcely be called water—that which flooded the pit—it being nothing better than stinking stuff, offensive to the nose as ship-bilge water, and even more poisonous.

Conversation with Benjamin Higgs was, of course, out of the question. I wanted very much to know how he and his comrades had contrived to keep life in them so miraculously. Was there anyone else who could tell me? Aye, surely. There was a Zachary Pearson. He was one of the rescued of the second batch—he and his young son, Joseph. He was a truthful reliable old fellow, and if he were strong enough would tell me all about it.

Zachary Pearson lived about two miles from Brierley Hill, and had been conveyed home with his son the night before. There I found him upstairs, in his scrupulously clean bed, with young Joe lying by his side. Zachary is a well-looking intelligent man of fifty, his forehead looking all the broader for the starved thinness of his cheeks, and the pinching of his nose. As for Joe, it is no exaggeration to say that he was as bright and as cheerful as a boy who had never seen a coal-pit, which, when the reader learns the sort of boy Joe is, I am sure he will be very pleased to hear.

"We went down on Tuesday night," said Zachary Pearson, "and worked till between four and five. There were George Skidmore, and John Handley, and Thomas Hunt, and the boy Timmins, and my son Joseph, as you see lying here, and myself. We were working a long way from the bottom of the shaft. I had finished my job, but some of the others hadn't. Ben Higgs hadn't, but he said he should knock off, he was so cold. He said he would go forward and warm his feet at the fire at the bottom, and wait till we came. But he hadn't been gone long before he came running back, crying out, 'Make haste and save

yourselves; we shall all be drowned.' We all struck work, and made towards the bottom, but we could not get nigh it by a long way. Although we hadn't heard it, the water must have been pouring in a long time, for already there were thousands of tons of it rushing and rolling like thunder.

"At first I thought it was the canal broke in, and, as I knew the mine so well, and the power of our pumping-engine, I was not much afraid, thinking that the worst would soon be over; but when I found the water gaining so tremendously, I knew that it must be something worse than the canal; and there we were, with like a river between us and the shaft-bottom, shut in.

"This was about a quarter-to-five in the morning, and we got together and waited and waited, knowing that those at the top would do the best they could for us. We had lights, but as the hours passed the 'deadly carbon' gathered about us, and they burnt dim. Ben Higgs had a watch. Come the night, our lights went out, and we were in the black dark, but we still kept counting the time by feeling the hands of Ben's watch.

"George Skidmore took matters amazingly cool. He is a roughish kind of chap is George, a bit of a fighter, and takes to dogs, and that kind of sport, but he keeps his old mother, and is a good chap to her. Well, when George Skidmore found how bad things were, he wasn't for hurrying here and there, and thinking of this plan and that, as we were. He didn't trouble a bit. 'If I am going to be drowned, I may as well die easy,' said he, and laid down and went to sleep. He slept all day long, just as though he was at home and in bed. Come night, however, he roused a bit, and said he would have a swim for it, and stripped himself for that purpose, but we begged him not to do it, for the water was stinking like sewer water, with a thick poison scum on it, and after a bit he put his clothes on a bit. This night the boys got hungry, and George Skidmore having a little bit of bread and pork left from his supper, he gave it to them, and went without himself. Late on Wednesday the water got to its highest, and we could hear every stroke of the pump as it sucked it up a drop at a time.

"It was very bad water. We were so thirsty that we drank some of it, and shortly after were all so ill that we dare not drink any more. George Skidmore laid down to sleep again after we persuaded him off having a swim for it. He laid down in his place. That was the reason that he kept so well, and was able to make such a fine show of being the stoutest lad amongst us when he was drawn up to bank. I don't say as we did any good, worrying about and finding out, by breathing it, where

the air was good and where 'twas bad, but somehow we couldn't lay like dumb dogs, as though living and dying were as one to us. Besides, all of us 'cept Skidmore had a family. I have got six young 'uns. Ben Higgs, poor lad, has nine. Skidmore had nobody but himself to think about; but I must give him his due. There was the little lad Timmins, rayther younger than my Joseph, and smaller. Skidmore took care of him. He cuddled him up to him as he lay, and kept him warm.

"It was hard work to get air to breathe. In our wandering about we found that the 'damp' was gathering and gathering, and was like to fill the mine shortly. It was worse in places. Where we were was about two hundred and fifty yards from the shaft bottom, but the water was spread irregular, and we might have got to the edge of a part of it that wasn't more than half the distance from where the pump was sending the good air down, if we durst face the awful blast of 'damp' that crossed a way to it. No living thing could breathe it for a minute. It blew as strong as a north wind coming past the corner of a wall, and we were the weather side of the wall, in a manner of speaking. We tried over and over again to pass by the choking blast, but we were always beat back.

"The best we could do towards breathing was to lay at the edge of the water and catch the air that came with the ripple the pump caused. But it was awful air off that foul water. I think we should never have found courage to drink it could we have seen it; but we couldn't see it. We couldn't see the least shape of each other, though not a foot apart. We had to *feel* how the water sank. We laid lumps of coal at the edge of it, and then we timed it by feeling the hands of Ben's watch, and measured how much it had sunk with our hands. At first, once or twice, we found that the water crept over our marks and covered them. That took the heart right out of us.

"It was bitter cold. We had to follow the sinking water, and to crowd in the wet muck it left, huddling altogether to keep a little warmth in us. Joseph I held 'tween my knees greater part of the time. He never once complained. Well, yes, I was in one way glad to have him with me, but with all my heart I wished he was at home with his mother. I knew the hearty lad he was, and how he must feel the hunger, but he never owned to it. He didn't seem to feel anything as bad as we did. He would creep away and try and find a drop of water we could drink in some puddle or other of the workings. He would do it, and didn't fear the 'damp' at all. 'It doesn't matter so much about me, father,' he said. 'I'm only a boy; it's *you* I'm thinking about.'"

And as old Zachariah said this, his hungry grey eyes filled with tears

and brimmed over, on which Joe, by his side, observing them, coloured up to his hair, and for an instant regarded me quite resentfully.

"We dare not go to sleep," continued the sturdy old miner, "all together, that is ; so we kept watch one at a time to measure the fall of water and look after the 'damp,' while the others lay on each other and tried to sleep. I declare that I was never hungry from first to last, and I never heard one of the others say he was. My Joe didn't say it either, though he was such a hearty lad I knew that he must be. Come towards the last, Joe cut out the leather tongue of his boot, and bit that up."

You never would have thought, to look at him, so serene and cosy as his mother had tucked him in, that Joseph a few hours ago had been a famished boy buried in the pestiferous depths of the earth, munching shoe-leather.

"Did you get any good out of the shoe-tongue; Joe?" I asked him.

"It made my tongue a bit moist, sir," replied Joe. "It was more good than chewing coal, like some of 'em did."

"Well, sir," continued Zachary, "there we were, counting the hours and following the sinking water an inch at a time, as you may say, with nothing else to do 'cept walk about a bit, and sometimes talk and pray to God to deliver us, or to take charge of our families if it wasn't to be. This lasted till Sunday morning, and then poor Ben Higgs began to lose his head. Sometimes we could hardly keep him with us, his being 'touched' giving him a sort of strength, and he wanted to 'be off.' He'd have been choked if he had gone, no doubt. He had the watch. We didn't care much about time when it got to be Sunday, and we were all so far gone ; but, as I said to Ben, 'let us keep it going for their sakes, Ben, so that should we die, and they find us while it is going, they may know how long we held out.'

"If Ben had gone we should have lost the watch as well. He wandered very strange, and begged of Joseph and threatened him if he didn't go and ask somebody to give him a lucifer to light his pipe with.

"We couldn't walk about now ; we could hardly stand, and could only just crawl and follow the water that all the time had been sinking, but so slow, as it seemed to us. We knew that nothing could be done for us from above until it was sunk a long way below the roof at the pit mouth, and it seemed as though this never would be. Once my lad said, 'Hark, father!' but whether he did hear a voice, or only fancied it, I can't say. That must have been late on Sunday night.

"We were all for giving up by that time ; it seemed as though we must die, and we talked of it as though we must. Poor Ben was light-

headed, and had his senses in turns, as one may say, and was not so troublesome now, he was so weak.

"Then, quite of a sudden, and all unexpected, although we had expected it so long, we all heard a shout—quite a loud and near shout it seemed—we were so still, and we shouted back, 'All alive!'

"Now was the time to make for that nigher bit of water I told you about, and which the blast of choke-damp had all along kept us from. How we found the sudden strength to try it the Lord only knows; but we did try it, and did it—all except poor Ben, who was too far gone, although he tried it, and begged us to leave him to die.

"Then, when we got to the second patch of water, we could see something moving on it a long way off, and a twinkling light. This was the little raft on which the rescuers were floating. They paddled towards us with their hands, and the air was still so stifling that their lights went out. But they came on, and when they got into the shallow where the raft would not float, they jumped into the water and waded to where we were, and carried us with them and up the pit to heaven's blessed free air once more."

As the reader is already aware, poor Benjamin Higgs was not left to die. After the second batch of men were safely housed in the hovel, a few of the brave ones there, although fully aware of the great peril of seeking the remaining man where he was now known to be, resolved on the daring attempt. Passing that bad bit of "damp" which Zacharias had mentioned, the foremost man staggered and fell to his knees, but stronger hands upheld him, and the gallant band pushed their way through, and Benjamin Higgs was recovered.—*James Greenwood.*

SPRING.

SWEET is the season of spring; the long and dreary winter helps us to appreciate its genial warmth, and its promise of summer enhances its present delights. After periods of depression of spirit, it is delightful to behold again the light of the Sun of Righteousness; then our slumbering graces rise from their lethargy, like the crocus and the daffodil from their beds of earth; then is our heart made merry with delicious notes of gratitude, far more melodious than the warbling of birds, and the comforting assurance of peace, infinitely more delightful than the turtle's note, is heard within the soul. Now is the time for the soul to seek communion with her Beloved; now must she rise from her native sordidness, and come away from her old associations. If we do not

hoist the sail when the breeze is favourable, we shall be blameworthy: times of refreshing ought not to pass over us unimproved.

When Jesus Himself visits us in tenderness, and entreats us to arise, can we be so base as to refuse His request? He has Himself risen that He may draw us after Him; He now, by His Holy Spirit, has revived us, that we may, in newness of life, ascend into the heavenlies, and hold communion with Himself. Let our wintry state suffice us for coldness and indifference; when the Lord creates a spring within, let our sap flow with vigour, and our branch blossom with high resolve. O Lord, if it be not spring-time in my chilly heart, I pray Thee make it so, for I am heartily weary of living at a distance from Thee. O! the long and dreary winter, when wilt Thou bring it to an end? Come, Holy Spirit, and renew my soul! quicken Thou me! restore me, and have mercy upon me! This very night I would earnestly implore the Lord to take pity upon His servant, and send me a happy revival of spiritual life!—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

"GRACE FOR GRACE."

THERE is no invariable order; but, in general, the grace of forgiveness is the first bestowed. Take this as the first illustration of this general principle, which I have just explained. The grace of forgiveness and peace is one of the first bestowed by Christ. It may come after much anxiety, self-condemnation, and fear; or it may come quite gently, preceded by no agitation. But, come as it will, peace is a special grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." When He was Himself gone away from them, and out of sight, peace was to be His token, peace was to be the grace by which they were to know He was true to His promise, and was not leaving them comfortless. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." But was that all He ever did for them? Did they simply thus rest in His peace, and wait for His glory? Why, it was not long until these very men were called to the most strenuous toil, and to conflicts of the most exhausting kind; and for these toils, and for these conflicts, a totally different kind of grace was needed—the grace of active strength and the spirit of boldness. It was not enough to realise their own constant safety and sufficiency in Christ; they must now have, if they are to be equal to the circumstances in which they are placed, the spirit of unconquerable courage; they must be enabled to stand boldly with unshrinking face before kings and rulers, take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, to speak, to testify, and to hold on without shrinking.

And this new grace, which new circumstances required, was given to them. They were not, indeed, deprived of the peace they previously had; they were not thrown back into any personal anxiety and trouble; but this change apparently took place: they ceased to feel and realise their own peace so much as they had done at first, though, perhaps, it was more deeply and fully in them than it was at first, but it became a secondary thing. The primary grace seemed to be a grace to work with, a grace to travail with, a grace to testify with, to take with them into the scenes of toil and into all the straits of difficulty. That is what they needed: and that is what they had. Do we not know that the same transition takes place continually?—the same substitution of active for passive grace. It is sweet and good beyond the power of tongue to tell, to be deeply, as a saved sinner, in the Saviour's peace, filled with peace, surrounded with peace, to see nothing, feel nothing, think nothing but peace. It is delightful to hear the soft murmurs of the conscience that there is no condemnation, and the echo of the same thing from the law of God, and the assurance that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and the soft stirrings of the Spirit within prompting us to cry—"Abba, Father."

There can be no better state of mind than this; it is the antepast of the everlasting rest. But it is not at all certain that we should grow in this and in this alone to the fulness and the stature of a perfect man in Christ; rather, it is certain that most, at least, if not all of Christ's disciples would be injured by a uniform tranquillity. To fill the corn of the field as well as to ripen it, there needs the harrow and the shower, as well as the sunshine of the summer day. To root the tree firmly there needs the rough wind to come and shake it, as well as the softer things, the breezes, the zephyrs, and the dew to feed it. Just so, to nourish and develop a man in the robustness and energies of the Christian life, more is needed than peace, the tranquil state of the moral affections. There is needed, at least by most, a dispensation of labour; and to that happily they are called; and for that they are prepared by the necessary grace, "*grace for grace.*" It is the Saviour saying to one whom He has called, perhaps, not long ago, "You have been long enough in mere peace. I will give you another grace now. You shall seem to lose your peace, although you really preserve it and do not lose it; but you shall seem to lose it. You shall go afield with the workers and stay there a long time, and come home weary in my service. You shall go out to the battle where it is hottest; and I will clothe you from head to foot with the glorious armoury of heaven; and you shall come home with many a dint on your shield, but not vanquished. You shall now go away over the hills

where the storms blow wildly, and where you wrap your mantle about you as you go, but chilled almost to the heart. Are you ready? I will make you ready," says Christ. "Arise, grace is ready for you—*grace for grace*." It will meet you when your need comes. Is this true? Is it consistent with the text? And yet we are so apt to feel as though we were losing simply and not gaining at all by the breaking up of tranquillity. Why, it may be all gain, with the receiving of "*grace for grace*," one for another, a higher for a lower.

It was well with Peter when in an ecstasy of peace on the mountain-top he exclaimed:—"Lord, let us make here three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Beautiful state to be in! But I am apt to think that it was better still with Peter when he was able to stand up and testify boldly concerning the Son of Man, when he was able to go quietly to prison for Christ's sake, and abide there until Christ delivered him, when standing up (the poor faltering fisherman that he had been, not able to speak a word to his fellow-men concerning Christ) by the grace of Christ he spoke the everlasting Gospel to them, so that they were pricked to the heart, and went searching to and fro for rest, and cried—"Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" Which was the better man? So, too, it was well with the apostle John when sure of his Master's love and surrounded by his dearest friends on earth he pillowed his head upon his Master's breast; but I am apt to think it was better still with that same John when, cut off from all earthly friendship, and after having suffered much for the Master's sake, he sat on the rocks of Patmos lonely, but a happy man. It is well to have the grace of peaceful quietude—the sinking down to repose of all that is within us; but better still, at least, when needed, to have that of unconquerable strength renewed unto us day by day as we work the work that is given us to do.

Take another step. "*Grace for grace*"—the grace of patience for the grace of active strength, another exchange. Suppose working time comes to an end, perhaps health fails, or circumstances greatly change, or doors of opportunity that once stood open are fast closed now—in some way a rest is laid upon our activities, and there is need of patience; and the patience is given when it is needed—*grace for grace*: or the work is still going on, with no abatement of energy in the doing of it, no slackness of diligence, still there is need of patience. "Ye have need of patience," said the apostle to some of his followers, "after ye have done the will of God." They were doing it, busy doing it; but "after ye have done the will of God, that ye might receive the promise." Work, and have patience. Is there one saying at this moment,—"*This grace of busy*

strength that you have been talking of, I have worked out to its end ; and now when there is no more of it, and when there seems so much need for it, what must I do ?" Do nothing. Do nothing, if you can do nothing. Have patience. Take it from the God of patience who gives it, and wait. Grace for grace. I hear another say—"I am doing all that man can do, I do believe in the circumstances. I know not how any man can do outwardly, at least, better than I can do. I am doing all that in the circumstance can be done ; and yet it is all in vain. Work, and watchfulness, and prayer seem all in vain, at least in regard to the object that I am striving to attain ; and what can I do ?" Have patience. Have patience with faith ; for I tell you that work is not in vain, nor watchfulness, nor prayer. Thine expectation shall not be cut off. Fret not thyself in anywise. Wait. Have confidence. The Lord knoweth. He will do that which is right, and give that which is good to you as to others ; and now when you need patience more than strength He will bring to you that great gift, if you will pray for it. From the Saviour's fulness you shall be supplied with "grace for grace."

I am not laying down any rule or invariable order in which the work of grace is carried on in the human soul. Patience might, in some cases, be the first and lowest gift ; and the energy of an active faith might be the higher ; and peace, which we put first of all, might be beyond them both, as, indeed, it often is. Among the sons and servants of God there are a few strong and stormy souls for whom there seems to be no peace in this world at all provided—no deep and assured rest on this side the everlasting tranquillity. There are those for whom this world can only be a battle-field, the victory coming only by death.

I will turn again to the line of illustration. Speaking of death and victory, I now give another and a last illustration of the principle of the text—the last and the best ; for when the grace of preservation, which extends through the whole journey, and which, of course, ends and dies when the preservation from peril is no longer needed, there comes the grace of victory in death and final acceptance before the throne of God. That will be the most blessed exchange of "grace for grace" that any of us can ever make. Look at the Christian pilgrim as you are apt to see him here even at his best. He has indeed divine guidance ; he has divine protection—the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, although unseen by mortal eyes ; but yet, with all these helps, he is often sad and much discouraged, because of the way ; the dust defiles him ; the clouds darken over him ; and the wintry storms gather around him : and sometimes, as he nears the end of the pilgrimage, he feels decay of strength and infirmities growing on him, and it seems as if the shadows

were beginning to darken towards the close; and all that you can say of him is this: He holds on his way through grace—he holds on his way, his feet in the desert, his eye on the city. But look at him, if you can, when he has gone, when he has passed away for ever from the wilderness of toil and danger, where preservation and guidance are needed at every step, into the city of safety, rest, and joy! Behold him now amid the shining throngs, robed in heaven's pure white, and in his hand bearing the victorious palm, and appearing before the throne through the Lamb who sitteth thereon! Is not this "grace for grace?" But let no one expect this before the time.

"As thy day is so shalt thy strength be." God will not give seven times more strength than is needed for the day. He will not give a blessing before the time comes to use it. Let no one expect dying grace, until he is a dying man. There are many who trouble and distress themselves not a little, just because they cannot obtain a premature victory over death, hell, and all spiritual foes, because, in fact, they cannot die quietly, and peacefully, and joyfully, and triumphantly a hundred times, a thousand times before they are called to die in fact. They are just like persons who seek money with an insatiable appetite, not because they love money purely and solely for its own sake—there are very few who do that; they are sordid souls who do that—but because they have others dependent upon them, children, relatives, for whom they feel they must make some provision; and they never seem to be able to get enough for them; and they come actually to think, that, when they die, there will be no Providence at all over their children, that the Providence that has done so kindly for them will die with them, and their poor children and their children's children will be without a Providence at all. Men come practically to make this grand mistake. It is exactly so with Christians in regard to this far higher thing—in regard to death, in regard to heaven: they want to die in grace before the dying comes, instead of trusting, as they ought to trust, that rich love, which has always given the needed grace,—will, when the time comes, give the needed grace to die. My brethren, the day when we shall drink most deeply of the fulness of God in Christ, out of which we, who are in Him, have received a supply of all our needs, some of us all these years (for I see the hoary head), will be the day of our death; and if only we seek the grace to live by it as long as we live, be it peace, or strength for work, or patience when we cannot work, or patience in the working, or watchfulness, or prayer, or whatever else within the great circle and world of grace, we need have no fear of finding the help that shall be needed to go through the dark valley.—*Rev. Dr. Halseigh.*

CHILDREN.

I AM fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurers with their “natural magic,” evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalises the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is “to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.” A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle pressure; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favourable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.—*Rev. Thomas Binney.*

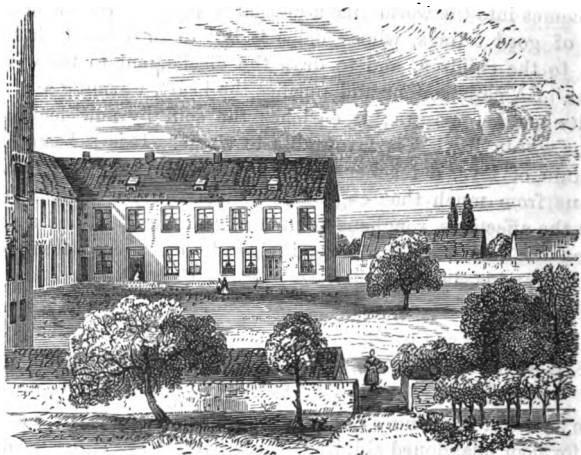
DUSSELTAL; OR, THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

On the banks of the Rhine at Düsseldorf, near Düsseldorf, is a Refuge-home for poor abandoned children, whose parents are either dead, or are vagabonds or convicts. The state in which these children enter the establishment is almost always most pitiable, physically, mentally, and morally. They are victims of the worst forms of disease. Their only accomplishments are theft, falsehood, impudence, perjury, and the like. Many of them have never used a spoon or fork before, some never slept on a bed, or sat on a chair. It is even said that a healthy girl of twelve was one day brought to the Home, who could not walk up and down a staircase. They can neither read nor write, and religion is a strange word to them. And no wonder, for they have lived from infancy like savages, in stables, barns, and holes in the earth.

Düsseldorf stands on a plain. There is nothing particularly attractive in the scenery of its immediate neighbourhood. We approach by a broad carriage-road, on either side of which are two small, white-washed houses, which form a portion of “the boys’ establishment.”

Facing us is what is called "the gate," which looks like the entrance to a prison, and is the last relic of a convent that once stood here. Within this gateway we come upon the Home itself, shut in on one side by the river Düssel, and on the others by a wall. The estate, besides that covered by buildings, a good play-ground both for boys and girls, and extensive fruit and kitchen-gardens, has also fifty acres of arable land.

A portion of the buildings, in addition to the houses outside the enclosure, is appropriated to boys. Then, too, there is the "girls'

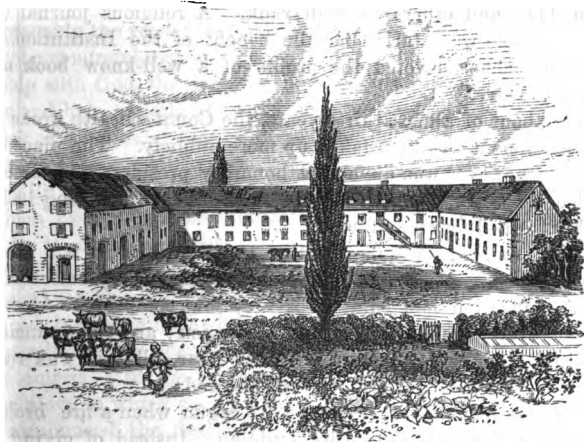


THE GIRLS' HOUSE.

house," which is entirely separated from the "boys' house." The children are further divided into groups, called "families," instead of living together in large numbers. A superintendent is appointed to every family, who is styled a "brother" or a "sister." "Each family," says a German, in reference to this system, "has its own apartments, and keeps its own household strictly separated from that of the neighbouring one. At school, however, and in all their sports, the children of the different families mix together." There is a "female servants' establishment," intended for "such girls as, in consequence of their age, have left the asylum, but still want some further education to be fit for domestic service."

We have thus mentioned three establishments, but there is a fourth, viz., the farming establishments, where live the farmer of the institu-

tion and his family, two cowherds, one shepherd, five labourers, and their families. There are also a printing and book-binding office; a shoe maker's, a tailor's, and a joiner's shop, a smithy, and a bakery. Indeed, there is scarcely any trade for common daily use which is not repre-



THE FARM-HOUSE.

sented. And to crown it all there is a chapel, in which the children regularly meet to hear of *Him* who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

Such is the present state of Düsseldorf, but a glance at its history will show us that a long time elapsed before it became what it is now.

The good work was started by one man, Count von der Recke, in the year 1816. He lived at Overdyk, near Düsseldorf. Thousands of homes on the Continent had been completely broken up by the bloody wars of Napoleon, and there was special need that something should be done for the multitude of poor neglected children, who were growing up in misery and crime. Filled with the love of Christ, the Count longed to be the means of saving them in body and in soul. He commenced by boarding out a few children with respectable families in the neighbourhood. This plan, however, did not succeed, so he took a house for them in Overdyk, though fully aware that his own means would not be sufficient to support an institution of this kind; but he had *faith in God*. There were only three children at first, but in three years the number increased to 130. This led the Count to seek more accommodation.

At length, through unexpected gifts, and by strenuous efforts of his own, he was enabled to purchase Düsseldorf, then an old abbey. Twice did he enlarge this building; in both cases a work of faith.

The first contribution he received was only six shillings, from an unknown giver. But he was very greatly helped by King Frederic William III., and others in high rank. A religious journal ("The Friend of Man") was started for the benefit of the Institution. And to it, Krummacher devoted the profits of a well-known book of his, "The Little Dove."

After a labour of almost thirty years, the Count's health broke down. The establishment was then taken up more publicly. The place of the Count (who however was appointed honorary president of Düsseldorf), was filled by a Mr. George, who in the school of suffering had been admirably trained for such a work.

His wife, too, was peculiarly fitted to assist him in it. He found that during the Count's ill-health, Düsseldorf had sadly suffered. The children's education had sunk to a very low condition. Abuses had crept into every branch of the administration; and the financial condition could scarcely be worse. Within a year, all this was rectified, and greatly were Mr. and Mrs. George cheered.

But scarcely had this prosperous state begun when a fire broke out, which destroyed almost the entire building. Instead of giving up in despair, Mr. George only set to work the harder, and before three years had elapsed, the Institution was rebuilt and paid for, and there was a balance of £700 cash in hand.

Again faith had a trial, but again faith triumphed. A hailstorm destroyed the harvest of the year in one single night, and did serious damage in many ways. The loss amounted to nearly £1,000. Immediately all hands were put to work to recover the damage as quickly as possible. Contributions flowed in on every side, and soon prosperity was again restored. Not long after this, Mr. and Mrs. George died, having rendered the establishment the most faithful and efficient service.

Thus are we taught, that every Christian should *make it a business to engage in some definite Christian work*. Not to attempt anything or everything, for in that way he may, perhaps, do nothing well; but each to have *his own* service in the Church, and to fulfil it. Then, having chosen his arena of labour let him *make a business of it*, and think, and plan, and pray over it, and give heart and soul to it. Thus, he will leave his impress on his age, and a rich heritage of blessing for children's children.

C. S. S.

Nottingham.

THE EPISTLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT: WHO WERE THEY FOR?

BY THE REV. G. B. JOHNSON.

Most probably the reader is a frequenter of the house of God. Perhaps he may be congratulated as one who loves that house, because of the fellowship with God, the instruction in divine things, and the manifold impulse and help in daily life which he finds there. Prominent amongst the precious services of that house, as you know, is the reading of the Scriptures. What a difference would be felt in our congregations if occasionally the portions read were announced in some other way than that which convenience has forced, and custom allowed! In some of the books it might be difficult to suggest a wise and expressive substitution; but in the Epistles of the New Testament we should derive no little advantage if the reader sometimes deliberately and devoutly announced his selection as from the letter sent to the people so carefully described in the opening sentences. To say, "the Epistle of Paul to the Romans," "to the Ephesians," &c., &c., is to suggest little more than the place to which we are to turn; but if instead of that the reader slowly announced the description which stands as preface and destination of the piece, we should find in it a serviceable hint to the understanding and appeal to the heart, which would quicken our appreciation of the doctrine, counsel, and comfort the "reading" truly has for them who will hear. These descriptions do far more than denote the locality of the communities or individuals who first received the apostolic letters. They impressively exhibit their spiritual character, calling, and relations; and surely if it was because of these that the Apostles so wrote to them as they did, it is only in our correspondence with them that we can discover our title to them, and our property in them.

Any help that may redeem us from the indolent and formal hearing of God's word is of great worth. Will the reader accept the following remarks as an endeavour to contribute such help? First, let him read over with the writer all the descriptions which these letters themselves supply of the people and persons to whom they were sent.

Rom. i. 7. "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints."

1 Cor. i. 2. "Unto the church of God, which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in

every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours."

2 Cor. i. 1. "Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, with all the saints which are in all Achaia."

Gal. i. 2. "Unto the churches of Galatia."

Eph. i. 1. "To the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus."

Phil. i. 1. "To all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and the deacons."

Col. i. 2. "To the saints and faithful brethren in Christ, which are at Colosse."

1 Thess. i. 1. "To the church of the Thessalonians which is in God the Father, and in the Lord Jesus Christ."

2 Thess. i. 1. "Unto the church of the Thessalonians which is in God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ."

1 Tim. i. 2. "Unto Timothy, my own son in the faith."

2 Tim. i. 2. "To Timothy, my dearly beloved son."

Titus i. 4. "To Titus, mine own son after the common faith."

Phil. 1, 2. "Unto Philemon our dearly beloved, and fellow-labourer, and to our beloved Apphia, and Archippus our fellow-soldier, and to the church in thy house."

James i. 1. "To the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad."

1 Pet. i. 1. "To the strangers scattered abroad throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ."

2 Pet. i. 1. "To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

2 John i. "The elder unto the elect lady and her children, whom I love in the truth."

3 John 1. "The elder unto the well-beloved Gaius."

Now, we have become so familiar with these several descriptions that we rarely give ourselves the trouble to think of the time when they were altogether new in the interchange of men's thoughts and feelings; and we fail, therefore, to realise all that they then *did* express, and still should express. Locality, rank, wealth, ease, worldly honour were of no account: these were "less than nothing and vanity" when compared with the spiritual characteristics these descriptions set forth.—There is the most entire harmony in them; they express the same great features of faith, love, and holiness, but this in different parts and aspects.—Our information of the Churches, their several histories and needs, and of

the writers' thoughts and emotions at the very moment when these descriptions were given, is too scanty fully to explain the distribution made of these characteristics—why so particular here, and so general there. We might misdirect thought about these Churches or these individuals were we to press the omission or the insertion of an epithet. And yet we cannot refrain from remarking such contrast; for instance, as the bare designation "the churches of Galatia," and the expressive particularity indulged in the first letter to the Corinthians, and in the letters to the Thessalonians. Did Paul, when writing to Galatia, hesitate to define and describe, as if apprehending whether the professors of those Churches could be safely depicted as marked by faith and love, &c.? And did he, when thinking of others, while not ignorant of the alloy which lessened their worth, delight to indulge his heart in the strong statement of one and another radiant feature?

It strikes me that all the qualities of mind, heart, and life exhibited in these pictures of the original receivers of these letters should find their expression in the Churches and the Christians of the present day. And the reader will do well to ascertain his own measure of correspondence, and supply what may be lacking. While character was above place, place was not absolutely ignored.—It would seem that believers fraternised together, identified themselves with the Church in their city or neighbourhood. *They were not content in isolation; they were not unattached, as so many Christians are in our times.* The letters to Churches, of course, strongly intimate this; and the letters to individuals indicate some special work or relation of the individual calling for the apostolic word. The condition of volatilised atoms, which is so strangely preferred by many believers in our times, was not dreamt of then. No doubt can be justly cherished of the catholicity which these Churches cultivated; a catholicity which was pathetically enforced in such designations as those of James and Peter, "the twelve tribes scattered abroad," "the strangers scattered abroad throughout Pontus," and beautifully exhibited in the expression to the Corinthians "with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours."—No such confusion or assumption existed in those days, as we have unhappily seen in succeeding ages, and are not yet free from, in which the Church is supposed to consist exclusively or *par excellence* of the clergy and officers. Offensive priestism is rebuked in the participating position in which "the bishops and deacons" are placed in the letter to the Philippians.—While not oblivious of the historical allusion which distinguishes the destination of James' letter, and the first of Peter, we yet feel the "pilgrim" and the

"stranger" character of our present Christian life urged upon our realisation: this world is not our rest, and we may not murmur if we are "unknown."—The personal allusions which so naturally characterise the letters to individual recipients profoundly remind us how real and appreciative all our nature becomes as subjected to the Spirit of God. Keenly does it feel, and joyfully does it hallow all the special relations and traits which may unite and bind men. "Mine own son," "dearly beloved," "well-beloved," "fellow-labourer," "whom I love in the truth," and others, will not have escaped the reader's passing regard.

The space at my command prohibits two or three other like general discriminations of these apostolic descriptions, and warns me at once to remark, with what emphasis I can, the character which pervades them all. Perhaps the most comprehensive description is that we find in Col. i. 1: "The saints and faithful brethren in Christ." "*The saints*:"—expresses the separation to God, which marks each Christian—"The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself:" he is not his own: body, soul, and spirit are the Lord's. "Holiness unto the Lord" is engraven on each power and every passion; the whole life is one continual utterance of the words "Not my will, but thine be done." Are we thus separate, thus devoted? Do we say—

"All that I am, and all I have
Shall be for ever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign."

And growing out of this separation unto God is the idea of holiness, purity. God is holy; and what is devoted to Him must be holy likewise. No stain, no defilement, no corruption. Holy as the ground where God appeared. Holy as the tabernacle in which God dwelt. Holy as the sacrifices which God accepted. Are we holy? If not yet in attainment are we so in effort, in purpose, in growth? What have we to do with these letters if not?—"Faithful in Christ." Believing, full of faith. Full of a faith which receives Christ, rests on Him, feeds on Him, appropriates Him in all His truth and grace. There is no holiness for us apart from Him; without Him we neither know it, nor can attain it.—"*Brethren*." And such believers are in deeper and completer bonds than men have ever found elsewhere. Beautiful is the language with which Peter in his second letter reminds us of this as he speaks of them "who have obtained like precious faith." Do we "love the brotherhood?" Are we "knit together in love?" Are we so "the members of one body" that we suffer and rejoice as others have sorrow?

and honour? Let Rome and Ephesus, and all the rest sink into insignificance when these Epistles are before us, and the descriptions we have just recorded and glanced at stand forth in their true sublimity and beauty. And as we aspire after full correspondence with them we shall ourselves be transformed into the "epistles of Christ known and read of all men."

Edgbaston.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow, in 1777—the eleventh child of what is curiously designated "a decayed merchant;" yet in his veins ran the proud blood of Argyle. He early betrayed great poetic taste; at sixteen he wrote poems of such merit, that it is scarcely surprising that at the age of twenty-one he was able to compose his "Pleasures of Hope."

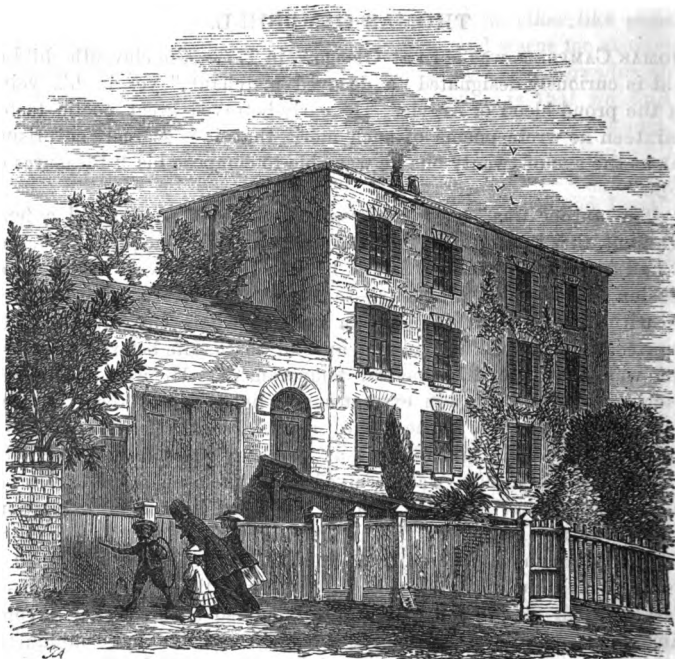
"The author was," says Professor Pillans, "of so poetical a temperament, that it happened at the time I made his acquaintance, and he had been at my father's house, he was in the lowest state of depression and dejection of spirits—so much so, that my father taunted me with bringing to his house a man of whom he would not be surprised to hear that he had put an end to his life before morning—that was a part of his poetical temperament. He was, as Dryden describes fortune, always in extremes, and hence it was that the next time I saw him he was in the highest spirits, because by that time the book which he held in contempt, as you may guess from his having suffered such dejection, was received with such universal encomium and applause, that it raised him to the third heaven of exultation. And it was not long after that I met him in London, when the book had gone through several editions, and the last of them contained a passage which had not appeared in the first edition of the poem—a passage which was to me so delightful and so striking, that I complimented him on it, and he said, 'I am glad to receive that compliment, for that passage has cost me more labour and more thought than any equal number of lines in the whole poem.'" The passage referred to commences—

"Oh, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless dark idolater of chance?"

During his early literary days he lived at Sydenham, then a retired village near London. The house is still standing. It had a good garden, but "little else to recommend it." Yet here he received his

friends, and from hence he wandered in the "narrow lanes" and the "park-like enclosures," and the "shady walks" of which he wrote, and which he loved, but which are now lost in a boundless continuity of brick.

His life-struggles were severe. But just when circumstances were "most unpropitious," when his restless mind was seeking repose in laudanum, and health was sinking fast, when his days were "oppressed and feverish," and his nights "sleepless," he was rescued from evils



CAMPBELL'S HOUSE AT SYDENHAM.

worse than death by a Government pension of £200 a year. It was, as his physician says, and as he himself thought, "a defence between him and premature dissolution." Who shall say from what misery the poet was thus preserved? For how many of his glorious works are we indebted to that wise and just, yet generous aid? He never knew to whose influence he owed the merciful boon. A regular income

was thus secured to him; afterwards he inherited more than one legacy; one, amounting to nearly £5,000, was bequeathed to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope;" the old man who left it saying, that "little Tommy, the poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother £60 yearly out of his pension." How oft is the pot of honey as well as the poisoned chalice returned to our lips! It made him, as he said, "feel as blythe as if the devil were dead." Happier would it have been for himself and for mankind, if his gratitude had been felt and expressed to the "Giver of all good."

And sad is it to read his own summing up of his own life. In the evening of his days he wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead. My only surviving child is consigned to a living tomb (a lunatic asylum). My old friends, brothers and sisters, are dead—all but one, and she, too, is dying. My last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but, at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone with myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes fright; that I rush into company; resort to that which blunts but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world, and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude!"

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

THE old-fashioned way was to send them to a school where the reading of the Bible, and the Shorter Catechism, were things of course; to collect them morning and evening around the family altar; to take them to church on the Sabbath; on Sabbath evening to have them recite a part of the Catechism; to talk over the sermons preached through the day; to read, sing, and pray together. Religion was the rule and law of the household. It was from the bosoms of such families as these that the Henrys, the Wattses, the Dwights, the Leightons—most of the living ministry of the Church, most of the men 'of probity and principle in business, in politics, in all the professions—have come forth. Is it too much to say that home training is not now what it once was? Has it not been surrendered for other and less efficient ways of bringing up children for God? Do Sabbath-schools and occasional revivals do for our children, and for the Church, what faithful training, and faithful pastoral catechizing once did? Sabbath-schools are a blessing to the Church and the world. They are a noble development of Church life. But if Christians trained their children, as did the Jews of old, there would be less need for them.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

It will be well for those who still fancy that Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill will be injurious to Protestantism, to read the article in the new number of the Tory *Quarterly Review*. It strenuously maintains, as it always has done, the policy of giving State support to the Roman Catholic Church, as "the only one that would satisfy the claims of justice." This, says the *Quarterly*, is the policy which Mr. Pitt inaugurated, which the Tories and the Whigs alike adopted, and which "every statesman of eminence from the beginning of this century down to the last year has either openly advocated or secretly approved." This policy, we are told, is "the only recognised policy of justice to Ireland; the only remedy for some of its worst evils. It was condemned on its merits in the recent debate only by the avowed destroyers of all Establishments, such as Mr. Bright and Mr. Miall." The article of the *Quarterly* is only one more evidence of the truth that there is no choice between the policy of disestablishment and that of "levelling up."

Other questions of great interest and importance are occupying the attention of the Legislature. The University Tests Bill, which proposes to open all the advantages and honours of our English Universities to Nonconformists and Churchmen alike, has passed, unchallenged, its second reading. There are threatened amendments in the way, which may stay the progress of this Bill, but yet "we judge it," says the *Liberator*, "to be within the bounds of probability, that before this year is out, Nonconformists will be placed in a better position, with respect to means and instruments of education, than they have occupied for more than two hundred years.

"Our sturdy friend, Mr. Hadfield," says the *English Independent*, "is to the fore again. So long as a particle of injustice to Nonconformists remains imbedded in the Statute Book, and Mr. Hadfield's strength continues, or he is able to stand up in his place in Parliament, he will be at his work. He has a bill now before the House, and has associated with himself in its endorsement, Mr. Charles Reed, Mr. Henry Richard, and Mr. Candlish—quite a formidable Nonconformist phalanx." Mr. Hadfield seeks to do away with that old grievance by which Nonconformists are denied equal rights in the parish burial grounds. As parishioners they cannot be refused a place in them for their dead, but the clergyman may, under certain circumstances, decline to read any service at all, while at the grave of a Dissenter the only service allowed is that of a Church, to which, when living, he had the strongest objection. The bill which Mr. Hadfield has introduced into the House

of Commons "consists of four clauses, of which the first provides that Nonconformist ministers may, at convenient times, perform burials in the churchyards, according to the customary method of the denomination to which the deceased persons belonged; the second prevents any such service from interfering in any way with the Divine service in the church itself; the third provides for due notice to be given to the minister, vicar, or incumbent of the church; and the fourth exempts from the provisions of the Act such churchyards as have been given or purchased for the sole use of worshippers in the church to which they are attached. It is also provided that Quakers and Baptists shall 'be deemed of equal rights with respect to burial with other denominations.'"

Mr. Gladstone, our readers will be glad to learn, is true and firm upon the Sunday question. A deputation from the National Sunday League waited upon the right honourable gentleman for the purpose of urging upon him the propriety of opening the museums on Sunday. Mr. Gladstone said: "There could be no doubt that the religious observance of the Sabbath was the great and principal stay of religion in this country, and that the social and physical necessities of the people required an absence from all labour on that day. The Government as such had not yet entered upon a consideration of the question, but they were prepared, so far as it depended upon them, to offer all reasonable facilities on week-day evenings for the opening of national institutions, to which the working-classes and the general population might resort."

The Annual Tea and Supper in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College have been given. Mr. Fowler, M.P. for Cambridge, presided. Mr. Spurgeon stated, "That the supply of students was abundant, and of the right sort. All the needs of the college had been supplied more liberally than in any former year. Since the college commenced, 280 men have been received for training in its regular classes, and at least 500 had had instruction in the evening classes. One hundred and eighty-six students had settled in the ministry, of whom 170 still remained in the work; 44 new churches had been formed by the agency of the college, and 30 new chapels had been erected in the service of their agency." Mr. Spurgeon read a list of the subscriptions of the evening, amounting to £1,150.

St. Paul's Magazine has treated its readers to an article on "The Sermon Trade." It is no new discovery that incompetent clergymen are wont to preach sermons which are not the productions of their own minds. So many there are who prefer to use the ready-made sermons to their own, that the demand has created a regular sermon trade, which is "pushed" with considerable vigour among the class for whose benefit

it has been established. Here is one of the list of prices, for the genuineness of which the writer of the paper in *St. Paul's* pledges himself:—

A quarter's sermons	...	...	...	...	£0 15 6
If paid at commencement	...	...	...	...	0 13 6
Sermons from published list, or 14 for 10s. 6d. cash	...	...	...	...	0 1 0
A specimen sermon (new series)	...	...	...	...	0 1 6
Missionary, national school, church building, each	...	...	...	...	0 2 6
School feast, rifle corps, church music, each	...	...	...	...	0 5 0
Visitation sermon	...	...	...	...	1 1 0

Special sermons as required.

The circulars guarantee especial care to prevent detection. No duplicates are sent to towns, and precautions are taken to prevent the possibility of the same sermons being preached in neighbouring parishes. The writer of the article referred to tells a sad story, when he says that about 1,200 such sermons are circulated weekly.

Some novelties were introduced into the services at the Ritualistic churches on Good Friday. There were "Meditations" at an early hour of the day, "Reproaches," and "The Three Hours' Agony." "At St. Michael, Shoreditch, the service was conducted by the Rev. A. H. Stanton, one of the curates of St. Alban's, and at its close he held up a crucifix, which he kissed. He then invited the people to come forward to kiss it. Some of them availed themselves of the invitation, slightly genuflecting as they did so."

In the free air of America even Roman Catholicism does not remain the same servile thing it is in other countries. A priest who had officiated for three years at Aburn was removed, and another put in his place. The congregation, however, refused to hear the new-comer, gently led him out of the church, together with the bishop, and then held a meeting, in which they denounced the action of the latter, and threatened, if necessary, to appeal to the Pope.

The *Sword and Trowel* for the last month has an article headed "Funerals; or, a Black Business." The paper is signed "Nathaniel Plainspeech," who is understood to be Mr. Spurgeon himself. The writer condemns useless cost and foolish parade attending funerals, and advocates reform in our funereal customs. "Only the other day I saw a hearse and half-a-dozen mourning coaches, all smothered with black feathers, and at the side of them marched a couple of dozen of fellows with brass-headed sticks, and a kind of long-handled fans, and all sorts of rubbish besides. Whatever was it all about? Were they afraid the body would get out of the coffin, and so they carried sticks to knock it down if it tried to run away? Did they think it respectful to the departed to play at such tomfoolery in the presence of his corpse? What did *he* want with feathers? And what did *they* want with them

on the way to the grave? Fine feathers would have been better at some other time. It seemed to me to be mighty fine nonsense, more for the pride of the living than the honour of the dead; more for the profit of the undertaker than anybody else. I have heard that more than four millions of money are squandered every year in funeral fopperies. Put me into the ground decently, but let some of my friends and companions carry me on their shoulders; don't give me up to hired mourners who smoke their pipes on the hearse as they ride home, and crack jokes about their black job."

The following are some of the particulars with regard to the coming Congregational Union meetings:—The preliminary meeting on the Monday evening of the Missionary week is to be held in the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, where the public dinners to country pastors and delegates will be given on Tuesday and Friday. The meetings of the assembly will be held in Finsbury Chapel, a place which will afford ample accommodation for the large number of members who are expected to meet. The Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., of Birmingham, will be the chairman of the meetings. The subjects of chapel insurance, of a ministerial sustentation fund, and other important matters, will be brought under consideration by gentlemen who have consented to read papers upon them. Arrangements are being made for a popular meeting in St. James's Hall on the Friday evening to state the views of Congregationalists on the great ecclesiastical questions of the day.

We understand that a remarkable work of religious revival has been going on among the fishers of Aberdeen. Numbers of strong men, young and old, have been prostrated, and have declared they saw visions—they, meanwhile, crying out to the Lord to have mercy upon them. Some have cried out that they see departed relatives in heaven, and reply to the beckonings of those relatives that they are coming. Their eyes are fixed, their lips quiver, and they lie on the ground, their limbs being quite rigid and motionless. This is declared by converted fishermen to be the genuine work of the Spirit. The revival work still continues. The fishermen went to sea the first time on Tuesday for a fortnight past.

Now that religious liberty is so far enjoyed in Spain, the cause of Protestantism advances in popularity. Protestant services have been held in a new room capable of holding a thousand people, and the room has been quite full. The Communion was celebrated on Easter Day by fifty Protestants.

Miss Baxter, of Belgavies, sister of Sir David Baxter, Bart., of

Kilmaron, in further fulfilment of her sister's wishes, is in course of founding another scholarship, in connection with the Theological Hall of the Scottish Congregational Churches. She has further appropriated £1,000 to the London Missionary Society.

An anonymous donor has just given £1,000 to the London City Mission. Death has called away very suddenly from our midst the Rev. G. B. Bubier, late Theological Professor at Spring Hill College.

The following ministers have accepted Congregational pastorates:—The Rev. J. Redman, of Nuneaton, at Desborough; Rev. W. E. Darby, of Stock, at Chippenham, Wilts; Mr. W. A. Mills, of Hackney College, at Castle Hedingham; Rev. A. Butler, Stonham, at Riddings, Derbyshire; Rev. J. C. Burnett, of Burnham, at Saxmundham, Essex; Mr. E. Clark, of Cheshunt College, at Castleford; Rev. J. Parnaby, of Wilsden, at Hope-street Chapel, Hull; Mr. L. Porter, of Lancashire College, at George-street Chapel, Heckmondwike; Mr. F. J. Le Cerf, of New College, at West Cowes, Isle of Wight; Rev. G. Orme, of Portscatha, Cornwall, at Chepstow; Mr. G. Hunsworth, M.A., of Rotherham College, at Mixenden, Yorks; Rev. T. Storey, of Broadchalke, at Wootton Bassett, Wilts; Rev. J. D. Thane, at Brill; Rev. D. Davis, late of Leyton, at Fordham, Cambs; Rev. J. T. Grey, of Olney, Bucks, at Ludlow, Salop; Rev. S. Chisholm, late of Salford, at Bourne, Lincolnshire; Mr. E. C. Davies, of Brecon College, at Holyhead; Rev. A. Norris, of Cambridge, at Tynemouth; Rev. T. S. Jones, of Sunningdale, at Belmont, Twickenham; Rev. G. J. Allen, B.A., of Warwick, at Macclesfield.

The following have been ordained as pastors of Congregational Churches:—Rev. J. E. Whitehead, at Horncastle; Mr. J. Richardson, of Cheshunt College, for Madagascar; Mr. J. Hall, late of Ossett, at Marple Bridge, Derbyshire; Mr. R. D. Maxwell, at Goole; and Mr. W. H. Denovan, at Tintwistle.

The following have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches:—The Rev. E. Corbold, at Kneesworth-street, Royston, Cambs; Rev. S. Pearson, M.A., late of Birmingham, at Great George-street Chapel, Liverpool; Rev. H. Luckett, late of Gainsborough, at West Bromwich; and Rev. W. M. Lennox, late of Ware, at Mansfield, Notts.

The following have resigned their pastorates:—The Rev. J. Hugh, of Rothwell; Rev. J. Frampton, of Southminster, Essex; Rev. A. Jackson, of Wickham Market, Suffolk; Rev. J. Morgan, of Lendal Chapel, York; Rev. W. Foale, of Langport, Somerset; and Rev. W. Guest, of Islington, London.

"LORD, HELP ME THEE TO LOVE."

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

I WAS walking in the dusky bye-streets, on the north side of Oxford Street, one afternoon in the summer time, meeting the usual sort of passers-by—a man hurrying along with a roll of carpet on his shoulder; a woman carrying a sickly child, a lad or two rushing round the street corners and playing at some dodging game, a flauntily-dressed girl with slatternly silks upon her, an old man with long beard and seediness in his general belongings, and a few other odd lots of humanity, when I was surprised by the sound of a child-voice, and the child herself was just before me. The head was a little bent, and the pages of a tiny book were held open by a little fat hand; then the voice rose and fell again upon the air of the sultry afternoon, "Lord, help me Thee to love,"—it sounded like that; and again and again the verse was repeated. At once there came to my memory the hymn:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

And I felt sure that the eye of the Good Master was on that little form as she wandered on her way through a city full of temptation and trouble.

But what a sweet surprise it seemed amid all these toilers and moilers, the gay pleasure-lovers and the multitude of God-forgetters! And there comes across the mind the reflection, Can the city itself be spared for some such children as this? What a sound of heart melody there was in the words in such a place! They would not have seemed half so beautiful to me in a day or Sabbath-school, amid all the surroundings and sympathies of religious associations; but out here, in the London wilds, the words were beautiful indeed. What does the old song say?—

"Music sounds the sweetest
When on the distant sea."

And why? Because it is so strange, and silent, and solemn there. And this hymn was so strikingly touching to my heart because the little child was learning it out there, in the busy world of the London streets. I cannot vouch for the exact rhythm, but I can vouch for the sentiment; it was a prayer to God to help her to love Christ!

It never a moment suggested itself to me, "I wonder whether this child goes to a Wesleyan, an Episcopal, a Baptist, or an Independent

School?" No! not I. I felt sure she went where the Great Master and Lord gathers His lambs together, and that was all enough. And then for the sentiment in itself. What a sermon! "Help me Thee to love!" Yes, religion is a personal love, and a personal trust in a personal Christ, who died for all. To love *Thee*! And here all around were lovers of their own selves, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God. Here was a child-prayer going right to the heart of the difficulties which that child-life would find in its path all through the journey. Help me! Yes, child, He will help thee. It needs help—the help of His Holy Spirit, to turn the heart from love of self to love of the Saviour. He will help you, timid and tiny as you are, to love Him.

And *alone* here! Scarcely seven summers old, I should think; and alone! scarcely seems it wise. With so many risks of safety round thee; but how *unconscious* the child of fears, of all and everybody. She does not notice the writer of this even for a minute, it is still the same conning of the book. The teacher is not near this child, but this hymn-interest is the teacher's work—and this result is worth hard-earned loving toil to send that young heart home pondering the beautiful lesson of the love of Christ. We none of us can follow our work, or we should often joy even as we sow to see the light which it casts in many hearts in life's side places, and of the joys which it brings to many homes in unthought-of kinds of ways.

Lift up thine heart in the street, friend; your song of gratitude, your cry of prayer may be voiceless, but real; it is good to pity, and to help whenever you can; but you can always lift at once the swift-winged prayer to God. As you pass the gay and fallen, send a breath of heart-felt prayer to God for mothers with, perhaps, aching hearts about these London lost ones; and for them, that they may be pardoned, and restored, and condemned no more by Christ. As you pass the hospital, where men and women are bearing strong agonies, lift up a cry to Him who healed all manner of diseases, that He would help them. As you pass the college, think of the hearts about to bear the glad tidings of great joy to others, and ask a blessing on them as they are girding on the armour. And, as you pass the sullen stone walls of the city prison, breathe a prayer for all prisoners and captives.

And be thankful also. As you pass the blind, thank God for sight; as you see the griefs of others, pray God for the multitude of His tender mercies to yourself. Listen to the child-voice again; it has a lesson for us all. We are too apt to lose our better selves in the cold and busy world. How the mind stayed on God, rises towards Him at once as a beautiful instinct, even in wayside walks! It would do us all good to

remember the old words, "Be in the fear of the Lord all the day long." Praise and prayer may thus ascend as hallowed heart-incense to heaven, not only in the sanctuary of God, or the solitude of the chamber, or the leafy closet of the country walk, but amid the smoke, and stir, and din, and duty of the great and busy city.

I prefer not to interrupt the child; not to ask its name, its home, or school. I should not like to break the spell, or to make the child feel that it was virtuous, because of this simple service of its street hymn-learning, and its asking of the help of God. It is the interest I see in the child's face, the quiet self-forgetfulness, the unconsciousness of everything but the little book it finds it needful to repeat so oft to learn, that makes the sight so beautiful.

But one thing more. Oh! the power of *unconscious influence*—that child has affected me, turned my thought to God, and specially sanctified a few seconds in the London streets. Yes, and if we did but know it, the unconscious influence is the mightiest power for good or evil we any one of us can exercise; it is only by a life hid with Christ in God that we can fully come up to the responsibility involved in these words: "None of us liveth to himself." No! not even a child. I know not where that child is going, nor whether I shall ever see the face again; but it is a glad thought that the *beginnings* are the asking help of God to love the Saviour.

There are some seed-sowers in the great vineyard who will have sweet surprises at the last great day; the choicest sheaves of the harvest of their toil, when gathered in at last, will be some harvestings, the green sproutings even of which they have never seen; then they that sow and they that reap will rejoice together. Pass on, dear child, round the sharp angle of the next street. I lose you there, but

"Though I may forget the singer,
I shall not forget the song"

that lingers still in the memory and lives in the heart. Thus, too, it is with all of us; we leave our acts, our manner, our words behind us. Sometimes we find them again after many days, as sings Longfellow:—

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow yet unbroke."

And there, too, as he suggests, we find our words again, "in the heart of a friend." But not always do we come upon these forgotten bits of ourselves; in our passage to the better country we pass many arrows

unperceived that have pierced with truth, or poisoned with error and wrong.

The little meditative steps pass—are out of sight now; the dropped eyelids over the page have, perhaps, been uplifted to a mother's face by this time; the child-voice is, perhaps, heard in gleeful laughter with childhood at home. But there lingers still before my mind the dull leaden street, the ordinary passers-by; and there, just before me, the wistful little face, the bended head, the beautiful prayer:

“LORD, HELP ME THEE TO LOVE.”

THE CHURCH AND THE CONGREGATION.

OUR able contemporary, the *English Independent* is rendering excellent service to the denomination, by its action with regard to the vital question of the distinction to be observed between Churches that are based on the avowal of their faith in Christ, and the mixed company of those who, of their own choice and conviction, stand aloof from the communion of the Church. Our own pages have already testified to the urgent need of maintaining inviolate the principles of Church polity so plainly inculcated in the New Testament, and hitherto universally practised in our Churches. It is to be regretted that there are some among us who are strenuously labouring to bring these principle and practices into discredit, and thus to erase Independency from the land.

“An event,” says the *English Independent*, “is reported to have taken place in an influential Midland Church, which has critical, and, indeed, crucial importance in the present history of Independency. The minister of that Church has frequently and openly avowed that he saw no ‘distinction, save what was purely conventional and arbitrary, between the Church and congregation.’ His Church has not, we suppose, adopted his views. At any rate, the Church elected one of its members to the office of deacon, who had publicly said that he was not in sympathy with ‘the declared policy of the ministry.’ And this election has been deemed, by the minister, ground sufficient to require from him the resignation of his office. We do not now criticise the procedure of the minister. Some may imagine that arrogant pique, or an unjustifiable theory of the prostrate homage due to a pastor's declared policy, which would altogether nullify the judgment of the Church, and is not likely to be tamely borne by Independents, lies at the root of this sudden resignation. But we cannot refrain from admiring the honesty of a man who acts instantaneously and dauntlessly on the spur of the

pricking of self-respect. Yet, if we give this honour to the minister, we give more honour to the Church, which has not flinched—against the authority of its pastor—to assert its fidelity to the doctrine which alone constitutes it an Independent Church, or, in our view, a Church at all.

“Nor let the issue, raised by the conduct of this minister and of this Church, be overlooked or gainsaid. Insidiously, and by the secret working of many influences, the very doctrine which Independent Churches hold as the most vital to their existence; which separates them from other communities; by which they are formed, and for the sake of which they are formed—that they may preserve and proclaim it; and which, moreover, they deem to be the sole security alike of spirituality and of Evangelical faith in the Church, has come to be questioned, misrepresented, and even publicly denied: It is no time, then, for us, or any who hold the faith which has hitherto characterised, and has always constituted ‘Independent’ Churches, to palter, to be inert or silent in a controversy which puts to hazard the very life of our Churches, and that which is higher than they—the truth of God and the spirituality of His kingdom.”

That this is no exaggerated estimate of the dangers which some are nurturing within the bosom of Independency, is showed by the commendations with which the movement is hailed by the chief organ of the Unitarians. The *Inquirer* tells us that it is “gratified to hear” of the action thus being taken among “the younger and more liberal section of Congregationalists”! “It is to us,” they add, “profoundly interesting; and not less so if it should prove to be the beginning of a theological movement, similar to that which took place in the Presbyterian Churches of the last century.”

Our Churches have now the issue plainly before them. Let them be warned in time. And let our Churches, and, we may add, our trustees, do their duty.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

NO. II.

A RIGHT act strikes a chord that extends through the whole universe; touches all moral intelligence; visits every world, vibrates along its whole extent, and conveys its vibrations to the very bosom of God! Pray learn to understand how all work has in it a spiritual element; how the meanest thing on earth has a divine side; how all temporary forms include essences that are to be eternal. Whatever be the mean-ness of a man's occupation, he may discharge and prosecute it on

common principles, common to him with Michael, or Gabriel, or any of the highest spirits of heaven.—*Rev. T. Binney.*

Our knowledge of things in heaven will be immediate and intuitive, and not, as it is here, through the medium of the Word and ordinances. The Sacred Scriptures are to us—with reverence be it spoken—like a letter from a distant friend; but when we come face to face, ink and paper shall be needed no more.—*A. Fuller.*

The other day, in walking down the street, a little beggar boy, having discovered that I loved flowers, came and put into my hand a faded little sprig which he had somewhere found. I did not look directly at the scrawny withered branch, but beheld it through the medium of the boy's heart, seeing what he would have given, not what he gave; and so looking, the shrivelled stem was laden with blossoms of beauty and odour. And if I, who am cold, and selfish, and ignorant, receive so graciously the offering of a poor child, with what tender joy must our heavenly Father receive the sincere tributes of His creatures, when he looks through the medium of His infinite love and compassion! . . . Christ does not say, "Take the noblest things of life, and bring them perfect to me, and I will receive them." He says, "Take the lowest and most disagreeable thing; and if you bring it cheerfully, for My sake, it shall be to me a flower of remembrance, and I will press it in the book of life, and keep it for ever." . . . Go, then, search for flowers to bring to Christ, and if you cannot find even road-side or pasture-weeds—if there are only nettles and briars, and you are willing for His sake to thrust your hand into the thorn-bush, and bring a branch from thence, He will take it lovingly, and cherish it evermore.—*H. W. Beecher.*

The celebrated Philip de Mornay, prime minister of Henry IV. of France, one of the greatest statesmen, and the most exemplary Christian of his age, being asked a little before his death if he still retained the same assured hope of future bliss, which he had so comfortably enjoyed during his illness, he made this memorable reply: "I am as confident of it, from the incontestable evidence of the Spirit of God, as I ever was of any mathematical truth from all the demonstrations of Euclid."

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air—upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem—upon the raindrop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all His works He has written, "None of us liveth to himself."—*John Todd.*

A little grace, a little love, a little of the true fear of God is better

than all gifts; yea, I am fully convinced that it is possible for them that can scarce give a man an answer but with great confusion as to method, to have a thousand times more grace, and to be more in the love and favour of the Lord, than some who, by virtue of the gift of knowledge, can deliver themselves like angels.—*Bunyan*.

Passionate reproofs are like medicines given scalding; the patient cannot take them. If we wish to do good to those we rebuke, we must labour for meekness of wisdom, and use soft words for hard arguments.—*Dodd*.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can;
To all the people you can;
At all the times you can,
And as long as you can.—*Mrs. S. Glover*.

THE EPISTLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT: WHO WROTE THEM?

BY THE REV. G. B. JOHNSON.

MAY I ask the reader to shake of all the indolence of thought, and the formality with which it is more than possible he has frequently turned to these letters, and open them with an earnest effort to realise their significance? Who wrote them? Five Apostles: Paul, James, Peter, John, and Jude. Four of the five seem very careful to let their readers know at once, and know fully, the authority with which they spake. They assume titles and descriptions which certainly were not lightly used by such men, and which ought not to be lightly dismissed by us. Never did ambassador, messenger, plenipotentiary, from any one kingdom to another, lay open such credentials, such warrants, as we find here. And while the names of more earthly internuncios have often been little more than great swelling words of vanity, our apostles sustained the reality and dignity of their designations alike by the sublimity and power of their message, and the might and glory of their personal ministry. Not one of the terms or the sentences looks turgid as we place it by the side of their familiar history; not one of them provokes ridicule or doubt as we realise the place which these letters have held in the Christian Church from that day down to this.

The letters altogether are twenty-one. And, assuming that the Apostle Paul wrote that to the Hebrews, fourteen are from one writer. "Is Saul among the prophets?" familiarly expresses the greatest

surprise, and has done so from the time of the first king of Israel. But never was the surprise carried to such amazement and admiration as when the "young man," who took charge of the clothes of them who stoned Stephen, embraced the faith of the martyrs! when the "persecutor" of the new "way" became its advocate! when the "blasphemer" of the Lord became His "servant and apostle!" when he who was "injurious" to the Church became a "master-builder" therein!

So many-sided (and each so deep) is the relation of the Apostle Paul to our faith that we turn to him for one of the readiest and richest evidences of its truth; for one of the most illustrious instances of its power and worth; and for one of the grandest proofs ever supplied of the subduing and transforming force of Divine grace. We glorify God in him.

Let me set down the successive titles and descriptions the Apostle assumes in these letters:—

Rom. i. 1. "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God, which he had promised afore by his prophets in the holy scriptures concerning his Son Jesus Christ."

1 Cor. i. 1. "Paul called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ through the will of God, and Sosthenes our brother."

2 Cor. i. 1. "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, and Timothy our brother."

Gal. i. 1, 11, 12. "Paul, an apostle, not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead. . . . I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by revelation of Jesus Christ."

Eph. i. 1. "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God."

Phil. i. 1. "Paul and Timotheus, the servants of Jesus Christ."

Col. i. 1. "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, and Timotheus our brother."

1 Thess. i. 1. "Paul, and Silvanus, and Timotheus, unto the church of the Thessalonians which is in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ."

2 Thess. ii. 1. "Paul, and Silvanus, and Timotheus, unto the church of the Thessalonians which is in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ."

1 Tim. i. 1. "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, by the commandment of God our Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ, which is our hope."

2 Tim. i. 1. "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, according to the promise of life which is in Christ Jesus."

Titus i. 1. "Paul, a servant of God, and an apostle of Jesus Christ, according to the faith of God's elect, and the acknowledging of the truth which is after godliness; in hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began; but hath in due times manifested his word through preaching, which is committed unto me according to the commandment of God our Saviour."

Philemon i. 1. "Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ, and Timothy our brother."

As we cast the eye over the entire series we discover substantial agreement with here and there a marked diversity. And we are helped by this diversity to value aright the discrimination and sympathy of the Apostle when writing to different communities and individuals. He was not a man whom one formula would satisfy. His perception of character, estimate of circumstances, and appreciation of special responsibilities to different men, crop out before us in a very interesting and suggestive manner. Marvellous is the fulness of the "grace and apostleship" which wrought in him as he indited letters of such variety and compass. Think of it: to the Gentile he makes full proof of his ministry in such letters as to the Romans and the Galatians, while to the Jews he presents a no less impressive attitude in the letter to the Hebrews; he can write with equal facility in the strain of graceful congratulation and delightful confidence to the happy and peaceful Church at Philippi, and of strong, wise, and faithful counsel to the divided community at Corinth; his pen has all the versatility which Churches, Evangelists, or the private friend can in turn demand; he knows how to speak to them who are located in the very metropolis of the world, and no less to them who dwell in the rudest parts of Galatia; he can be "gentle as a nurse," or he can "use sharpness;" he is at home in tracing the relations of the new Gospel to the ancient dispensation, and in unfolding all its intrinsic glories of truth and grace. "His letters are weighty and powerful." The delicacy with which in writing to his friend Philemon he abstains from all obtrusion of authority, and prefers the pathetic description, "Paul, the prisoner of Christ," "Paul the aged," must often have charmed the reader. The fidelity and majesty with which he declared his apostleship to the Galatians were well calculated to bring them back again to the loyal acceptance of "his Gospel;" nowhere does his jealousy burn into severity as here. And we are struck with the designations he prefers when writing to Timothy and Titus; as Evangelists, as holding high and arduous posts

in the Church, as needing to have the verity of the Gospel in vivid realisation, and its hopes in strong and assuring activity, could any language have been more welcome to them than that he employed?

Let the reader slowly ponder each phrase, especially in that to Titus. If there be any phrases or words which more than the rest express the extraordinary endowment and work of the writer, they are doubtless these: "A servant of Jesus Christ;" some translate this "a slave," and to this I should feel no objection provided only that we could divest the term of the idea of enforced and reluctant service; Paul certainly accounted himself not his own—with body, soul, and spirit he was ready to glorify God. "An apostle of Jesus Christ," he was an instance of the highest "gifts" which Christ gave unto the Church when He ascended up on high. (Eph. iv. and 1 Cor. xii.) What the prophets of the Old Testament were in that economy, that the Apostles are in ours.

And there are no successors to them. Thank God, we want none; their personal ministry to their contemporaries, and their letters handed down to the ages that have followed, and still are running on, complete a work which stands altogether by itself. Well has one said, "In the collected epistles of the Apostles, we can have more complete and abiding intercourse with them than any one Church could enjoy while they were still living. Their mind in its fullest inspiration—their heaven-directed judgment in the most difficult cases submitted to them—the light of their example in the most perfect works of faith and labours of love—are by these writings diffused through the whole Church, and can be made the common property and privilege of all its members. There is nothing in the government of the Church—nothing in the conduct—nothing in the heart of its members—but may be brought at any time, at all times, to their searching words and inspired doctrines. . . . They speak in more tongues now than at Pentecost, and speak in them all at once. . . . They minister the Word to all assemblies, however separated from each other by distance or language. . . . They counsel every devout and faithful minister now. . . . They are the constant friends, the bosom companions of all the instructed part of the flock now; they minister to them in the sanctuary, talk with them in the house, enter with them into the closet. 'Successors of the Apostles!' Let the Apostles themselves depart before any pretend to take their place. . . . If any think they are gone, and grope and climb to find and occupy their seat, they do but show themselves to be the blind leaders of the blind."

EDGBASTON.

SAVING A LIFE.

EASTER Monday with the volunteers at Dover was a day of storm and tragedy. The men arrived early in the morning of the 29th of March, blue with cold, to engage in not a sham but a real battle with rain and sleet and hurricane. The muster on the Parade was, however, a respectable one, the men trying to make the best of their circumstances. Released for breakfast, on their return matters became worse. The wind blew as hard as ever. The hail and the rain, wrote a spectator of the scene, and the rain and the hail, disdaining a mere downward movement, were hurled in a succession of volleys in a horizontal direction, causing the very marrow of those who were exposed to their fury to creep. Nor was this all. The tide rose, and the waves, advancing boldly to the Parade wall, leaped over it, and in a very short space of time drenched the hapless riflemen by troops. Some beat a retreat in more or less good order; some tried to live the affliction down. All looked, and no doubt felt, miserable.

For a short time they remained in this very uncomfortable position. Every moment the wind seemed to blow colder—certainly the rain fell faster, and as the tide rose the salt sea spray dashed further over the Esplanade, and drenched company after company, and indeed regiment after regiment. The sky was completely obscured by inky clouds, which presented not the slightest appearance of blowing over or breaking up. Under these circumstances, to have called upon the men to march up the steep hill-side in the face of the wind, and to endure all the fury of the storm upon the exposed plateau beyond the Castle would have been absurd.

Instructions were accordingly given for the postponement of all military movements, and the men had leave to fall out and find whatever shelter they could.

In such weather one might have looked for the tragedy of a wreck or two in Dover bay, and expectation was not disappointed. A coffee-laden barque went ashore during Sunday night not far from Shakespeare's Cliff, and still retained her position. She had run into a sort of natural dock between two rocks, and though the sea broke over her decks, her three masts were still standing, and she did not appear to have sustained any irreparable damage. Between three and four o'clock the moorings of the "Ferret," a gun brig, that was to take part in the naval part of the spectacle, gave way, and the brig drove stem on upon the Admiralty Pier. The distance was so trifling that there was no time to stave off the mishap. Singularly enough, too, she struck the worst portion of

the breakwater. It was where a crane was fixed on the tramway, and where underneath there was some kind of recess. And fortunate, indeed, was it that the encounter had not been with the solid wall. Had it been so, nothing could have prevented loss of life. She was a twelve-gun brig, used for a training ship, and both she and her sister, the "Marten," were manned with crews of eighty boys each. Fortunately the vessel's bowsprit and fore-rigging caught in the recess, and the frightened young tars scrambled as best they could up the masts and shrouds upon the pier.* They all got safe to land. At all times the Admiralty Pier is a favourite, but the additional attraction of a wrecked vessel, hanging as it were by its nose to the structure, its charms were irresistible, and it speedily became so crowded, that to get either up or down the narrow steps which lead to the upper part of it, was a work both of time and difficulty. Yet did many hundreds of brave men and some scores of fair women encountered all the inconveniences of that steep and apparently impenetrable passage for the sake of gazing upon the stormy ocean and its victims. The poor little gun brig, which was wrecked early in the morning, was now reduced to nothing but match-wood.

As the day wore on the weather became finer, and all kinds of *débris* boiled up from the wreck, to be rapidly washed into a small artificial bay formed by the South Pier and the Admiralty Pier. The latter was now—that is to say about one o'clock—invaded by the public who seized upon the absence of the Admiralty officials to occupy it as a coign of vantage. Volunteers were the most numerous, although aides-de-camp had ridden down to ask them to fall in to be inspected. They found more pleasure, however, in trying to secure bits of the wreck, and for an hour there was much amusement in getting close to the edge of the pier wall to snatch a relic as it floated by. The amusement was of a double character, first to the active participators in it, then to the people on the upper pier, who were kept in perpetual laughter by seeing the sea drench them. So far there was no danger. When the tide ebbed the *débris* floated down to the artificial bay I have just mentioned, and remained there, going out with the wave and returning with it. The waves were no longer huge, but still strong. The shore around the bend was a quick sloping wall of smooth stones. The edge was lined with truant volunteers and others—in all, a couple of hundred idlers. Several riflemen were still fishing for mementos of the wreck, and acting with a heedlessness that was amazing. By-and-bye it was the recognised thing to descend the slippery slope, snatch up a prize, and run back closely pursued by the waves. Four young volunteers in light uniforms were taken off their legs in succession by the waves, and narrowly

escaped being sucked back into the sea ; and each freak provoked fresh laughter. To others the danger was so apparent that a gentleman near me said to a London policeman, "If you stay here ten minutes you'll see a man drowned." Simultaneously a middle-aged volunteer felt his way down the slope ; was, like the rest, thrown down ; was, like the rest, unable to recover himself. He slipped and slipped until he was immersed to his armpits, with a larger wave than usual lifting the *débris* behind. It came full upon him, and bore him up to his starting-place, only to carry him back again, once, twice, thrice. The spectators were horror-stricken.

A couple of sailors and some volunteers rushed as near as they durst ; one threw out a plank, another bade him grasp a boat-hook, another ventured into the water knee-deep to clutch him. Each time, however, he slipped from the friendly aid, each time was carried further out amongst the timber fragments. After several desperate attempts to clamber up the slope, the man began to show signs of exhaustion, and the horror of the people ashore was increased at perceiving a rougher series of waves. The man sunk, came up with a gashed face, threw his hands imploringly to the men trying to save him ; sunk again ; and reappeared covered with blood. A sailor, finding all other means futile, dashed in and seized the volunteer, who gripped him with what everybody felt to be the fatal grip of despair. Both were carried off by the next wave, but soon thrown in within a yard of the group who were exerting themselves to the utmost to reach them. The sailor caught a boat-hook, and four willing men kept it firm, but to no purpose. It slid inch by inch to the end, and the two men went back once more to be buffeted by the waves and wood. The next wave washed the sailor ashore, and on its return took with it the volunteer. His face and grey head were gashed and bruised, his strength had gone, and he evidently gave up in despair. Once again he sunk, while the terrified spectators shrieked "Gone !" "Drowned !" Strong men covered their faces and wept, and several women fainted. Then the grey uniform was seen for a moment as the poor fellow curved his back to go down head foremost, and at a short interval his hand was thrust feebly out. Meanwhile ropes and poles were used in vain. A young volunteer boldly dashed in at a bound, and caught the drowning man round the waist. For at least ten minutes the old battle with death was renewed, and it was terminated by the young volunteer's magnificent pluck. Once with a rope in his hand he never relaxed his hold. The painfully-exciting scene was terminated by both men being dragged home safe, but bloody and insensible. The gallant rescue was loudly cheered, but the cheers

changed to lamentations when the two men were laid side by side, apparently dead, on the pavement. Some London police who were passing accidentally kept off the crowd, the seafaring men rigged up a shutter, and the cause of all the anxiety was carried off to the Sailors' Home. His preserver recovered sufficiently to walk to the same place.

A butcher who ran in with his steelyard to his apron, two sailors, and an artisan, quickly stripped them, and promptly applied the simple restoratives recommended by the Royal Humane Society. No trained nurses could have chafed limbs more tenderly, talked more cheerfully, or moved about more gently, than did these humble attendants. Before the newspaper correspondent, who tells the story, left the Sailors' Home, he saw both in a fair way towards recovery.

There is not one who reads the thrilling accident but must feel admiration for the heroic conduct of the volunteer, who risked his life to save another from imminent death; who persevered too until what he aimed at was achieved. And what nerved him to such steadfast courage? Was it not a sense of the inestimable value of human life? And shall we as Christians be less earnest, less daring, less persevering, in church, or school, or mission-room, or street, or home to save that which is of higher worth—the deathless soul—of which one standing in Jewish twilight even was able to say:—“The redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever!”

Surely there is a lesson here for us all!

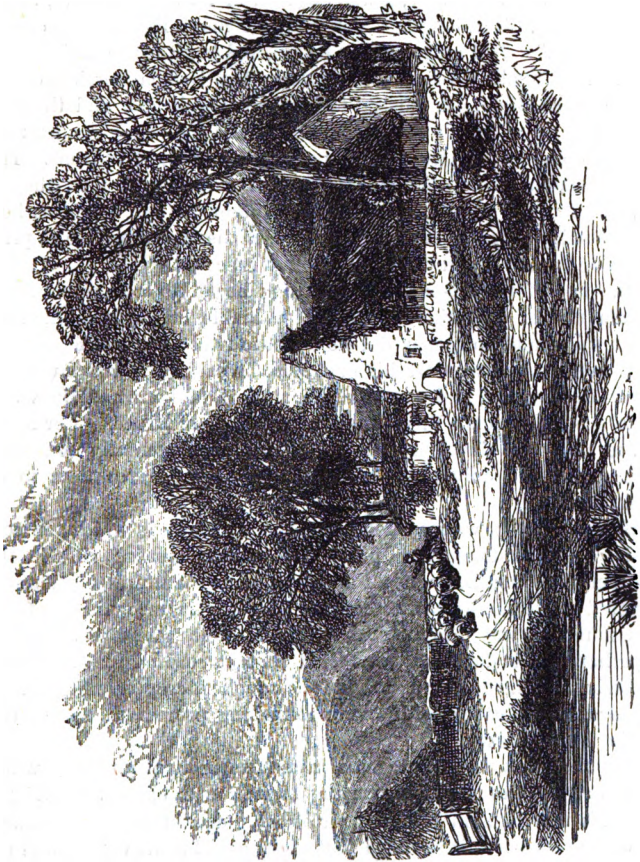
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY REV. HENRY T. ROBJOHN, B.A.

THERE are lessons of a valuable kind, especially for the young, in the energy with which the Ettrick Shepherd overcame the difficulties of his early life; while lessons of a more sombre hue are taught by his maturer years.

James Hogg was born January 25th, 1772, in a cottage near the Kirk in the hamlet of Ettrick, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in the lowlands of Scotland. His father had been a shepherd, but on his marriage had taken a lease of the farms of Ettrick House and Ettrick Hall. He then commenced dealing in sheep, and brought great numbers both to the English and Scotch markets. A great fall in prices and the absconding of some of his debtors, ruined him; and when the poet was only six years of age, his parents were turned out of doors, without one farthing in the world.

A Mr. Bryden, mentioned afterwards with great gratitude, took a short lease of Ettrick House Farm, and placed the father there as his shepherd, and thus the father, mother, and four sons, were saved from the greatest



BIRTH-PLACE OF JAMES HOGG.

privations, if not from absolute starvation. James Hogg having learnt by this time to read the Shorter Catechism and the Proverbs of Solomon, was sent out at seven years of age to herd cows! The year after there

was another quarter's schooling, and his education was finished. The Ettrick Shepherd says himself: "After this I was never another day at any school whatever; and was again, that very spring, sent away to my old occupation of herding cows. This employment, the worst and lowest known in our country, I was engaged in for several years, under sundry masters, till at length I got into the more honourable one of herding sheep." Not unfrequently he suffered hard usage, fatigue and hunger. His reading was now confined to the Scotch version of the Psalms and the Bible. A musical faculty was awakened, and the first five shillings saved went for a violin, with which the young genius, then always sleeping in stables and cow sheds, made night hideous. His deplorable mental condition may be gathered from this fact, that at eighteen, having to write a letter to his brother, he had forgotten how to make sundry letters of the alphabet, which he had therefore to print or patch up into words in the best way that he could.

At the age of twenty-one, James Hogg began to compose verses. His then master lent him a number of valuable books, which he read with attention, and no sooner did he begin to read so as to understand, than he began to write. Of his first piece he said: "It was a piece of most fulsome flattery, and was mostly composed of borrowed lines and sentences from Dryden's *Virgil* and Harvey's *Life of Bruce*." For many years, as his power developed, all his pieces were mentally composed and corrected, and only then committed to paper, never then to be altered in any way.

Within our limits, we may not trace the mad way in which the poet rushed into print, fought the publishers, became passing rich in the possession of £300, threw it all away in an agricultural speculation, persevered until there was something like public recognition of his genius, found his way into the society of the literary giants of that time, and, perhaps to his detriment, was fêted and patronised in Edinburgh and London. Enough for us to give the roughest crayon outline of the character and the career with a view to making prominent one or two not unimportant lessons.

One of the great disadvantages of a man so brought up in the wilds, without the opportunity of measuring himself with either the living or the dead, is that he is in great danger of being egotistical and conceited. Thus on one occasion, it is stated that Hogg asked Scott why he had not spoken a kind word in the reviews for his "*Queen's Wake*": "Why the truth is, Hogg," he said, "that I began the thing—but I felt that we were so much of the same school; that, if I had said of you as I wished to say, I would have been thought by the world to be applauding myself."

‘But I, like other disappointed men, not being by half satisfied with the answer, said, Dear Sir Walter, ye can never suppose that I belong to your school o’ chivalry! Ye are the king o’ that school, but I am the king o’ the mountain and fairy school, *which is a far higher due nor yours.*” Again the Ettrick Shepherd says: “When I first projected my literary paper, *The Spy*, I went and consulted him, as I generally did in everything regarding literature: ‘Do you not think it rather dangerous ground to take after Addison, Johnson, and Henry M’Kenzie?’ said he. ‘No a bit!’ said I, ‘I’m no the least feared for that. My papers may not be sae yelegant as theirs, but I expect to make them mair original.’”

The revelries in which not only Hogg indulged, but nearly all the literary celebrities of that time, must have had a lamentably debasing effect on the character. Their nocturnal dissipations must have been degrading both to body and mind. Such scenes he himself records, in which, for instance, a company of persons of eminent rank and ability met at the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, and repeatedly standing with one foot on the table, drank toasts and sang songs till they rolled on to the floor in heaps, Sir Walter Scott, however, retaining his position “like a rock.” Happily, times have changed since then, under the influence, we believe, of that Gospel which has affected the habits of society in ways which may not at first sight be obvious. “The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, *till the whole was leavened.*”

It is not surprising that men of the highest gifts, accustomed to such an atmosphere, should misconceive the nature of true religion, should regard only a cold formality as genuine godliness, but be frightened even at any warmth of holy feeling. Said Sir Walter Scott one evening to Hogg:—“There is nothing that I dread so much as a very religious woman.” Contrast this with Martin Luther’s saying:—“There is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman in which piety dwells.” And what a blind leader of the blind in such matters was the great Literary Magician of the North! There was a revolution coming. Mighty changes, religious and ecclesiastical, were to pass over Scotland. They were as yet in the future of time. The great exodus of the Free Church was undescried by him or by others. But how beneficent and blessed have the changes been! We cannot but mourn over minds which might have been “burning and shining lights,” and which seem to us to have been, in the realm of religion, but “wandering stars,” to whom we hope, in some cases almost against hope, is *not* “reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.”

In 1835, James Hogg had been for some time ill ; subsequently, he was attacked by jaundice ; this was succeeded by a paralytic stroke, that deprived him of the power of speech, and terminated in death on Saturday, the 21st of November, at his residence at Altrive-on-the-Yarrow. He left a widow and five children to mourn over a cheerful home made desolate.



THE GRAVE OF THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

If the reader has by him a detailed map of the South of Scotland, a

glance will show how lovely must be the adjoining Lochs of the Lowes, and St. Mary's, and the vales of Ettrick and Yarrow, scenes rich in poetic and historic association, amid which the shepherd-poet's life was spent. Chapelhope, at the head of the Loch of the Lowes, is where Hogg laid the principal scenes of his "Brownie of Rodsbeck." The Luidlaws of the Chapelhope fed and sheltered great numbers of the



MONUMENT TO THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Covenanters in the time of the persecution. In the poet's time, the spots where Conventicles had been held were still well known, and were shown by devout shepherds; and there are still many places to which tradition points with reverent finger as having been hallowed by

the presence of the heroes of the Covenant. Overlooking St. Mary's Loch is the poet's monument :—

“By lone St. Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge:
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land,
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there.

DONE GIVING.

“No, sir. I shall not give you a shilling. It is just ‘give, give,’ all the time, from one source or another, and for my part I am tired of it. I tell you, sir, I have done giving.”

These words came from the lips of a man whom the Lord had abundantly prospered. But as his riches increased, he forgot the command, “Set not thy heart upon them.” The passion for heaping up treasure had so grown upon him, that he felt as if every shilling given away was really robbed from his stores. If you are ever tempted to court wealth, remember who has said, “How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven.” We may think it is “a hard saying”; but there it stands, just as true as when Jesus uttered it, so many hundred years ago. When a man begins to grow rich, he is in danger of setting his affections upon riches until he forgets God, and goes down to eternal death.

Mr. Warren had forgotten the great fact that his money was not his own—no, not a shilling of it. It was all lent to him, and the Owner could call back every farthing at any moment he chose. He could not believe that. As he looked about in his richly-furnished apartments, as he walked among the bales of merchandise in his great warehouse, and thought of the money invested in the “safest bank in the country,” perhaps he had something of the feeling of that great monarch who said, “Is not this great Babylon which I have builded?”

But God was kinder to Mr. Warren than his deserts. He sent great calamities upon him. He might have let him go on in prosperity, hardening his heart in selfishness, to sink at last into hopeless ruin. When a man has “done giving,” he has gone a long way in that direction.

The first great mercy was the burning down of his vast warehouse. Half-frantic, he watched the hungry flames as they licked up the choice merchandise, and ran along, leaping from floor to floor; and defying all the firemen's skill to check them. Twenty minutes was sufficient for the Lord to sweep away the product of years of labour and thrift.

The ruins were still smoking when the second mercy came. "Lost at sea. The bark *Lapwing*. Crew saved, but cargo all lost."

It took but a line in the morning papers, but it swept many thousands from the merchant's possessions. He was beginning to feel that God had a controversy with him.

He sat alone in his library one morning pondering over his changed fortunes, and revolving in his mind what was to be done to repair them, when the gentleman who had been his head-clerk called upon him.

"I have bad news again this morning," he said, dreading to add the weight of it to his master's other burdens.

"There cannot be much worse in store for me. I am near the bottom now. But as long as the bank stands firm I can at least begin anew."

"The bank has failed," said the unwelcome messenger.

The blow was so sudden and unexpected that the man seemed crushed beneath it.

"All hope is gone, Mr. Cary," he cried, pressing his hand to his brow, "I am a ruined man, and my family are beggars."

The other looked down upon his anguish with deepest sympathy. He was a sincere Christian, and did not fail in this time of need to point his friend to the precious words of Scripture for those whom God chasteneth.

Mr. Warren went forth from that room with his earthly prospects dark, indeed, but with the prospects of a heavenly inheritance greatly brightened. Through much humiliation he learned to regard himself as God's steward, and there was never a time again in his life when he dared to say, or even when he wished he had "done giving."

"I HADN'T NO MOTHER."

"MAYN'T I stay, ma'am? I'll work, cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood, one cold day in winter, at the outer door of a cottage on a bleak moor in Scotland. The snow had been falling very fast, and the poor boy looked cold and hungry.

"You may come in, at any rate till my husband comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with the cold;" and she drew a chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the boy from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy boots, and the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the husband entered, wearied with his day's work.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He looked at the boy, but did not seem very well pleased; he nevertheless made him come to the table, and was glad to see how heartily he ate his supper.

Day after day passed, and the boy begged to be kept "until to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that, as long as he was such a good boy, and worked so willingly, they would keep him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a pedler, who often traded at the cottage, called, and after disposing of several of his goods, was preparing to go, when he said to the woman:—

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," pointing to the yard.

"Yes: do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedler.

"Where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird;" and the pedler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard him sentenced—'Ten months.' You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something dreadful in the word "jail!" The poor woman trembled as she laid away the things she had bought of the pedler; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed, the boy hung down his head. His cheeks were red with the hot blood, and his lips quivered.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame shaking, "there's no use trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where is your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold! "Oh! I hadn't no mother! I hadn't no mother ever since I was a baby! If I'd only had a mother," he continued, while tears gushed from his eyes, "I wouldn't have been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and horsewhipped. I wouldn't have been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! if I'd only had a mother."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sunk on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with the sleeve of his jacket.

The woman was a mother; and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church-yard, *she was a mother still*. She put her hand kindly on the head of the boy and told him to look up, and said from that time he should find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arms around the neck of that forsaken deserted child. She poured from her mother's heart sweet kind words, words of counsel and tenderness. Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night—how soft her pillow! She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal.

That poor boy is now a promising man. His foster-father is dead; his foster-mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The "poor outcast" is her support. Nobly does he repay the trust reposed in him.

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—*American Missionary Magazine*.

SHEEP WASHING.

SHEEP washing is one of the rural employments of this beautiful month.

"In one diffusive band
They drove the troubled flock, and many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; its bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore."



THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION MEETINGS.

IN our next number an interesting *resumé* will be given of the proceedings of the May Meetings in general, and of the Congregational Union in particular. Meanwhile we may state that the Congregational Union Meetings were held in Finsbury Chapel, and were very largely attended; that the Chairman, Rev. R. W. Dale, delivered an address worthy of the occasion, of the age, and of himself; and that Dr. Smith announced that 82,500 copies of the "New Congregational Hymn Book," more than 6,000 of the "Year Book," and a large number of other Publications of the Union had been sold during the last year, and that liberal grants have been made from the profits to various benevolent denominational objects. The vast increase in the number of Ministers and Delegates attending the Congregational Union has necessitated some modification of the arrangements of the Autumnal gatherings, and, if desired, a grant in aid will in future be given to the Churches of any town receiving the Union, to the amount of one-fourth of the total outlay, no such part, however, to exceed £100. The next Autumnal Meeting of the Union will be held at Wolverhampton. The Chairman for the next year will be the Rev. Joshua Harrison.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

ALL Mr. Disraeli's efforts to change the character of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill have failed, and the measure comes out of Committee almost as it entered. The long string of amendments set down by the leader of the Conservative party has been utterly lost, scarce trace of them remaining in the Bill. Mr. Disraeli has been earnestly working to retain *establishment* at least, if disendowment must come, but has only succeeded in displeasing his own party. His action has been severely commented upon by the High Church journals. The *Guardian* says, "If these are the friends of the Irish Church, from such friends, we fervently say, may the Irish Church be delivered. She had far better friends, on Friday night, in the Liberal majority." The *John Bull* says, "The Westminster fog must have bewildered even the usually acute vision of Mr. Disraeli, and unless he should attain to some clearer perceptions of the principles which underlie all ecclesiastical policy, and should abandon all complicity whatever in any scheme which, while not only robbing the Church, would also enslave her too,

he must not be surprised if many who have hitherto supported him should be disheartened, and their zeal languish."

Mr. Chambers' bill, for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, is in a fair way to become law. The measure is, as it has always been, opposed by ecclesiastical influence, but the feeling of the House is in favour of it. There can be no doubt that in the first instance ecclesiastical persons thought such a union as the bill proposes a real immorality. In the present day, however, they cannot but know better, and if the bishops oppose it, it must be from the influence of that disposition which leads them to deprecate all change. "As this will make the fifth time," says the *English Independent*, "that such a measure has passed the Commons, perhaps the Peers will think they have protested enough, and at last suffer the popular sentiment to determine the law on this subject."

Spain is evidently upon the eve of a religious reformation, greater than has ever taken place in England. In a most outspoken way the question of religious liberty is being discussed in the Spanish Parliament. The speakers are saying what they please about the Pope and Papacy; and between what is being said in the public debates, and the distribution of Bibles amongst the people, the priests are filled with dismay, and are gnashing their teeth over their waning power. Hitherto the Roman Catholic religion, as the national faith, has been established. Lately other religions have been tolerated. Now there is a movement for "disestablishment and disendowment," and for perfect and unlimited religious equality. The cause of religious liberty in Spain has found a champion in Senor Castelar, one of the old Castilian race, and the most eloquent of living Spaniards.

As we read the words of Senor Castelar in his late speeches, we cannot but imagine we are reading the history of our own country. The history of every established Church is the same, the influence of such an institution being everywhere similar. "There is not a single progressive principle," says Senor Castelar, "which has not been cursed by the Catholic Church! This is true of England and Germany as well as of Catholic countries. . . . We are born, we live and we die, under the anathemas of the Catholic Church, which wishes to have nothing to do with our policy. Now we are going to put it in the estimates for two hundred million reals (over two millions sterling), which will be the estimate of a faction. *There is no other means to avoid this but one—to separate for ever the Church from the State, and to deny for ever the estimates to the clergy. The relations between the Church and the State are such that either the one predominates or the*

other, or they establish their relations by concordats, and you know well what difficulties and obstacles these Church contracts have created."

The conclusion of Senor Castelar's second speech was in these words: "Great is God in Sinai; the thunder precedes Him, the lightning accompanies Him; the light envelops Him, the earth trembles, the mountains fall in pieces! But there is a God grander and greater than that. Not the majestic God of Sinai, but the humble God of Calvary nailed to a cross, wounded, thirsty, crowned with thorns, gall on his lips, and yet saying—'Father, forgive them, forgive my executioners, forgive my persecutors; pardon them, they know not what they do!' Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love. Great is the religion of implacable justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning mercy. And I, in the name of that religion, I, in the name of the Gospel, come here *to ask you to write in the front of your fundamental code—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity amongst all mankind.*" The burning eloquence of the orator led to a scene of great excitement in the Cortes. Senators embraced him, and even the President of the Assembly was so much carried away by enthusiasm as to kiss Senor Castelar on each cheek.

We are glad to see that the State-Church question is likely soon to receive a satisfactory settlement in the Cape. One after the other the colonies are surrendering the State-Church principle. Under the leadership of Mr. Solomon, the voluntaries in the Cape Parliament have now obtained a majority, and we may soon expect to hear that State-grants have entirely ceased.

Those of the religious public amongst Nonconformists who have taken an interest in the remarkable work which has been carried on in Madagascar, would be startled to hear that the High Church party intend to create a bishopric of that island. Why a bishop should be sent to Madagascar is not at all apparent. The Church of England has but two stations in the island. It cannot be that a bishop is needed to superintend them. Nor is the bishop going to evangelize the outlying tribes, for he is to be stationed in the capital, where nearly the whole population attend the services conducted by the agents of the London Missionary Society. We presume the bishop goes to tell the people that the missionaries who brought them the Gospel were not true successors of the Apostles, to point them to a safer way to heaven by the Anglican Church, and to assert the superiority which the clergy of that Church everywhere claim. Better far that the £1,000 voted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge were spent in feeding the hungry, or in sending the Gospel where it is unknown.

An effort is being made by a number of gentlemen, headed by Lord Shaftesbury, to establish a seaside home for the use of the indefatigable agents of the London City Mission. In the event of the Committee being able to make satisfactory arrangements with the railway companies, a block of ten cottages situate on the Downs at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, will be purchased. The cottages have been offered at a great sacrifice by the widow of the late Captain Huish, and Mr. Martin Sutton, of Reading, has generously lent the Committee £2,000 without interest, to enable them to complete the purchase.

At the Easter Vestry Meeting of St. Ives, Hunts, the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Goldie, thought proper to ask for a church-rate of twopence in the pound. A large number of gentlemen attended the meeting to offer resistance to the vicar. The following is the speech of one of the churchwardens, as reported in the papers: "Mr. Read Adams (churchwarden) said the vicar had nobody to thank but himself for the disturbances that took place in the parish. (Cheers.) How a person with any Christian feeling at all could persevere in such a course, in opposition to the will of the parish, he could not comprehend. He had told them that he had saved the parish two or three thousand pounds. [Mr. Goldie: 'Hear, hear.'] What was that to the salvation of a dozen souls? (Cheers.) What had the saving of the money to do with people who were prevented worshipping God in their own parish Church? (Cheers.) They could not wonder at people turning Dissenters. He could only say that if there was not an alteration he should have to leave the Church. [Mr. Goldie: 'Hear, hear; you will act honestly, if you do.'](Great interruption.) He acted honestly now. He thanked God that the Church of England was Protestant. (Dissent from Mr. Goldie.) The Queen was the head of the Church of England. [Mr. Goldie: 'No.'](At her coronation she had sworn to support the Protestantism of the Church. (Mr. Goldie again dissented, and the audience cheered.) Mr. Goldie preached Romanism. (Loud cheers.)

"Mr. Goldie (to our reporter): 'Put that down.'

"Mr. Read Adams continued:—'Mr. Goldie preached union to Rome.' (Renewed outbursts of cheering.)

"The scene at this time was indescribable. It culminated a few minutes afterwards when Mr. Read Adams said: 'I say the vicar does not preach Protestantism.' 'That's right,' replied the vicar, 'I don't.'"

The aid given to Maynooth College, since its foundation in 1795, has amounted to £1,100,000.—Miss Burdett Coutts has, it is said, proposed to provide Jerusalem with an efficient system of water supply at her own expense.—Miss Sarah Jackson, late of Upper Sydenham, has

bequeathed to the London Missionary Society, the Home Missionary Society, and the Colonial Missionary Society, each a legacy of £1,000; and to five other religious objects, £500 each.—The degree of D.D. has been conferred on the Rev. J. Stoughton, and on Rev. H. R. Reynolds, principal of Cheshunt College, by the University of Edinburgh.

The handsome new Congregational Church at Exeter, has been partly destroyed by fire. It had only just been roofed in, and was expected to be ready for the opening in August. The total loss is estimated at £1,000, which will fall upon the contractors. A very pretty village Church has been opened at Billingham, Sussex. A new Independent Chapel has been opened at Cannington, Somerset.

The following ministers have accepted Congregational pastorates:—The Rev. R. T. Verrall, B.A., late of Poole, at Greenwich Road; Rev. S. St. N. Dobson, B.A., of Dublin, at Zion Chapel, Dover; Mr. E. Evans, of Hackney College, at Dedham, Essex; Mr. A. Foster, of Rotherham College, at Wombwell; Rev. L. H. Byrnes, B.A., of Kensington-on-Thames, at Pembroke Chapel, Clifton; Rev. W. O. Aston, of Bodmin, at Potternewton; Mr. J. Wilson, late Missionary at Zion Chapel, Halifax, at Appleton Wiske, Yorks; Rev. T. Hatton, of Dronfield, at Rawden, Leeds; Rev. D. R. Cowan, of Kirkaldy, at Saltaire; Rev. J. A. Picton, M.A., of Leicester, at St. Thomas's Square Chapel, Hackney; Rev. W. Parkes, of Park Church, Blackburn, at Renshaw Street, Liverpool; and Rev. G. I. Proctor, late of Newport, at London Street, Basingstoke.

The following have been ordained as pastors of Congregational Churches:—Mr. W. H. Bugg, of Airedale College, at Allerton, Bradford; Mr. E. S. Jackson, of Hackney College, at Uppingham; the Rev. J. W. Atkinson, at Latimer Chapel, Stepney; Mr. J. Bainton, of Hackney College, Newport, Isle of Wight; Mr. A. Philips, of Airedale College, at Springhead, Oldham; Mr. F. Robinson, of Nottingham Institute, at Oakengates, Salop; Mr. I. M. Wright, of Rotherham, at James's Street Chapel, Nottingham; and Rev. E. A. Goodall, at Great Bridge.

The following have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches:—The Rev. E. Bolton, late of Brixton-hill, at Preston; and Rev. W. J. Holder, at Harpenden.

The following have resigned their pastorates:—The Rev. R. Machray, of Dumfries; Rev. W. Gooby, at Staines; Rev. W. Snell, of Crediton, Devon; and Rev. S. E. Dodge, of Odiham, Hants.

We regret that in a former number it was erroneously stated that the Rev. J. Knaggs, of Stratford, had resigned his pastorate. No such step was in contemplation.

"ALWAYS A SUMMUT."

"CAN you tell me where Martha Linton lives?" I asked one morning of an untidy-looking woman who was lounging at the door of an equally untidy-looking house in Friar's Lane.

"Martha Linton? yes, ma'am, she lives in a room top of Gray's Buildings there. Jem! get you up out of that gutter this minute, and go and show the lady where Martha Linton lives."

Jem, thus admonished, rose slowly from his play-place in the gutter, and then set off before me at full speed, stopping at the entrance to a dirty gloomy passage, where he stood staring at me as I came up at a more leisurely pace.

"Up them stairs," he said, pointing to a doorway about half way down the passage, "up them stairs; right at top; the farthest room you come to."

I thanked my ragged little guide, and looking carefully to my steps began to ascend the dark and rickety staircase. At last I reached the topmost flight, and knocked at the only door I saw.

"Come in!" cried a weak voice from within; and opening the door I found myself in a small whitewashed room, where was an old woman, bent almost double with rheumatism, sitting knitting on a low chair by a handful of ashes that was smouldering in the grate. She got up with some difficulty when she saw a stranger, and dropped a funny little curtsy, looking hard at me all the time as if to ask who it might be that had paid her this unexpected visit.

"You are Martha Linton,?" I asked.

"The same, ma'am," she replied, with another curtsy.

"You will not know me," I said, "but I have brought you a coal ticket and half-a-crown from Mrs. Dallas. She would have come to see you herself but she has been called from home."

The old woman's face brightened. "Dear ma'am," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Dallas is very kind, very, she is; and I return her a many thanks for what she has sent, and to you too, ma'am, for taking the trouble to bring it. Won't you sit down and rest a bit? It's a good pull up them stairs." And hobbling forward she dusted a chair with the corner of her apron, and set it for me, inquiring, as she did so, after Mrs. Dallas, with an interest in which affection had evidently quite as large a share as gratitude.

"She is a good kind lady as ever was," said she; "many's the time she has come here to see me when I was so bad in the winter with

rheumatics; and such a way she had of saying *summut* comfortable always. Why, ma'am, I used to lie and study over what she'd said for days and days after she had been, and it always did seem to be just the very thing I'd wanted."

"Were you ill then all the winter?" I asked.

"Indeed I was, ma'am!" and the old woman shook her head as if there was no forgetting what she had gone through then. "Why, I've been sometimes for days together that I could move neither hand nor foot, and couldn't bide anybody to touch me, I was that bad. But bless the Lord!" she added with a sudden smile, "things is never so bad but what there's *always a summut*, and I'd the beautifullest blanket given me last back-end, while I couldn't but think to myself after the rheumatics started that the Lord knew I should be wanting one afore the winter was over, and so He put it into the hearts of the Dorcas ladies to send me it. He's always a minding of me, He is. He sent me Mrs. Ramsden's housekeeper last week. She had three pair of lamb's wool stockings that she wanted knitting, and she gave me them to do, and I am to have a shilling a pair for knitting of them."

"Why, how do you manage to knit?" I asked; for I noticed now that the old woman's hands were all drawn and crippled with rheumatism.

"Why, ma'am," she answered, "I am put to it, to be sure, sometimes, for the pains in this right hand is above a bit when the weather is bad, or the like of that; but then it isn't always on, and when its pretty comfortable, then I knits on while I can. You see, ma'am, I can't abide to be beholden to charity when I can make an honest penny myself, though I don't think it no disgrace when I can't."

"Don't you feel lonely here at night?" I asked, as I was getting up to leave. "This room of yours seems quite away from the others in the house."

"Well, ma'am," she said, "I do sometimes, of a winter partick'lar. You see, it gets dark so soon, and I can't afford to keep a candle burning; but then it's a bit of company to hear the clock there;" and the old woman nodded, as if to a friend, at an American clock which, indeed, was ticking quite vociferously in a corner opposite her bed.

"It is not much of a companion, I am afraid," said I, for the idea of a clock for company amused me.

"Well no, ma'am, it isn't like a Christian, to be sure. But there's no one knows, unless it be them that live by themselves, like me, what company a clock is when it's ticking. It's uncommon cheerful sometimes, when there's nothing better to be had. But bless the Lord, ma'am"—and again a smile broke like sudden sunshine over the withered

old face—"I never feels quite alone, for I've the Lord always with me, and somehow, everything seems like as if it had summut to tell me about Him. Oftens, when the wind is riving about outside fit to pull the house down, it's like as if I could hear His voice calling to me through it all, and I feel so quietened in my heart, while I never heed a bit about the storm. Oh! ma'am, but it is a blessed thing to them that's poor and old, and oftens badly, like me, to have such a friend as the Lord Jesus. It makes me that happy, many a time, that I wouldn't change with any lady in the land."

Ah, thought I, as I groped my way down the creaking stairs, how well it would be if some who are rich in this world's goods could learn old Martha's secret of content. "Always a summut" to brighten the gloom, even when things are at the darkest. Many years have passed over since then, and old Martha has long ago left her gloomy garret for one of the "many mansions" in the "house" above, but still her words linger with me; and the homely phrase, "There's always a summut," has been like a loophole, letting in light where murmuring thoughts might else have shut it out, and showing me that hidden blessing which the Good Father never fails to put, even into the midst of sorrow itself, for a cheerful faith to find.—*E. T.*

PREACHING CHRIST.

To the very people to whom we are constantly preaching, the story of Christ's life, as a whole, is new and unfamiliar. When it is told them, they are, as we have seen lately, charmed and fascinated by it. We may have been able to give them many admirable thoughts about the facts of our Lord's earthly history, but the facts themselves are better than the thoughts. If we could only make them see Christ as He lived and moved among men—if His own thoughts, His own words, and His own deeds were so presented to them that they should feel as though they had listened themselves to His sermon on the Mount, and to the parable of the Prodigal Son,—had been with the Apostles in the boat when He walked across the stormy sea,—had seen Him lay His hand on brows burning with fever, and take the little children in His arms and bless them,—had stood by His side when He wept at the grave of Lazarus,—sat in the upper chamber when He said, "Let not your hearts be troubled,"—watched Him in His dying anguish, and gazed on Him as He ascended into Heaven—I cannot but believe that we should have new and wonderful proofs that Christ—not our speculations about Christ, not our arguments in support of His Divine commission, not our

learned dissertations on the geography of the land in which He lived, and the civil, political, and religious life of the Jewish people—but Christ Himself, is still the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

Let the world look on His face again, and hear His voice, and see whether the tide of battle will not turn, and a glorious victory be won. We know how marvellous was the spell which He exerted over all sorts of men when He was here. The rabbi came to Him by night; the woman that was a sinner crept to His feet and washed them with her tears; fishermen forsook their boats and their nets to follow Him; Zaccheus, the extortionate publican, climbed the tree to see Him pass by, and repented of all his rapacity as soon as Jesus entered his house; rich Pharisees asked Him to dine with them; the common people heard Him gladly; Herod desired to see Him; Pilate pronounced Him innocent; the officers who were sent to take Him said, "Never man spake like this man;" the thief on the cross became a penitent, and, turning his eyes to the inscription which was hung in mockery above the head of the rejected and crucified peasant of Nazareth, cried, "Lord remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." The ancient spell has not lost its power. In our great controversy with unbelief, our supreme argument for the authority of Christ is CHRIST Himself.

I have been speaking of the new age in which we are living, with its new perplexities and new troubles; but after all, "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." Spring comes to us still, as when the world was young, with the music of birds and the brightness of flowers; the Autumn with her golden harvests. The running streams sing their old song, and the mountain sides are still rich with the purple heather. God still "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." "Fire and hail, snow and vapours," and "the stormy wind," still "fulfil His word." And the life of man is still brightened with the old joys, saddened with the old sorrows, ennobled with the same virtues, stained with the old sins. We listen still to the silvery laughter of childhood. Love kindles in the hearts, and shines from the eyes of youth and maiden still. Manhood is still vexed with care and weary with toil. Old age sinks into weakness and decay. The men of our own times must descend into the grave like their fathers; they must stand before the same judgment seat; and the same awful alternative lies before them of eternal death or eternal glory. "They have all erred and strayed like lost sheep;" and the sacrifice for the sins of past

ages is the sacrifice for the sins of men to-day. They must be renewed by the same Spirit. If they are saved, they will rise to the same heaven. If they are lost, they will sink into the same hell. The world may seem new and strange to us; but "we are of yesterday, and know nothing."

To Christ it is the same world which for so many centuries He has been pitying, loving, and trying to save. The new perplexities of the age do not baffle His wisdom; its new troubles do not appal His heart; its new sins do not exhaust His mercy. He is not weary yet of the great attempt to rescue our race from all its sins and all its sorrows. He is still mighty to save. His eye is not dim nor His natural force abated. Christ does not despair of mankind, for He does not despair of Himself. Let us trust in Him, and look forward with unfaltering hope to the world's better future. The earth has grown old in misery and sin; but in His presence its youth shall yet be renewed like the eagle's. The words are truer, nobler, than they seem—"the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be"—for the golden age of the race shall return once more, and, in a fairer paradise than Adam knew, coming generations shall see the face and hear the voice of God.

Let us preach Christ, under the inspiration of the Spirit of Christ, with vehement love, with perfect faith, with exulting hope, and soon He "shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." He will make all things new. The Holy City—the new Jerusalem—shall descend out of heaven from God, having the glory of God, with its wall of jasper, its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, its foundations of precious stones; the nations of the saved,—with their wealth, their splendour, and their power, their genius and their learning, their wit, their beauty, and their gladness,—shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth,—their thrones established in righteousness, their laws and policy inspired and controlled by Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords,—shall bring their glory and honour into it. Hunger and nakedness, sorrow and shame, doubt, ignorance, and sin, shall be known no more, but

"Earth be changed to heaven, and heaven to earth,
One kingdom, joy, and union without end."

Rev. R. W. Dale. M.A.

PROMISES AND PERFORMANCES.

I LIKE him well that promiseth an inch,
And pays an ell.—*G. Gascoigne.*

MADAGASCAR.

THIRTY years ago, in March, 1836, on a Sunday morning, the little prison of the capital was opened, and a young woman was led forth to be put to death. She was just thirty, fair to look upon, and of gentle manners; and her face was lit with that bright radiance which springs from the conviction that God and heaven are very near. She walked forth with firm step; she was surrounded by the guards; and though going to die, she began to sing in a joyous tone the hymns that she had loved. Followed by a crowd, of which some hooted and some were lost in wonder, she passed through the city, towards the dreary ditch at the south end of the long ridge on which the capital is built. The scene before her and on either side was one of unusual beauty. East, west, and south, the broad green plain of Imerina stretched to the distant horizon, presenting to the eye bright gleams of lakes and watercourses, of fertile fields and wooded hills, amongst which nestled the rich villages, and the flocks and herds were feeding in peace. She saw it not. She saw not the smiling land, the taunting crowd, the cruel executioner: she saw only the face of her Lord. Descending the hill, she knelt to pray; and, so praying, she was speared. No common honour descended upon her that day; she was the first martyr of Christ's Church in the island of Madagascar.

Thirty-two years have passed away. Again the crowds gather at the "White Village," and another woman comes down to pray, the object of attraction to all eyes. But this is the Queen of Madagascar. On the white ridge which overhangs the ditch where Rasalama died, stands a handsome church, with its lofty spire, which has been erected to her memory, and will bear her name upon its walls. The church is crowded with Christian worshippers, and vast numbers are compelled to remain outside. The Queen, not a persecutor, but a friend, comes to join her people in dedicating the church to Christian worship; and in special sympathy with the occasion, offers her Bible for pulpit use. The Prime Minister, whose predecessor had assigned Christians to death, now urges his countrymen, in stirring words, to believe in Christ, because He is the Saviour of the world. To all who are present, ruler and subjects, the occasion is one of unfeigned joy. The Madagascar mission has had 20,000 hearers added to the congregations during last year; and the converts are 37,000 persons.

Now we hear, on the very eve of the anniversary, that the Queen herself has been baptized. Humbly and simply, like one of her subjects, she has sought instruction from her native pastors; has told the story

of the growth of her convictions ; and has not been afraid to confess her faith before her people. A large number of the leading officers were present at her baptism, and the fact has been made as public as possible. On the Friday evening previously, two native pastors were sent for to converse with the Queen and Prime Minister, and to examine them as to their belief in the Saviour, and their reasons for wishing to be baptized ; and their answers were very satisfactory. In conversation, the Queen mentioned, that in former years, when she was still a girl, one of the former mission preachers, at present co-pastor in one of the churches, was appointed to teach her reading and writing ; but he being afraid of the Queen, did not say a word to her about the Saviour or the Gospel. Her late brother was at that time acquainted with Andriantsiamba, one of the four who were afterwards burned at Faravohitra, and he used to receive visits from him. This man, Andriantsiamba, took occasion to speak to the young girl about the Saviour and the salvation of the soul. And this, the Queen says, was her first introduction to some knowledge of the Gospel. The Prime Minister also stated that, during the same state of darkness, he received a copy of the Scriptures from one of the last of the martyrs—Razafinarina—and that he used to keep it hid within the courtyard, in a part of the inclosure where the Queen kept her fighting bulls. The ways of God are wonderful, and we are now reaping fruit from seed then sown in tears.

No convulsions have attended this mighty change ; nor force, nor guile, nor penalties, nor personal influence have been employed to produce it. The influence has been lofty, pure, Divine. The memory of the faithful dead, the consistent example of the living, the open Bible, the earnest preacher, the power of the Spirit, religious freedom—these have done it. All honour to the London Missionary Society, which is thus honoured of God !

THE CROWN OF THE YEAR.

ALL the year round, every hour of every day, God is richly blessing us ; both when we sleep and when we wake His mercy waits upon us. The sun may leave us a legacy of darkness, but our God never ceases to shine upon His children with beams of love. Like a river, His loving-kindness is always flowing with a fulness inexhaustible as His own nature. Like the atmosphere which constantly surrounds the earth, and is always ready to support the life of man, the benevolence of God surrounds all His creatures ; in it, as in their element, they live and move, and have their being. Yet as the sun on summer days gladdens

us with beams more warm and bright than at other times, and as rivers are at certain seasons swollen by the rain, and as the atmosphere itself is sometimes fraught with more fresh, more bracing, or more balmy influences than heretofore, so is it with the mercy of God; it hath its golden hours; its days of overflow, when the Lord magnifieth His grace before the sons of men.

Amongst the blessings of the nether springs, *the joyous days of harvest* are a special season of excessive favour. It is the glory of autumn that the ripe gifts of Providence are then abundantly bestowed; it is the mellow season of realisation, whereas all before was but hope and expectation. Great is the joy of harvest. Happy are the reapers who fill their arms with the liberality of Heaven. The psalmist tells us that the harvest is the crowning of the year. Surely these crowning mercies call for crowning thanksgiving! Let us render it by the *inward emotions of gratitude*. Let our hearts be warmed. Let our spirits remember, meditate, and think upon this goodness of the Lord. Then let us *praise Him with our lips*, laud and magnify His name, from whose bounty all this goodness flows. Let us glorify God by yielding *our gifts* to His cause. A practical proof of our gratitude is a special thank-offering to the Lord of the harvest.—C. H. Spurgeon.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION MEETINGS.

FINSBURY CHAPEL was this year selected for the great Spring gathering of our ever-enlarging Union Meetings. Never were they better attended, and never was there manifested more of hearty interest in the addresses and general proceedings. The plan of furnishing tickets of admission to members of the Union previous to the Tuesday Meeting prevented that unseemly rush to the vestry which has often preceded these Meetings, and occasioned much unnecessary confusion and delay. As it was, members were this year early in their places, and by the time that the Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., the Chairman of the Union, ascended the pulpit-stairs to read his opening address, the large chapel was well-filled in every part; the body of the place being occupied with ministers and delegates, as members of the Union; the galleries being devoted to visitors, who also attended in large numbers.

Sitting opposite the platform—which, by-the-bye, was admirably adapted for the purpose, not being stuck up aloft like the platform scaffolds often are—it was so arranged as to give sufficient prominence to the speakers. Mr. Dale's address has already been so eulogised by

the press, and by the public generally who heard it, that we need say no more about it than that its subject was "Christ and the Controversies of Christendom," and that as an inaugural address it was a model of good clear writing, and manifested at every point the diligent student, the wise observer, the classic scholar, and the earnest evangelical heart of a Christian minister.

The address was delivered with great clearness and force, and was greeted throughout and at its close with the heartiest applause. During its delivery the platform and pulpit presented a picture which would have made a good photograph. There, amidst the red and white and gold of the pulpit stood the Chairman of the Union, with his black beard and his penetrating eyes, which glistened more than usual through his spectacles. On the platform, Mr. Binney sat resting his head on both his hands, now and then, during the more striking parts of the address, lifting his massive forehead up towards the speaker. Dr. Raleigh, leaning on his stick, was evidently more conscious than anybody (he having occupied the chair last year) of the privilege of listening and the responsibility of speaking on such an occasion. Mr. Stoughton, half-sitting, half-reclining on one of the platform steps, exchanged pleasant glances with one of his fellow-travellers when reference was made to the "East," and in another part also to his ecclesiastical theory of one Church in a City. Mr. Allon sat gazing with a face which seemed suffused with satisfaction, as much as to say, "A glorious deliverance that!—and a *British Quarterly* contributor, too, remember that!" Meanwhile Dr. George Smith, the Secretary of the Union, went quietly on with his writing; and our old friend Mr. Ashton gave up all peripatetic secretarial movements for the time, and shared in the general enjoyment of the address.

At the Preliminary Meeting of the Union on Monday, the "Brewin Grant" affair had occupied three mortal hours of time, the great desire being to prevent the precious time of the assembly being wasted on the Tuesday about a mere matter of order. When, however, it was found that the resolution passed was an explanation to Mr. Grant that in the omission of his name from the "Year Book" this was not intended, and that was not intended, and the other was not intended, the Meeting began to show signs of a desire to pass the resolution and proceed to business. Dr. Halley rose to protest against the whole thing, inasmuch as Mr. Grant's name was removed from the "Year Book" by a regular process in common with others. The assembly with one voice, stopped all further debate upon it by accepting the Rev. Newman Hall's motion of "the previous question." Thus ended a matter which, with much of

fuss and noise about it, had really nothing in it at all worthy to occupy the continued attention of the Union, but which, as there had been so many misrepresentations concerning it, the Union was obliged to take up.

The resolution concerning an insertion of names in the "Year Book" was passed, and other business transacted; and then the Rev. J. C. Gallaway, M.A., read a paper on "Chapel Insurance," to what he afterwards himself called a "moving auditory." The subject, however, is of immense importance; thousands of pounds are *wasted* annually, literally wasted, by our denomination, in the payment of Fire Insurance premiums, which a mutual system of Insurance amongst ourselves might save, and thus produce a large fund for other and most important objects.

Then came dinner and speeches, with a long and interesting address from Dr. Schaaf, of America, the representative of that nation and of the Evangelical Alliance. Having arrived just after the report of Mr. Sumner's startling speech had reached England, the Meeting was naturally anxious to hear him. He has a pleasant face, spoke well, and was heartily received.

The Friday Meetings were very well attended, indeed, much better than usual; and the larger part of the morning was occupied in hearing a debate upon Mr. Statham's paper concerning a Sustentation Fund.

Throughout the Meetings there was the manifestation of the most refreshing Christian sympathy and interest. We may remark upon the singing of the well-selected hymns, which was something delightful. After the Address, when the hymn was given out—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,"

and the whole assembly rose to unite in the praise, there seemed to be a fulness of life in the service. It is evident that the Congregational Union Meetings are gaining in interest and efficiency. It has been said that the opening addresses are in danger now of occupying too much time, but that depends, as Mr. Binney said, "on the article;" and we can but think that these are golden occasions for stirring the hearts and bracing the energies of the representatives of the Churches.

The Rev. Joshua Harrison was elected Chairman of the Union with unanimous feeling and hearty applause. Some four years ago he was chosen Chairman, but ill-health obliged him to decline its duties; he is now elected again, and as a brother greatly beloved received most kindly words of congratulation from Mr. Binney and Dr. Stoughton.

The address of Mr. Dale is now published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and may be had, as the saying is, "of all the booksellers;" and we should hope that the Members of the Union will take care to

possess themselves of so valuable and excellent a contribution to the Christian literature of the times.

May the Autumnal Meetings to be held at Wolverhampton be as full of interest and blessing, and then the Meetings of this year will be rich in promise for the future of Congregationalism and the interests of true religion !

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

“SLAPPED their hands, and learnt them to let things alone! I'd like to ha' seen that tried on my children. Sally had a set of white still children, that were all just like dipped candles by natur', and she laid it all to her management; and look at 'em now they're grown up. They're decent respectable folks, but noways better than other folks' children. Lucinda Morse ain't a bit better than you are, Lois, if she was whipped and made to lie still when she was a baby, and you were taken up and rocked when you cried. All is, they had hard times when they were little, and cried themselves to sleep at nights, and were hectorred and worried when they ought to have been taking some comfort. Ain't the world hard enough, without fighting babies, I want to know? I hate to see a woman that don't want to rock her own baby, and is contriving ways all the time to shirk the care of it. Why if all the world was that way, there would be no sense in Scriptur'. 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you,' the Bible says, taking for granted that mothers were made to comfort children, and give them good times when they are little.

“Sally Morse was always talking about her system. She thought she did wonders, 'cause she got so much time to piece bedquilts, and work counterpanes, and make pickles, by turning off her children; but I took my comfort in mine, and let them have their comfort as they went along. It's about all the comfort there is in this world, anyway, and they're none the worse for it now as I see. There ain't any two children alike; and what works with one won't with another. Folks have just got to open their eyes, and look and see what the Lord meant when He put the child together, if they can, and not stand in His way; and after all we must wait for the sovereign grace to finish the work; if the Lord don't keep the house, the watchman waketh but in vain. Children are the heritage of the Lord—that's all you can make of it. . . .

“Done! Why, you've done what you'd no business to. You'd no business to take a child at all; you haven't got a grain of motherliness in you. Why, look at natur', that might teach you that more than meat

and drink and clothes is wanted for a child. Hens brood their chickens, and keep 'em warm under their wings; and cows lick their calves and cosset 'em, and it's a mean shame that folks will take 'em away from them. There's our old cat will lie an hour on the kitchen floor, and let her kittens lug and pull at her, atween sleeping and waking, just to keep 'em warm and comfortable, you know. 'Tain't just feedin' and clothin' back and belly that's all; it's *broodin'* that young creeturs wants; and you hain't got a bit of broodin' in you; your heart's as hard as the nether mill-stone. Sovereign grace may soften it some day, but nothin' else can; you're a poor, old, hard, worldly woman, Miss Asphyxia Smith: that's what *you* are! If Divine grace could have broken in upon you, and given you a heart to love the child, you might have brought her up, 'cause you are a smart woman, and an honest one; that nobody denies." —*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

BY THE REV. HENRY T. ROBJOHNS, B.A.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD was the daughter of a physician, and was born December 16th, 1786, at the little town of Alresford, in Hampshire. In three or four years after, Dr. Mitford removed to Reading, where he displayed every quality to command success, except the homely one of prudence. He is described by his daughter as "independent to a fault, frank in speech, and rash in act." The consequence was that friends were alienated. He did not get on as he would, and so he betook himself to gambling. Why should he do this? Who can tell; for he was rich, having property of his own, besides houses, and land, and £28,000 with his wife. If what St. Paul says be true of them who will be rich, what shall we say of them who, being rich, will be richer? "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which draw men into destruction and perdition."

It was so in this case. About this time nearly all of Dr. Mitford's paternal property, and much of his wife's fortune, was sunk. Under these circumstances, just as a remarkable case was beginning to make his medical talent advantageously known, he resolved to remove to Lyme Regis, feeling, with characteristic sanguineness, that, in a fresh place, success would be certain. The observation of life will tell us that, as a rule, not the sanguine but the cautious succeed. To the sanguine life turns out worse than they expect; to the cautious better. Take it for all in all, an anxious temperament is to be preferred to one too hopeful. Of her father, Miss Mitford says:—"How often in after

life has that sanguine spirit, which clung to him in his last hour, made me tremble and shiver! I had seen him so often disappointed, that it seemed to me what he expected could never come to pass. . . . I saw the other day a beautiful copy of the celebrated picture known as 'Guido's Hope,' in which the expression is that of intense melancholy. That lovely face looked as if listening to prognostics that were not to be fulfilled."

At Lyme the family lived in a great mansion, quite disproportioned to their sinking fortune, which had once been rented for his two sons by the great Lord Chatham. Some of the most delightful things in her book are the reminiscences of the happy years spent in this house and in the garden. Of both she says:—"It did not seem a place to be sad in." But the folly of the father overclouded the happiness of childhood. He went to London, lost more money, and the home had to be broken up, as thousands before and since, through the same cause—the apparently insatiable appetite for gambling. Alas! for us the evils are deadlier, more wide-spread every year. One of its forms, that of betting, seems to be all but universal, and great is the crush of ruined character and fortune, of which we are continually hearing.* After the most poverty-stricken fashion, the family journeyed to London, and took a dingy comfortless lodging in one of the suburbs; thence, the father intended to watch for a new opportunity to practise in some distant town. But, walking about London with his little girl in his hand, he, on her tenth birthday, dropped into a lottery office, where he presented her with a ticket, the number of which she herself chose. That ticket won £20,000; but, in such gains, there really is no permanent blessing. In less than twenty years it was all gone; nothing was left except a Wedgwood dinner service, made to commemorate the event, and then, long, long years of toil, and struggle, and anxiety. Such were some of the lights and shadows of Miss Mitford's childhood.

We may not stay to trace the life-story in all its details. For more than a quarter of a century she lived, reading, writing, and having intercourse with many of the literary celebrities of the time, at a cottage in the village of Three Mile Cross.

The description of that cottage, by one who went on a pilgrimage to it, is worth quotation, for the lesson of sweet content it so sweetly reads. "The house, so far as the bare walls are concerned, is much as she left it: an assemblage of closets ('our landlord,' she says, 'has the assurance to call them rooms'), full of contrivances and corner cupboards. 'That house,' to quote her own words, 'was built on purpose to show in what

* See "Odds against Betting," price 2d., published by Jarrold & Son.

an exceeding small compass comfort may be packed.' Yet, when we entered the tiny low-ceilinged rooms, almost without light or ventilation, and ascended the narrow stairs,—where crinoline could not come,—and saw around us ample evidence of the impossibility to impart to the dwelling anything approaching the picturesque of cottage life, we felt—what?—the most intense admiration and respect for the well-born and once wealthy lady who brought within those old and weather-stained walls an atmosphere of happiness, an appreciation of all that is true and beautiful in nature; and sent from out those leaden casements, and that narrow door, such floods of light and sunshine as have brightened the uttermost parts of the earth! Who ever heard her murmur at



THREE MILE CROSS.

changed fortunes, when obliged to leave the home, 'stately though simple,' the home of eighteen years? . . . She, indeed, confesses, in her sweet playful way, that at the time it nearly broke her heart to leave it:—'What a tearing up by the root it was! I have pitied cabbage plants, and celery, and all transplantable things ever since; though, in common with them and other vegetables, the first agony of transplantation being over, I have taken such firm and tenacious hold of my new soil, that I would not for the world be pulled up again, even to be restored to the beloved ground.' What was this—philosophy or heroism? or the perfection of that sweet plastic nature which receives, and retains, and fructifies all happy impressions—which opens to, and

cherishes all natural enjoyments, and adapts itself to circumstances with the true spirit of the practical piety that bends to the blast, and sees sunshine, bright and enduring, beyond the blackest cloud ; let the darkness be ever so dense without, the lamp burns calmly and purely within !”

Three Mile Cross is *the* village of “Our Village” by Miss Mitford. Here, that estimable lady gave herself to illustrate the peculiar traits of English village character, and to teach us to love all that is pure, and beautiful, and simple in the rural life of England. Such teaching is more than ever needed, when too many are losing themselves in the pursuit of pleasure, amidst the glare of sensational artificialities, instead of seeking true happiness in the tranquilities of nature, and on the bosom of God.

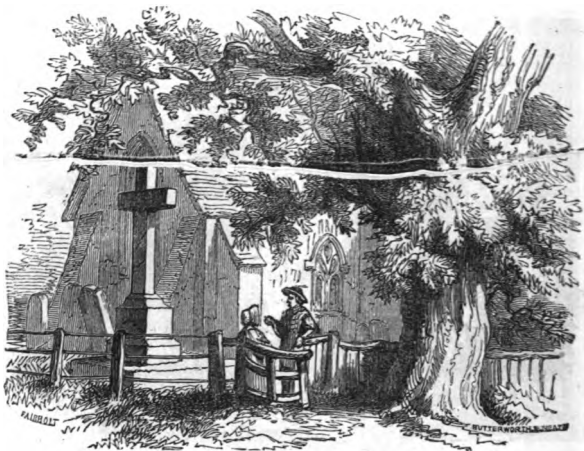


SWALLOWFIELD.

About four years before her death she removed to Swallowfield, a delicious wayside cottage, where she died. The home at Three Mile Cross had become too damp in winter, and too hot in summer for the strength of declining years. Here, as everywhere, she gave to all around a tint of rose colour, derived from her own happy mind. Her sympathy was as large with human life as with nature ; she threw herself into the joys, sorrows, pastimes, and feelings of young and old. All were her neighbours, and the poor especially knew the value of her regard. Even in the gipsy camp she could make herself at home, and would sometimes laugh and say that, at best, she was but a gipsy lady. In later life, and particularly after her father's death, the habit grew

upon her of not rising until long past noon, and walking miles at night ; she seems to have loved the stars as much, if not more, than the sunshine.

Her industry, as a reader and student, was prodigious. Her father tried to force her, unwisely, against the natural bent of the mind, to learn music. One winter she revelled in all the lore she could procure regarding beasts, birds, insects, and reptiles ; another, in a course of topography and the study of ponderous county histories ; once, she beguiled the long Christmas evenings by looking through the whole series of the *Monthly Review*, comparing contemporary criticism of some of the giants in English literature with the abiding verdict of posterity. Her favourite collections of books were those containing



TOMB OF MISS MITFORD.

accounts of trials, especially of State trials. She attacked the French series first, and then Hargreave's "State Trials." Of this last-named work she says :—"What between the size of the books and my own short-sightedness, I well remember that I was compelled to move the reading-desk twice in the course of every double-columned page. Little did I care for that, enchanted as I was by the development, now of story, now of character, now of eloquence, and always of form—the question and answer so well calculated to convey narrative, and to elicit truth."

She died at Swallowfield, January 10th, 1855, and was buried, as she herself wished, in the graveyard of that village church. A cross of Aberdeen granite marks the peaceful spot.

THE LIGHTHOUSE MISSIONARY BOX.

ABOUT thirty-two years ago a poor but pious widow, the keeper of a lighthouse on the Kentish coast, obtained a missionary box, and resolved to devote to the cause of Christ all the money that might be given to her before twelve every Monday morning.

On the next Monday morning a gentleman visited the lighthouse, and seeing her in the attire of a widow, gave her a sovereign.

The poor woman was perplexed; so large a sum would be of great service to her during her present pressing wants—the doctor's bill was unpaid too. She asked the advice of friends; one advised one way, another the contrary. At last she resolved to ask God in prayer what she ought to do with the sovereign. She rose from her knees convinced that it belonged to the missions, and she at once put it into the box. God, who is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, was not unmindful of her faithfulness.

In the course of the day, a widow lady of high rank, with her daughter and several attendants, called to inspect the lighthouse. She made several inquiries of the poor widow, and before she left put a piece of gold into her hand.

Two days afterwards one of the pages came with a letter from the lady, stating that she felt much interested in the family, and begged their acceptance of £25 from herself, and £5 from her little daughter, who was also much concerned for their welfare.

Our young readers will be delighted to learn that this noble benefactress was the late Duchess of Kent, whose little daughter (then the Princess Victoria) is now the beloved Queen of England.—*The Children's Friend*.

CHURCHMEN'S OPINIONS ON CHURCH MATTERS.

I CANDIDLY confess that I would not exchange the present condition of the Canadian Church for her condition as an endowed Establishment. "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It is true that we have no State aid, but we are free from State restrictions on our development. It is true that we have no legal superiority of status, but we have what is better, Synodical action. Men are not now, it is true, attracted to our altars or to our communion by the glitter of worldly advantage; but then we have compensation in the fact that they are not now deterred by jealous dislike of our privileges from examining our claims as a Divine institution, our Apostolical

order and our Evangelical truth—our antiquity, our literature, our common sense. I have therefore no fear for the Church, though she be disestablished.—*Bishop of Ontario.*

The general tendency here, as in the rest of the world, is to separate more and more the Church and the State, by extending the liberty of the Church in all matters which do not threaten the independence of the civil power; and it is instinctively felt here that each of those two mighty facts—the Church and the State, is more powerful when defending itself within its reasonable bounds, and more and more powerless when attempting to trench upon the ground of the other.—*French Correspondent of the Times.*

Suppose the dream could even be realised, and the entire Church of England, that is, all her members without exception, secede at once, would it even then be possible to retain her endowments? We reply, No! The Church enjoys them by virtue of her connection with the State, and in breaking the connection would forfeit them. It is true that a large proportion of her wealth is derived from the voluntary gifts of private founders; but these gifts were made to the Church "as by law established," and if she ceases to be by law established, the condition of the gifts would fail. In short, the notion that the Church of England could throw off the trammels of an Establishment, and yet retain the privileges and advantages of an Establishment, is but an idle dream which the slightest consideration dissipates.—*The Record.*

He had never for a single moment disguised his opinion upon Church matters. He had emphatically stated that he believed Establishment to be a mistake, and rather to injure than assist religion. . . . He believed the time would come, and very shortly, when, having seen the result of disestablishment in Ireland, and got rid of all that foolish mistrust which at present occupied their minds, a very large body—he almost ventured to believe the majority—of the members of the English Church would be in favour of disestablishment. A few years ago the members of the Established Church in Canada said exactly what was now said by the Church in this country. Their Church had now been disestablished, and they would be very sorry to go back to the old state of things.—*Hon. Auberon Herbert.*

An idea is more and more taking possession of the popular mind that religion must stand upon its own merits and its own ground.—*The Guardian.*

Replying to the striking passage in Mr. Bright's speech wherein that accomplished orator defended the uses marked out for the surplus funds as being Christian in the best sense, Mr. Hardy neatly observed that

his right honourable opponent had spoken of care for the sick, the dumb, the deaf, and the blind, but he had forgotten another mark of the creed of Nazareth, that the Gospel was preached to the poor. The rapturous cheering which this drew down, not only from the Conservatives, but from such of the ministerial side as feel a hearty gladiatorial delight in clever lunges and adroit parrying, made it impossible for the House to look gravely into the proposition, to ascertain what Mr. Hardy meant by it, and how far his meaning is supported by facts. What the Tory champion meant to imply was this—the Irish Church is an agency for preaching the Gospel, and its endowments enable its ministers to discharge that function without taxing the purses of the humbler classes. Take away the endowments, and either the supply of ministers will fail, so that the Gospel will not be preached at all, or ministers will be retained where congregations wealthy enough to support them are found, so that the Gospel will be preached only to the rich. In short, the Established Church of Ireland, as at present constituted, is the Church of the poor, and any interference with its status and income is to injure them. So expressed, Mr. Hardy's argument becomes simply ludicrous, for there never was any institution set up by man, not even the old aristocracies of wealth in some Greek States, which ignored the claims of the poor so insultingly and persistently as the Irish Church Establishment—Norman, Tudor, Stuart, or Hanoverian. It is a common claptrap to call the English Establishment a poor man's Church, though it is in fact an upper and middle-class institution.—*Church Times*.

MIDDLESEX PRISONERS.

REV. J. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A.

DURING the recent "May week" I was the guest of a Middlesex magistrate, who is also one of the "visiting justices" of the House of Detention. My host very kindly and readily consented to my request that I might visit the two great prisons at Clerkenwell. Accordingly he called for me at Finsbury Chapel at one o'clock on the day of the second session of the Congregational Union, and at once drove me from the assembly of the saints to the assemblies of the sinners. In his magisterial capacity he had, of course, a right to visit every department of these vast receptacles; and he took upon him the responsibility of introducing me, only directing me on no account to speak to any of the prisoners. From all classes of the officials I received the kindest attention, and had every opportunity of observing the condition and occupations of the inmates.

Those of my readers who have never visited such places of confinement (for I will presume no reader has been sent to prison; we may thankfully record that but few Congregationalists are ever condemned to "durance vile!") may need to be informed that most modern prisons are constructed upon what might be called the radiating system. In the middle is an open space, corresponding to the "box" of a wheel; from this diverge several long erections, divided by wide passages, which might be called the spokes. The surrounding wall, though disconnected from the buildings proper, and often of no regular outline, may be roughly called the circumference of the circle—the connected "felloes" of the wheel. The reader will at once understand how any person standing in the central space, under the dome perhaps, has a view along the several passages, both of the upper and lower stories of the prison. A spiral or other staircase connects the several floors. Along these passages are the prison cells; between them, on the outside, are the courts used for exercise and other purposes.

The *House of Detention* is the prison where such persons are detained as have been committed for trial. All the inmates of this house are deemed innocent; they are here in safe custody until they shall have been properly and constitutionally tried for the offence with which they are charged. After trial, if acquitted, they are released; if condemned, sentenced to undergo the allotted punishment. In this place, accordingly, indulgences are allowed, which could not be granted to convicted prisoners. The friends of the persons detained are permitted to see them; I noticed a mother conversing with her boy through the iron grating in the cell door. The prisoners are also allowed to purchase such provisions as they fancy, according to a list or scale of prices, which I observed hanging against the cell doors. Into this house about eighty persons are brought every day. There are two days of the week on which the detained are taken before the proper tribunal, where the charges are dealt with.

The chapel is a dull and dingy apartment. Under the guidance of the chaplain, whose intelligent, frank, and kind bearing could not but commend him to the persons to whom he officiates, and who informed us that these persons came to regard him as their friend, we visited the cells of a few young boys. From the answers they gave to his questions we inferred that some of the boys had been sent to school, and taught prayers by their parents, whilst others appeared to have been neglected, and perhaps sent out by their parents to beg or steal. Several could read the Bible or other book put into their hands, tolerably well. Here was one little thief whose face and brogue showed

him to be the child of Irish folk ; there a smart London lad who had been stealing metal ; a third had been taken by the police with a couple of pigeons to which he had no right. Sad to see boys of so tender age, and with such capacity for useful and honourable life, in such a plight !

However, the humane legislation of these days deals wisely with these youthful criminals. If corrected, they are treated in such a way as to further their restoration to honest and respectable habits. Many are sent to "reformatories," where they are put under strict discipline, but receive a suitable education, and are taught trades which will secure them an independent livelihood. Others are sent to sea. For a sea-faring life the boys are prepared at some reformatories—at Feltham, for instance—by practice upon a model ship, furnished with the proper rigging and gear. Many of those thus cared for become useful and respectable members of society.

From this introductory "house" we walked past the Clerkenwell police-court (looking in there on the way) to the more formidable *House of Correction*. We soon felt the difference between the lot of those who are simply "detained," and those who are enduring "correction" for their faults and crimes. Very painful was it to see the huge police-vans, drawn by stout horses, and manned by stalwart policemen, drive through the huge gates into the court-yard, and then to watch the poor fellows, just sentenced by the courts, jump out of the hearse-like wagons, and mount the steps of the house. It did not seem to me that this was the first time those gates had closed behind them ; some of them seemed to know their way, only too well, into the prison !

To this prison are sent such Middlesex criminals as are sentenced to imprisonment or penal servitude. The grievous offenders, condemned to punishment of this last-mentioned order, are ordered hither, previously to their removal as convicts to Chatham or elsewhere. There are, accordingly, nearly two thousand prisoners. These are all men and boys ; the females are sent to Millbank. A most disheartening impression is produced by the spectacle here afforded ; here are from nineteen to twenty-one hundred criminals furnished by the County of Middlesex alone ; and these do not include the prisoners from the City of London, who are confined at Holloway, nor any women, nor, further, such as have been farmed out in county jails at a distance.

The chapel here is large, cheerful, and airy. Iron bars or rails divide the chapel into sections, that too many men may not be massed together. Here we saw prisoners scrubbing the floor, as vigorously as any house-maids. The service, we were told, is enjoyed by the captives, who, especially since the organ has been introduced, join with heartiness in

the singing and responses. Some who have never heard of Christ before, here listen to the story of His love and sacrifice who came to "open the prison-doors to them that are bound!"

Prison discipline is maintained by means of a system of "marks." Bad marks involve forfeitures and penalties; good marks entitle to privileges and rewards. Our conductor informed us that he never had the slightest difficulty in managing the prisoners; they dread nothing so much as to see the warder make a note of their behaviour in his book, or take down an offender's number. And when we know the principles on which prison life is governed, with the alleviations on the one hand, and the hardships on the other, we understand how this should be so. The dark cell is one of the most formidable punishments inflicted for the infringement of rules. Whilst a culprit is in such a cell he can see nothing, and is left for days and nights alone with himself. He is obliged to think, and to think of himself, and this becomes almost intolerable! On the other hand good conduct is rewarded by small sums of money, by lighter occupation, and by other advantages.

The most striking and the most painful scene, to my mind was the tread-mill. On two sides of a very spacious apartment several hundreds of prisoners were employed in this laborious exercise. They are divided into two gangs; one gang works and the other rests. Every few minutes these two sets of men change places, at the word of command, with remarkable rapidity and precision. To some the tread-mill was extremely laborious and irksome, whilst to others it was comparatively easy. These last, I fear, were old hands, they swung themselves so easily as they trod, that they seemed to escape half the penalty of the task. The men are grinding corn, the flour from which is used in the place.

Next to the tread-mill, oakum-picking appears to be the chief employment of the convicts. This is disagreeable and hard work, and, until the hands become accustomed to it, must be productive of much suffering. We saw the rope brought for the purpose, and the oakum weighed before being sent away to the yards, &c. One of the most interesting sights in the prison was presented in a large room, where I should reckon more than a hundred men were engaged in picking oakum—sitting in rows at their task, like infants in a British School. In front sat the solitary warder, who superintended the work; and in the midst, perched above his fellows, was a prisoner, chosen for his good conduct and his fair reading, who was reading aloud to his fellow-prisoners a story from the "Leisure Hour." Thus the men were interested, and (it may be hoped) benefited; whilst the tedium of their task-work was somewhat beguiled.

Other prisoners were employed in making door-mats, of the stoutest and most serviceable quality, which are sold at the rate of one shilling a square foot, and are very cheap at that price.

In another room men were engaged in somewhat lighter tasks. Several were busy darning stockings and mending pocket-handkerchiefs and other garments. There was a printing-press, at which prisoners were occupied in printing the collection of hymns used in the prison services; whilst a few were binding up into volumes loose numbers of numerous publications for the use of juvenile reformatories.

No doubt can dwell in my mind as to the justice and humanity with which these unhappy captives are treated. The officials evidently regard their charge with interest and kindness. The chaplains are unmistakeably men whose hearts are in their work; whilst the visiting justices regularly attend to hear complaints, if the men have any to make.

Of course there is great difference in the faces and demeanour of the men. Some of the oakum-pickers wore a debased and villanous expression; but some of the mat-makers and printers seemed to be men of intelligence and feeling, and would pass without observation in any ordinary workshop. At the tread-mill were youths who, judging from appearances, might have been respectably trained, side by side with others whose brows bore the inheritance of vice and crime.

Into the question of the duty of society in dealing with crime, it is no part of my purpose to enter; but this brief sketch may lead some readers to take a more compassionate interest in a large class of the community, who have come to form, even in this so-called Christian England, a kingdom within a kingdom, a reproach, a sorrow, and a shame!

And let the young learn that "The way of transgressors is hard."
 "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
 nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."
 "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not!"

ARGUMENTS FOR A CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

CHRIST, the living Christ, is the Ruler and Head of the Church. There is scarcely an argument which is urged in support of national ecclesiastical establishments which is not paralysed by that solitary truth. Nearly every plea for a State Church derives its force from the disposition of men to think of the Church as being nothing more than a great human organisation for maintaining Christian learning and propagating religious truth, or for civilising mankind and improving the morality of

nations. Let Christ be revealed as the actual King of the Church, and nearly all the arguments for ecclesiastical establishments are answered. Try whether it is possible to state the case to Him.

Will any one venture to say to Christ "There is not love enough in the hearts of Thy friends to bear the expenses of maintaining Thy worship and of preaching Thy Gospel; the cost is heavy, they will not, or they cannot bear it; but we will use our political power to compel the unwilling to take their share of the burden?" Yet this is one of the chief arguments for a national establishment.

Or will any one say to Christ, "Thy servants in whom Thy Spirit dwells are fanatical and unjust; if the government of the Church be left to them, they will be guilty of tyranny, and no freedom will be left for those to whom Thou art revealing Truth which Thy Church has not yet received or understood; it will be better to remit all questions concerning the character and doctrine of the pastors of Thy Church to men, who, though they may not be taught of Thee, are familiar with human laws, and who, though they may have no love for Thyself, love justice and liberty better than Thy most ardent friends; whether Judas shall continue an Apostle is likely to be determined unjustly by his brethren; it will be safer to consult Pilate or to appeal to Cæsar?" Yet this is one of the chief arguments for a national establishment.—*Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A.*

A REMINISCENCE.

I REMEMBER when I was a boy I used to hear of the efforts making to evangelise the villages about London; and on Sunday morning I used to meet with some strange-looking men dressed in a semi-clerical sort of dress. Everybody in those days dressed in some manner appropriate to his position. Persons seemed all to wear uniform. Officers in the army appeared at evening meetings in uniform; so did officers in the navy. Bishops all wore wigs and aprons, and Dissenting ministers had their uniform in those days. Quakers all appeared in uniform, and these evangelists had a sort of uniform. On a Sunday morning each man had his umbrella, whether the morning was fine or wet, and each had a lanthorn. There was no gas, nor were there railways or steamboats in those days. These men preached simply and earnestly, and kept alive the little religious feeling in the villages.

But the Sundays of that time! The Sundays of sixty years ago, 1809, as contrasted with 1869! Then there were prize fights in the morning, volunteer drillings on the Sunday morning, bands of music, too often

duels fought. I cannot picture the scenes witnessed,—nor again on Sunday evenings. I know we have much to lament, much to call for our efforts. I know Home Missionary societies are greatly needed, but I know a great work has been done. I speak what I see; I know what I say; but a great and wonderful work has been done upon all classes of people in the land. I cannot compute how much money has been spent, but I know that a priceless work has been accomplished among all classes; true religion has been widely diffused, and the moral character of men has been wonderfully improved; far more than could reasonably be expected has been accomplished. Whatever has been the cost it has been well expended; if we have been liberal in doing God's work we have also been doing wonderful good to ourselves and others.—*Rev. Robert Halley, D.D.*

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

IN other parts of our Magazine we have called attention to some incidents of interest in the Church News of the Month; we must, therefore, now content ourselves with a few additional jottings.

The new Bible House of the Bible Society has been opened. At the inaugural meeting the Rev. T. Binney said:—"There are difficulties in the Book, but it may be observed that the Bible is like God, in that it will speak or be silent according to the mind a person brings to it. There was a wonderful reserve about the Bible. Some things were never seen in it by some readers. A simple-minded loving young girl reads the book of Psalms. She can't understand the Psalms. There is nothing in her life to answer to what she finds there. But let her wait a few years: let her become a wife and a mother; let her have to sit down by a dead child; let her have to know the miseries of bankruptcy and ruin on the part of her house and her husband; let her have to mourn the sorrows of widowhood, and she would understand the book of Psalms then." Referring to the want of identity of opinion among Protestants the Rev. Canon P. Smith, D.D., observed:—"When a river is flowing very rapidly along, you are sure to find a good many nooks and corners where the waters flow the other way, but that is no proof that the main stream is not flowing along its proper bed. On the contrary, the faster the waters flow along their proper bed the faster also will be the backwater in certain places that flows in a contrary direction. I do not believe that Protestant or Reformation principles are in the least danger." Speaking of the future of Bible-loving

England, Dr. Schaff, of New York, remarked:—"When your most brilliant historian, Lord Macaulay, uttered the prophecy of a New Zealander who, standing on a broken shaft of London-bridge, would sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, he was more eloquent than true. With all deference to his sagacity, I say so. But supposing that prophecy should ever be fulfilled, this New Zealander would be flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone; he would speak the language of Shakespeare and of Milton, he would profess the religion of your Bible which you gave to his savage ancestors to raise them from barbarism and heathenism to Christianity and civilisation. But I believe that prophecy will never be fulfilled. I believe that England—the Sabbath-loving, the Bible-loving, Christianity-spreading England and the United States of America—will live to the end of time. They will go on and spread these blessings to the ends of the earth, till the Lord shall come in might, and in glory, to whom shall be praise, and power, and dominion for ever and ever.

At the Home Missionary Society meeting, Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., remarked:—"We, in Wales, owe a great deal of our success to this. We have never been fettered by officials—we have never imagined that it was necessary for a man to have a black coat and a white choker. We have had ministers clothed in brown coats and with black handkerchiefs, and we have found that the Gospel did not suffer in the least. We have acted on a principle once announced by an excellent clergyman in Wales, who was engaged in the founding of Methodism. Somebody complained of him to the bishop, who said, 'Sir, I understand that you are accustomed to preach in unconsecrated places.' The reply of that clergyman was, 'When the Son of God planted His foot upon this earth, He consecrated every inch of it for the purposes of His kingdom, with a higher consecration than any that it is in the power of your lordship to bestow.' Let them go on, caring little about a black coat and white neckcloth, so that souls are fired with the love of God, and you will at the next jubilee exult over work such as has been done in Wales. I can hardly wish a better thing, so far as evangelisation is concerned, than that in future England may become equal to Wales."

At the same meeting Mr. Benjamin Scott said that within the last six years he had been assailed with brickbats on his road to worship, and within a quarter of a century he had known an Independent minister fired at in his study, birds let loose in a chapel for the purpose of extinguishing the candles, and a donkey driven up one aisle of a place of worship, across the pulpit, and down the other aisle to

disturb the congregation. When an appeal was made to the magistrates the answer received from one gentleman was, "Why do you come here, sir? we do not want you." He had employed a colporteur to distribute the publications of the Religious Tract Society, and similar literature. The first parcel from the Tract Society was lost from the carrier's cart, and the first remittance through the post-office failed to reach its destination.

Dr. Vaughan, Vicar of Doncaster, has lately preached a remarkable sermon, in which he gives it as his opinion that the changes taking place in the Church of England are tending towards Congregationalism. Over this Dr. Vaughan utters no lamentation, but rather in the course which he thinks matters are taking sees some cause for joy. Here are the Doctor's words:—"We are passing more and more—for better or worse—out of a parochial into a congregational life. We are becoming less of a State Church and more of a Free Church. The Church of England is becoming less and less national—less and less territorial in that sense. What I desire," Dr. Vaughan adds, "is that the pastor of each Church acting with his own Church officers and Church worshippers, should endeavour soberly and earnestly to arouse in his own little sphere of action the zeal and interest of his people in the particular work of the Church." This, says the *English Independent*, is the cardinal principle from which all the other doctrines of Independency may be deduced.

There is now a different teaching within the Church from that which not many years ago was the only teaching within its pale. When he went to Eton, said Lord Milton the other day, he was "taught—before he understood the question at all—to abhor every sect and kind of creed, except the identical one that was then and there taught him. He was taught not to look upon them with any Christian spirit at all, but to look upon them as a thing that ought to be spurned and spat upon and kicked." Mr. Disraeli kindly enlightened us the other day by some epigrams on the relation of Church and State. "The union of the State with the Church," he said, plagiarising from Lord Eldon, "renders the State religious." "Yes," says the Rev. G. W. Conder in reply, "marry a sister of mercy to a master of the hounds, and you sanctify him; tie a tiger to a lamb, and you tame him."

The profits arising from the sale of the Queen's book "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," have amounted to £2,500, and the amount is to be appropriated to the establishment of school and college bursaries for the benefit of well-deserving scholars in the district surrounding Balmoral.—A London clergyman advertises that he will

"lend" his weekly sermons for half-a-crown a-piece, or four for 10s., warranted original, earnest, and evangelical.—The Marquis of Bute, in token of gratitude for his conversion to the Church of Rome, is about to found and endow a magnificent hospital for lepers in Jerusalem.—Two volumes of "Notes on the Book of Psalms," which have just been issued, close the labours of Albert Barnes in illustrating the Word of God.—The Duke of Norfolk says he is "not able" to grant the request of the Methodists of a Surrey village, who lately asked for a piece of waste land on which to build a chapel.—An American publishing firm is said to have made a very liberal offer to Mr. Spurgeon, if he will write a life of our Lord. Mr. Spurgeon replied: "Such a work is beyond my ability. I have also no time at my disposal, and thirdly, it would not be to my taste. The only life of Christ worth a cent is the New Testament."

The following have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches:—The Rev. F. S. Attenborough, at Holly-walk Church, Leamington; Rev. J. Ellis, at Old-street-road, London; Rev. A. Griffin, at Little Ilford, Essex; and Rev. Henry Hustwick, at Market Drayton.

The Rev. Nicholas Hurry, of Bournemouth; Rev. R. Cuthbertson, of Cleckheaton; and Rev. G. W. Hickson, have resigned their pastorates.

The following gentlemen have accepted Congregational pastorates:—Mr. A. F. Joscelyne, B.A., of New College, to Nether Chapel, Sheffield; Mr. S. Sleath, of Lancashire College, to Baughton-lane, Chester; the Rev. D. Jehu, of Alfriston, to Whithybrook, Coventry; Rev. R. Pool, of Ravenstonedale, to Sedbergh, Yorkshire; Rev. R. Smith (late of the Scottish National Church), to Wood Green; Rev. H. Maidment, of Bradford, to Flanshaw-lane, Wakefield; Rev. J. Maconachie, of Huntly, to Duncanstone; Mr. J. C. New, of Cheshunt College, to Robertson-street Chapel, Hastings, as assistant to the Rev. J. Griffin; Mr. H. Smith, of New College, to Abergavenny; and Mr. J. W. Parker, of New College, to Banbury, Oxon.

The following have been ordained to the Congregational ministry:—The Rev. J. Geddes, at Bexley-heath; Rev. J. Thorpe, at Wendover; Rev. J. Gordon, of New College, at Newton, Devon; Rev. C. W. Butler, at Pocklington, Yorkshire; Rev. A. Butler, at Riddings, Derbyshire; and Rev. E. Pringle, of Rotherham College, at Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.

"I GREASE THE WHEELS, SIR."

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

I WAS standing on the platform of one of the London and North-Western Railway stations waiting for a train, which is never a very interesting era in any one's existence—especially on a chilly winter's day—when a little lad came cheerily past, dressed in the simple livery of the company, humming a sort of serenade to himself, and tattering a tin can as an accompaniment. "Well, my lad," I said,—glad to meet a cheerful piece of humanity,—“and what do you do?” thinking naturally enough that a dapper little chap like that was not of much account in any station arrangements of the London and North-Western Railway.

I was mistaken, however. The answer he gave me, brief and prompt as it was, opened up a very wide field of meditation. "I grease the wheels, sir!" was his reply, said with an air of confidence too, as much as to say, "And where would they all be if I didn't grease the wheels." That sentence set me thinking upon greasing wheels in another sense. "Grease the wheels do you, my lad? I wish there were more of you in this world of friction; that's all we need, your 'order' in the parlour, in the kitchen, in the Church, and in the world; nothing would conduce more to the well-going of the machine of duty everywhere than a wise application of the oil of kindness, not, of course, flattery or puffery, but honest kindness. So many things tend to hamper progress—dull days, and east winds, and unexpected trials, and accidental sort of hindrances come to everybody, so that being a little uncomfortable ourselves, if we meet with those who are cross, or cantakerous, or crabbed, there is some danger not only of the machine stopping altogether, but that it will either go to smash, or jolt, and shake, and squeak amazingly in its operations."

"I grease the wheels; when people are a little awkward, I am conciliatory," this lad seems to say; "when they are peppery, I am cool as a spring evening; when they are sulky, I am cheerful; when they are headachey, I am quiet; when they are dilatory, I am earnest; when they are nipped with unkindness, I am like sunshine in December! I grease the wheels!" Bravo, my lad, what would the world be worth without you? the £2,500 engine! the softly-cushioned first-class carriage, the large truck with the breaks,—there riding so securely, what a breakdown it would all be, so far as comfort and safety goes, without you!

Caught fire, has it? What? Which? When? Who? Where? Exactly so! Breaks are put on! Train stops! Gentleman and lady and little girl hurry out of the carriage! Water, this way, the compartment has caught fire! Why? The lad forgot to grease the wheels.

Caught fire, has it? What? That temper, that crimson cheek, somebody or other has forgotten to grease the wheels.

"Well, I'm tired of it," says one, "I am always greasing the wheels, let other folks grease them too; what's the use of being conciliatory and conciliatory till the servants say in the nursery 'let Missus 'pologise first.'" "Yes," says another, "I don't see the fun of my being always cheerful as May, and other people glum as November." "Ah!" says a third, "they've taken it out of me, and now let me give them a turn!"

So you are tired of greasing the wheels, are you, for such kind of reasons. Stop! Are there no duties which are ours as Christians, whether others bear and forbear or not? If we give, are we not told to do so hoping for nothing again. Is it not asked us, "What thank have ye?" if we do! And if considerateness is to be a mere debtor and creditor sort of affair, then the virtue of it is at an end. I know ONE who is kind to the unthankful and the evil; and we are told to be followers of God as dear children, and to walk in love, as Christ also loved us and gave Himself for us. There is one aspect of this subject, however, which may well be noticed. There are some people who not only do not grease the wheels, they positively *grit* them. Yes! they keep grit, licensed to be given away on the premises in any quantities, to be had for the asking; nay, it is positively offered you without the trouble of a request. What a lot of people keep grit! "I'm afraid that mare of mine is a little limpy," says Mr. A. to his friend, with an anxious look "She'll be out and out lame, I think," says Mr. B. "I felt so hot," the poor girl said, who wanted to look her best when the visitors came. "It wasn't that you flushed, dear, but you turned so saffron-coloured," says an inconsiderate dame. "I can't help fancying my Lizzy looks a wee bit pale and spotty," says Mrs. C. "Ah! has she had the small-pox yet, my dear?" says Mrs. D., "those shivers are rather like it." "Money's tight," says the tradesman, as he thinks of his quarter's bill. "It'll be a deal tighter in the winter-time," says his affluent neighbour. "I didn't feel quite up to the mark yesterday," says the clergyman. "Ah," says his auditor, you weren't so heavy, though, in the morning as you were in the evening." "My sheep look a little off their feed," says Farmer G. "Bless your heart," says his companion in Berkshire, "they're dropping down like rotten pears."

Grit kept here! Why, you might write this up above some people's

characters and countenances: "Grit and gravel, licensed to be given away at a moment's notice."

"I grease the wheels!" God bless you, my boy, I wish there was a multiplication sum made out of you, that I do, one in every parish, one in every parlour. Warranted to grease the wheels.

One thing, of course is to be noted, this lad was in the *habit* of doing this work: he did it every day. We are apt to keep our words of blessing for seasons when all is pretty comfortable with ourselves! "Bob, old fellow, Bob, good dog, come along then," says his master, when discount is at three per cent. "Get out of the way, you, sir," he is apt to say when it is up at eight; and it is true that of all hard tasks, to lighten other people's burdens, to help them to sing when we are bearing some heavy burden ourselves, is one of the very hardest. Yet it is to be done, nay, more, it has been done. The true heroes of the Christian age, are those who, ever in the endurance of sorrow, have kind words for others. And how was it with Him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows? What so touched us, before the Great Atonement was offered, and its shadow already began to fall over the Redeemer's heart, as the anxiety He showed to save His disciples from sorrow as well as from sin? On the eve of His own great agony He said, "Let not your heart be troubled." If we learn of Him we shall certainly see new meaning in the words: "Even Christ pleased not himself."

This is a world of cares and grief; men and women everywhere are bearing burdens of anxiety, and grief, and care. We cannot read their hearts; we may often think them cross when they are only sad, and inattentive when they are absorbed in anxious thought. Let us help them all we can, by word, by work, by deed; and it may not do other than serve a Christian purpose, if we keep before the eye here and there the little station lad, with his horny hands and his ruddy face, his quick step and his ready repartee: "I grease the wheels, sir!"

TREVECCA.

TREVECCA College, in South Wales, was the humble predecessor of Cheshunt College, Herts; and very humble were some of its associations. Among its earliest students were the Revds. John Clayton and George Townsend, and an amusing story is told in reference to them. Both these ministers, when somewhat advanced in years, met at a Cheshunt anniversary; the one, ever mindful of the proprieties and dignities of

his position; the other, rejoicing in that more free and easy style of thought and action which found a naughty delight in shocking sensibilities which he thought needlessly exact. In the course of dinner, "old George Townsend," as he was called by his friends, grasped a decanter, and looking towards his old college friend, said, "A glass of wine, Mr. Clayton." The Rev. John filled his glass; Mr. Townsend took up his own, and exclaimed,—*"Trevecca, my boy! Trevecca!"*

The other day, at the Cheshunt anniversary, Mr. Henry Richard recalled the interesting circumstances under which the academy at Trevecca took its rise—circumstances which are a kind of religious romance. It appears that Mr. Howell Harris, who was one of the fathers, if not the father, of Methodism in Wales, after spending a life of extraordinary activity in preaching the Gospel throughout the whole Principality with wonderful effect, conceived the idea—suggested to him, it was said, by a similar experiment made by Hermann Branker, at Halle, in Germany—of building a large house and collecting a number of his converts and disciples to live there in a kind of religious seclusion. He built this house, and a number of persons came from all parts of Wales to reside with him there, passing their life in devotion and industry. He had taken two large farms for the brethren to cultivate, and he had built a workshop, in which they might be engaged in various kinds of handicraft, and he used to preach to them three times every day, and seven times every Sunday. Mr. Henry Rogers, in his life of Howe, adverting to the enormous length of the services of the Puritan divines, says it was not without reason that the old ministers were called *"painful preachers."*

Lady Huntingdon was well acquainted with Mr. Harris. He had frequently preached in her chapels, and between him and Mr. Whitfield there was a very close and intimate friendship. When, therefore, her Ladyship decided to establish an institution to train young men for the ministry, she cast her eye upon Trevecca, not perhaps without some reference to the fact, that the presence and the influence of the great Welsh apostle might have some salutary effect upon the young men that were to be trained. There was an old building that had been erected so far back as the year 1167, probably by Henry II., that formed part of an ancient castle, one of those castellated buildings which abound in Wales, and which were erected by the Norman and Plantagenet monarchs, in order to control the irrepressible patriotism of the Welsh—"that old and haughty nation, proud in arms," as Milton calls them. Harris restored this old ruin, and let it to her Ladyship for the College which she intended to establish. It was opened in 1768, but

the principal celebration seems to have been in the following year, when there were assembled at Trevecca, Lady Huntingdon, Lady Ann Erskine, Mr. Wesley, Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Shirley, Mr. William Williams, Mr. Davis, and other founders of Welsh Methodism; and certainly there are not many names in history that are more venerable than these, and one can hardly help feeling a sort of desire that it might have been possible to have been present on such an occasion.

That old building is still in existence. Lady Huntingdon's College, as it is called, is still in being. It is now a farm-house, and is named College Farm. The pulpit and her Ladyship's throne, as it is called, and nearly all the furniture, may be still seen in what was the old chapel, and which is now used as a carpenter's shop. After about twenty-four years at Trevecca, the College was transferred to Cheshunt. Mr. Harris died in 1773, but the Trevecca family—the people he had collected from various parts of Wales—remained after his death in the house, and in possession of the property. Gradually they dwindled away, the conditions being that all the property was to pass into the hands of the survivors, however few or many they might be; and when only two or three were left, they did not know how to dispose of it, and they made an offer to the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists to transfer this building, and whatever property pertained to it, to them. The offer was accepted, and it was determined to use the building as an institution in which to train young men for the ministry. It was opened in the year 1842, and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists at that time raised £8,000, in order to repair the building and provide for the salaries of the professors. It was placed under the presidency of the Rev. David Charles, who was grandson to the celebrated Thomas Charles, the founder of the Bible Society. This arrangement continued for about twenty years. A few years ago the College was temporarily closed, but in 1865 it was opened again, and then the Calvinistic Methodist body determined to raise £20,000 as an endowment for the College. It fell to the lot of one particular gentleman, Rev. Edward Matthews, to undertake this work, and in a letter he says:—"The College, about three years ago, was placed on a new footing, and large alterations were made in the premises, so it was proposed to add £20,000 to the fund. The getting up of this fund fell upon my shoulders, and in a poor country like Wales it was an arduous task. Many thought it impossible; but, through God's blessing, I have, after three years' hard labour, prospered so far as to leave no doubt of final success. I have received promises to the amount of £18,000. We propose to build a

chapel near the College, in memory of Harris, the great founder of our body, to be opened in June, 1873, on the hundredth anniversary of his death. It is proposed to expend upon it from £2,000 to £3,000. This also I am expected to collect."

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

WHEN George the Second ruled England, and Caroline ruled George, a few incidents occurred in the history of the Prince of Peace in the Principality, which, if you will please listen to, I shall now relate. In those days there lived at Pwllheli, North Wales, a farmer named Francis Evans, of whom we know but little more than his name, except this—which is, after all, the best record which any one can leave behind him—namely, that he was a man eminent for his godliness. He was also a Nonconformist, and was in the habit of reading and praying with his family, which made him a strange character in days when family prayers were uncommon in North Wales. In the same neighbourhood lived William Pritchard. He had received a better education than the generality of his neighbours, having acquired a knowledge of Latin, in addition to Welsh and English. But though in this respect ahead of his neighbours, he "followed the multitude to do evil."

After the service at the parish church on Sabbath afternoons, Pritchard was in the habit of going, along with other farmers, to the village alehouse, to spend the remainder of the day. Here they would sit for hours, drinking strong drink, and trying to satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul with sinful amusements. Would to God that such habits had entirely ceased in our country!

One Sabbath evening, William Pritchard had stayed at the public-house longer than usual, and on returning home he lost his way. After wandering for a time in search of the path, he saw a light in the distance, and made for it. He soon found himself in the yard of a farm-house which he well knew, where Francis Evans lived. He turned away to try again to discover the road, but became bewildered a second time, and to his astonishment found himself once more in the same farm-yard. Without telling any one of his difficulty—ashamed perhaps of what then appeared to him to be unaccountable stupidity—he left Penycæ-Newydd, resolving now to find his way home. But the third attempt was as unsuccessful as the two preceding ones.

After walking to and fro until he was quite tired, he again saw a light which he thought must be different from the one he had seen before. When he came up to it he found himself in the same farm-yard which he had lately left. The thing appeared to him exceedingly strange. Like the multitude on the day of Pentecost, he began to ask himself,—“What meaneth this?” And the same Spirit which worked mightily of old was also working now on the mind of the learned farmer. He quietly walked up to the window, and peeped in, and listened. Francis Evans was reading a portion of the Word of God. In his own tongue he was repeating the sweet words with which Jesus had cheered the hearts of the multitudes on the Mount. “Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.” Blessing followed blessing, as if there were a difficulty in pouring forth sufficient blessings on sinful humanity. William Pritchard listened. Was there not also a blessing for him? The good man within made a few remarks on the verses which he had read, and then he and his family fell together on their knees to offer up their evening prayer to their God. What did he say? We know not—most likely he remembered his ungodly country and his unconverted neighbours, little thinking that one of them was at the time listening to the petitions which he offered up on his behalf. However, the words of the Saviour, and the fervent prayer of His good servant, left a deep impression on the mind of William Pritchard. After the prayer was over he walked away, and found his way home without any further difficulty.

The light in the window had been the means of bringing light into the heart of the benighted farmer. “The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ” had penetrated into his dark soul; and it became the strong desire of his heart henceforth to let the light that was in him shine before men, that they also might glorify his Father in heaven. He at once broke off his connexion with his former ungodly companions, and did his best to put down those sinful practices of the neighbourhood in which he himself had previously indulged. William Pritchard soon found that the way of life on which he had now entered was “hard-pressed” with difficulties. And, strange to say, the greatest difficulties which he experienced arose from a quarter whence he might have expected least. The mightiest and most violent opposition which he had to endure in trying to scatter the light was presented by those who professed to be “the children of the light.” At the time of which we are writing, the spiritual condition of North Wales was very deplorable. I am not sure that there was “a church in

every parish." But of this I am sure, that the parishioners knew far more about cock-fights and foot-ball than about the Gospel, and that the majority of those who had their charge cared less for souls than for silver.

The Independents had then a church at Llanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire, under the care of a very excellent minister, Mr. Lewis Rees, the father of the late Dr. Abraham Rees, of London. As Mr. Rees forms an important link in the chain of events connected with *the light in the window*, my readers will pardon me for going a little out of what may seem the straight path; and for their patience I shall reward them with a true little tale, which they may not have heard before, about *A Congregation of Stocking-Knitters*.

The minister of Llanbrynmair had on one occasion been invited to preach at the house of one Meyrick Davies, of the parish of Llanuwchllyn, near Bala. At the appointed time Mr. Rees went, and when the hour for commencing the service arrived; the farm-house was well filled with men and women, all of whom were busily engaged in knitting stockings. Mr. Rees rose and began to read a chapter. The audience, however, did not seem at all disposed to give up their knitting. After reading, he expounded the chapter; still the knitting-needles continued to ply; he engaged in prayer without any strong hope of interesting them, seeing that his hearers were far more bent on knitting than on worshipping God. Before he closed his eyes to look up to heaven, the last thing he saw was every one knitting as fast as he or she could. But as he prayed, the spirit of prayer came down, not only upon himself but upon his hitherto inattentive hearers. He no longer heard the clicking of knitting-pins, but here and there a sigh, till sighs became more general; and when the good man opened his eyes, the knitting-needles, stockings, and yarn were lying together in peace on the floor, where they had fallen during the minister's earnest prayer. Thus, the service which had begun so unpromisingly was blessed by the Lord.

The stocking-knitters pressed Mr. Rees to pay them another visit. He did so; and thus an Independent Church was first formed at Llanuwchllyn, which remains, and has prospered until now. Soon after William Pritchard had seen the light, the minister of Llanbrynmair paid a visit to the little Independent Church at Pwllheli, and advised them to send for one Jenkyn Morgan, who was at that time master of one of the Rev. G. Jones's circulating schools, at Llanuwchllyn. For this purpose Francis Evans, with whose name you are already acquainted, went all the way from Pwllheli to Llanuwchllyn, and succeeded in getting the schoolmaster to return with him. As William

Pritchard was still a member of the Established Church, and stood high in the estimation of his neighbours, he was chosen as the fittest person to visit the clergyman, and ask his permission to keep the school in the parish church. This request was most indignantly refused. "Well," said Pritchard, "if you have authority over the church, I am master of my own kitchen. He shall keep the school there." And so it was. Many children, and some adults, came to be taught by the diligent schoolmaster, who not only taught his pupils to read and write, but also did his best to lead them to a knowledge of the Saviour.

After this, William Pritchard left the Established Church, and joined the Independent Church at Pwllheli, a step which exposed him to much slander and violent persecution. He had now cast his lot among a despised people, and must henceforth bear the heavy penalty. The Welsh landlords were then, as now, almost exclusively Churchmen, and then, as now, a not unusual way of persecuting Dissenters was to turn them out of their farms. Like many more who have honoured their consciences, Pritchard was also turned out, and compelled to seek for himself and his family a new home. Thus it is that some tender-hearted Christians have, with more zeal than charity, tried to promote the cause of Him, whose noblest name is Love.

John Owen—the Rev. John Owen I ought to have said—Chancellor of Bangor, and Vicar of Llanor, near Pwllheli, was, during the first half of the eighteenth century, a most violent persecutor of Dissenters in North Wales. One Sunday, Pritchard went to hear him preach at Llanor, and was asked how he liked the sermon. "Not at all," he replied; "for he said many things contrary to the Word of God." An unkind tongue carried the saying to the Chancellor's ears, who at once proceeded against William Pritchard, for making such a remark on *consecrated ground*. The case was finally raised from the Ecclesiastical to the Civil Court, and with the help of a good counsel, Pritchard obtained a verdict in his favour. But the successor of the apostles was not to be conquered by law. What could not be done by right must, forsooth, be done by might. He used his influence with Pritchard's landlord, and induced him to give the Independent notice to quit his farm. Oh, the expense of keeping a conscience!

From Pwllheli, Pritchard removed to Plaspenmynydd, in Anglesea. Tongues of fire lose no time in scattering sparks of slander. Before the good man had reached his new home, an evil report had been spread abroad that he was a strange and dangerous character, and that any one who dared to hold intercourse with him would become deranged! The poor demoniac in the country of the Gadarenes was

not more dreaded than the honest Independent was when he first went to Anglesea. But, while the former was pitied, the latter was most violently persecuted. His ploughs, harrows, and other farming implements were wantonly destroyed by night. His property and servants, as well as himself, were daily exposed to insult and abuse. The maltreatment which he received reached such a pitch at last that he felt justified in seeking the protection of the law. One Sabbath morning his persecutors gathered a mob of about 250 persons, and, armed with such weapons as they thought needful, they went to Plaspenmynydd farm. William Pritchard was providentially from home. His servants had gone to church, so that Mrs. Pritchard, with an infant in her arms, and a servant girl, were alone, to face the heartless wretches. When they reached the house, their leader went up, and asked the helpless and trembling mother: "Where is thy roundhead and his preacher?" "The roundhead, as you are pleased to call him, is not at home," she meekly replied. Like ravening wolves, disappointed of their prey, and mad with fury, they broke the windows, mixed together the wheat, barley, and oats in the barns, and after doing what mischief they could without destroying life, they went away, thinking, most likely, that what they had done was part of their Christian duty. There is a limit to Christian forbearance, and Pritchard thought that that limit had now been reached. He placed the case in the hands of a lawyer. Several of the ringleaders were punished, and full compensation for the loss was awarded.

After this, his enemies changed their mode of persecuting him. False reports were carried to his landlord, who compelled him once more to quit his farm. But time would fail me to tell of all the persecutions which this good man endured. But he also found that He was true who had said: "I will never leave thee." On one occasion the Lord greatly strengthened his faith, by interposing to save his life, in a most providential manner. One of his enemies had bought a large knife at Carnarvon for the purpose of killing Pritchard, and went to the good man's house fully intent upon accomplishing the cruel deed. When he entered the house, William Pritchard was conducting family prayers. The villain sat until the prayer was over, which so completely unnerved him, that he was not able to commit the crime. He acknowledged his cruel intent, and begged pardon, vowing that he would never more annoy any one on account of his religion.

William Pritchard's life is full of interest for its own sake. He was a burning and shining light. Two of his servants were converted by seeing their master's consistent conduct. The memory of such a

sterling and genuine character cannot but be blessed. But his name is also inseparably connected with the history of Independency in Anglesea. The light which the Spirit of God had kindled in his soul when he lost his way home, and found his way to the Cross, that light he carried with him when driven out of Carnarvon to Anglesea, and it continued to burn and shine in spite of the storms with which the spirit of darkness did his best to quench it. And not only so; the light, instead of being quenched, gathered strength by opposition. Little did his enemies think that by persecuting him out of Carnarvonshire they were sending the light of the knowledge of God to Anglesea. William Pritchard lived to see a rich harvest spring out of the soil which he had sowed in sorrow and watered with many tears. At the time of his death, the Church which he had been the means of forming at Rhosymeircl, numbered, with its branches, 800 persons. This was the first Nonconformist Church in Anglesea, planted by the learned farmer, who, on a dark Sabbath night found THE LIGHT, by means of THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.—E. E.

"FULL OF GRACE."

THIS only-begotten Son of the Father was "*full of grace.*" Men who had been accustomed to hear of religion solely as stereotyped tradition or gloomy law, "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth," so full was He of the revealed mercy of God to sinners. That was the general impression made by His life and ministry. It is the impression made to-day by the record of it. We see Him still across the distance of ages, as that Divine head rises above the corn-fields through which He walked; we see Him under the trees at eventide, or sitting on Jacob's well at noon, or in a boat at the edge of Tiberias, or standing in the meadows near Bethsaida. Everywhere the impression made concerning Him is uniform. It is Divine love in earnest, "seeking and saving that which was lost." You here look upon not a speculative teacher, not a great analyst of the mystery of human life, not a disputatious theologian pouring forth doctrines and articles of belief, not a mighty intellect addressing the human understanding so as to found a school,—but on a living practical love, descending into the midst of men's sorrows, sufferings, and sins, and earnestly labouring to relieve them.

Christ represented Góð and religion in such a way as to enable the most sunken people to entertain hope of salvation. He threw the sunshine of a Divine compassion into the darkness of a sinner's heart and around his pathway, and declared in words of authority and grace that "to-day salvation was come to his house." Not even the soul of a tax-gathering miser and thief, whose heart was bound around with iron bars, like his strong boxes and coffers of gold, could resist this influence. It opened to the celestial love—Christ made known a "fulness of grace" which met the sinful man's need. Any limited manifestation would have failed of its end. The sinful soul would have responded in despair, "My sin is greater than your limited kindness can reach. It has gone up to heaven, it has sunk down to the shades of hell; I am ingrained with sin; sin has eaten like a cancer into my very vitals—'full of wounds and bruises and putrifying sores.' Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." But Jesus appeared to this man, ready to call upon the mountains to fall upon him, as a love, a compassion, which, while it was bright around him as the cloud of glory that shone over the shepherds at Bethlehem, extended into immensity. He spake of the forgiveness of "all manner of sins, and of blasphemies wherewith soever men should blaspheme." The sick, the lost, the weary, the heavy-laden, the worn-out body, the aching, distracted, doubting, demon-driven soul—these were declared to be the very objects of His mission. The leper, the woman which was a sinner, the adulteress, the dying robber—of all these He was the Saviour "to the uttermost." He "showed forth all long-suffering," so revealing God the Father; for it was the word of the Father speaking in Him.

And these words, "Full of grace," comprise the supply not only of all that sinners need on earth, but they comprise heaven itself in reversion. These sunbeams fly over an eternal future. Other rays of light are lost in distance, swallowed up in darkness, absorbed in the bosom of eternal night; but these go forward, bright as at first, into the profound, and reveal along the surface of that shoreless ocean the isles of the blessed stretching outward until they are lost in an horizon beyond which no eye but One can direct a space-penetrating beam.

He seeth under the whole heaven; and that which He sees is "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."
—*Rev. Edward White.*

THE ROYAL SUPREMACY.

ONE day Cranmer was asked, "Who is the supreme head of the Church of England?" "Christ," replied he, "as He is of the universal Church." "But have you not acknowledged the King as supreme head of the Church?" "We have acknowledged him as the supreme head of the whole people of England," replied Cranmer, "of ecclesiastics as well as of laymen." "What! not of the Church?" "No, never has *supreme head of the Church* meant anything else than what I say." This is explicit. This, however, was spoken by Cranmer after Henry's death, and it has been thought that he was then bolder than in the monarch's life-time. But an official document prepared at the same time as the Act of Parliament proclaiming the King head of the Church and State, says, "The title of supreme head of the Church gives the King no *new authority*; it does not mean that he can secure to himself any spiritual power." Elizabeth herself refused the title of head of the Church. These are facts which are, perhaps, not very generally known.—D'AUBIGNÉ.

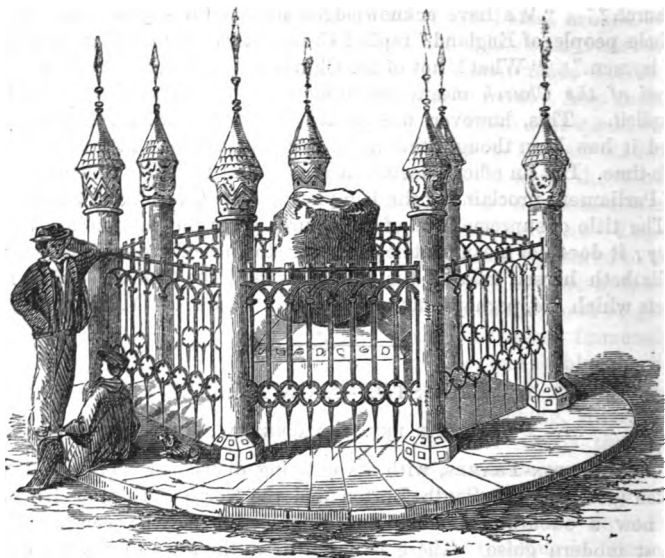
KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES.

BY THE REV. A. MACKENNAI, B.A.

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, with its outlying districts, Surbiton and Norbiton (probably the South Barton and the North Barton, or Irmeme), is now a suburb of London, and English life may be seen here in its most modern guise. There is but little in the town to give the casual observer an impression of antiquity. The church, the grammar-school, and a few houses in the back lanes, almost entirely used as "lodgings for travellers," date from the end of the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries. Besides these, no buildings or remains of buildings exist above ground to attest the age of this once royal borough.

By charter, chronicle, and other documents, however, the history of Kingston can be traced back for a thousand years; and relics are occasionally disinterred in the neighbourhood, associating it with the Roman invasion and conquest. It is certain that not far from the town, Cæsar crossed the Thames into the territory of Cassivelaunus, leading his troops over a ford, into which sharpened stakes had been driven, and up a bank defended by a stockade. At Combe, on Kingston Hill, there appears to have been a Roman town; foundations of walls of houses, urns and pieces of urns, and many medals and coins of the emperors, have been found in digging here. Under the hill, between

it and the river, sprung up the little town of Moreford, which name was afterwards changed into Kingston, when under the Saxons it became a royal borough. Some of the Saxon kings were crowned here; and a stone, railed in on a space of ground just beyond the market-place, is



THE KING'S STONE.

popularly believed to have been the very stone of enthronisation. A block, supporting the relic, contains their names and dates of coronation: Eadward, DCCCC.; Æthelstane, DCCCCXXVIII.; Eadmund, DCCCCXL.; Eadred, DCCCCXLVIII.; Eadwig, DCCCLVIII.; Eadward, DCCCLXXVII.; Æthelred, DCCCLXXVIII. The town was known, however, as "the king's town" before the earliest of these dates. A general council is mentioned as having been held in 838, under the presidency of King Egbert and his son Æthelwolf "*in loco famoco nomine Kingstone.*" An old Saxon chapel, which was perhaps the building in which these kings were crowned, and which had their portraits with some others on its walls, fell down in March, 1730. The sexton and one other man who were digging a grave near the foundation of one of the piers, were killed on the spot. A portion of the pier fell over, but not upon, the sexton's son and daughter, so protecting

them from the crashing timbers and walls. They were dug out safely and then recovered; the stone that saved them is now to be seen in Kingston Church, bearing the inscription: "1730, Life Preserved."

Kingston Bridge plays an important part in the history of Kingston town. The old name, *Moreford*, indicates that the town owed its origin to the convenient river-crossing at this point. An ancient tradition, mentioned by *Leland*, shows us the busy Saxon town rising in picturesque contrast with the deserted war-station from which the Romans had once watched the district. "In the olde tyme the commune saying ys, that the Bridge where the commune passage was over the Thames at olde Kingston, was lower on the River than it is now; and when men began the new Town in the Saxon Tymes, they toke from the very clive of Come Park Side to build on the Tamiae side, and settle a new Bridge hard by the same." A total change in the conditions of national life is indicated in these contracted rites; the change from times of invasion and conquest to those of settled domestic habits and the development of agriculture and commerce. But for many a year, Kingston was exposed to troubles because of its bridge. It was about the only passage over the Thames for several miles round; and in times of rebellion and of civil war, the possession of it was an object of importance. We read of fights on Kingston Bridge in most of the troubles that arose from the disputed succession to the English throne.



KINGSTON BRIDGE.

At Kingston-on-Thames is said to have assembled the first armed force raised to enable Charles I. to resist his Parliament; and one of the last engagements between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces took place in this neighbourhood, in July, 1648. A company of cavaliers, several hundreds strong, under the Duke of Buckingham and his brother, Lord Francis Villiers, assembled at Kingston, and set out against the Parliamentary army at Reigate. Major Gibbons, however, drove them back, and they suffered a complete rout, in an engagement on Surbiton Common. The beautiful Lord Francis fell in the fight, and some "chirurgeons," whom the Parliament sent down next day to attend to his wounds, found only his dead body on the field, stripped and robbed.

Kingston appears to have been, for the most part, Royalist, with a feeble sentimental kind of loyalty, that showed itself in entertainments of the courtiers and ringing of the bells on a visit of the king. This feeling, however, was not universal, for in 1638, a zealous Puritan church-warden gave the ringers 6s. 8d. for *not* ringing the bells when Charles I. went through the town. In the century preceding, a distinguished Puritan, Richard Taverner, inhabited Norbiton Hall. Taverner was a Reformer before the Reformation in 1552; though a layman, he received from King Edward imperial license to preach in every part of His Majesty's dominions. He preached from place to place through the kingdom, and at court before the king. When high sheriff of Oxfordshire, he once entered the beautiful stone pulpit of St. Mary's, with his gold chain about his neck, and his sword by his side, and thus commenced his discourse to the assembled scholars:—"Arriving at the Mount of St. Marie's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits baked in the oven of Charity, and carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

John Udal, who died in the Munhalera, in 1592, after more than three years imprisonment under sentence of death, for his supposed authorship of a treatise against the bishops in the Marpulto controversy, had formerly been a minister at Kingston. Here, too, laboured for twenty years, Dr. Edward Staunton, afterwards Master of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, from which he was removed at the Restoration. Staunton's preaching and influence wrought a great reformation in Kingston, and when he abandoned his living, rather than read the "Book for Sports on the Lord's Days," he was universally regretted. "Nor was there any love lost between them; he would to the last call the people of Kingston his joy and his crown; and would often say that were it not for some

wrangling persons, a minister might live as comfortable a life among them as among any people in England." Ten of Staunton's children were buried in the church, and the following epitaph may still be read in the Vicar's chancel :—

"Ten children in one grave! A dreadful sight,
Seven sons, and daughters three; Job's number right.
Childhood and youth are lain: death reigns o'er all,
Even those that never sinned like Adam's fall.
But why o'er all? In the first man every one
Sinned and fell; not he himself alone.
Our hopes' in Christ the second Adam: He
Who saves the elect from sin and misery.
What's that to us poor children? 'Tis our creed,
God is a God to the faithful and their seed.
Sleep on (dear children), never more to wake,
Till Christ doth raise you and to glory take."

Mr. Richard Mayo, a man of great sweetness of temper, and sincerity and prudence in conduct, was minister in Kingston at the passing of the Bartholemew Act. Being unable to conform he suffered ejection; he afterwards gathered a large and flourishing congregation in London. His son, Daniel Mayo, presided over a Nonconformist congregation in Kingston. Being chosen pastor of the congregation at Hackney, in 1714, he divided his labours between the two places, preaching on alternate Sundays at each. The old Presbyterian congregation, the remnant of the ejection, gradually dwindled away so that it is difficult to fix the period of its extinction. The present Independent Church has a continuous history dating from the end of the last century, and its history is an honourable one. The reserve which ought always to characterise references to living men, especially in religious history, forbids our saying anything more than that the influence of this Church has, from its commencement, been felt beneficially in the town.

Kingston is somewhat noticeable in the history of the Friends. It was a favourite place of retirement with George Fox, who seems always to have found peacefulness here. A company of Friends remains, the witness of his influence here.

Many an interesting fact in Kingston history we have been compelled to pass over for want of space: the parish records and the charities of Kingston would furnish ample material for another paper, that would carry back the reader to a state of society as different from the present as were Roman from Saxon times. The tide of modern life has reached this antique burgh; the questions of to-day are excluding from the common view its former history. One of the most delicate and difficult

problems is presented to Churches in this neighbourhood and in all such suburbs: how, amid luxurious conditions, to retain habits of Christian and philanthropic activity. It is useless to fight against the necessities and tendencies of the times; suburban life is a modern feature, and its conditions must be accepted as those with which we have to do. Earnest men will neither lament nor be disheartened by them; they will endeavour to understand them, assured that, like the man of former days, they will find it possible to "serve their generation according to the will of God."

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"THE sun!" said the forest. "In the night I am still and voiceless. A weight of silence lies upon my heart. If you pass through me the sound of your own footstep echoes fearfully, like the footfall of a ghost. If you speak to break the spell, the silence closes in on your words, like the ocean on a pebble you throw into it. The wind sighs far off among the branches, as if he were hushing his breath to listen. If a little bird chirps uneasily in its nest, it is silenced before you can find out whence the sound came. But the dawn breaks. Before a grey streak can be seen my trees feel it, and quiver through every old trunk and tiny twig with joy; my birds feel it, and stir dreamily in their nests, as if they were just murmuring to each other, 'How comfortable we are!' Then the wind awakes, and tunes my trees for the concert, striking his hand across one and another, until all their varied harmonies are astir; the soft liquid rustlings of my oaks and beeches make the rich treble to the deep plaintive tones of my pines. Then my early birds awake one by one, and answer each other in sweet responses, until the sun rises, and the whole joyous chorus bursts into song to the organ and flute accompaniments of my evergreens and summer leaves; and in the pauses, countless happy insects chirp and buzz, and whirl with contented murmurings among my ferns and flower bells. The sun makes me musical!" said the forest.

What makes things musical?

"Storms!" said the sea. "In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or now and then say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when all my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns, and rush with all my battle-music on the rocks.

whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind peals its wild trumpet-peals, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voices of a thousand rivers. My music is battle-music. Storms make me musical!" said the sea.

What makes things musical?

"Action!" said the stream. "I lay still in my mountain cradle for a long while. It is very silent up there. Occasionally the shadow of an eagle swept across me with a wild cry; but generally, from morning till night, I knew no change, save the shadows of my rocky cradle which went round steadily with the sun, and the shadows of the clouds which glided across me, without my ever knowing whence or whither. But the rocks and clouds are very silent. The singing-birds did not venture so high; and the insects had nothing to tempt them near me, because no honeyed flower-bells bent over me there—nothing but little mosses and grey lichens; and these, though very lovely, are quiet creatures, and make no stir. I used to find it monotonous sometimes, and longed to have power to wake the hills; and I should have found it more so had I not felt I was growing, and should flow forth to bless the fields by and by. Every drop that fell into my rocky bason I welcomed; and, at last, the spring rains came, and all my rocks sent me down little rills on every side, and the snows melted into my cup; and, at last, I rose beyond the rim of my dwelling, and was free. Then I danced down over the hills, and sang as I went, till all the lonely places were glad with my voice; and I tinkled over the stones like bells, and crept among my cresses like fairy flutes, and dashed over the rocks and plunged into the pools with all my endless harmonies. Action makes me musical!" said the stream.

What makes things musical?

"Suffering!" said the harp-strings. "We were dull lumps of silver and copper ore in the mines; and no silence on the living sunny earth is like the blank of voiceless ages in those dead and sunless depths. But, since then we have passed through many fires. The hidden earth-fires underneath the mountains first moulded us, millenniums since, to ore; and then, in these last years, human hands have finished the training which makes us what we are. We have been smelted in furnaces heated seven times, till all our dross was gone; and then we have been drawn out on the rack, and hammered and fused, and, at last, stretched on these wooden frames, and drawn tighter and tighter, until we wondered at ourselves, and at the gentle hand which strikes such rich and wondrous chords and melodies from us—from us, who were

once silent lumps of ore in the silent mines. Fires and blows have done it for us. Suffering has made us musical!" said the harpstrings.

What makes things musical?

"Union!" said the rocks. "What could be less musical than we, as we rose in bare crags from the hill-tops, or lay strewn about in huge isolated boulders in the valleys? The trees which sprang from our crevices had each its voice; the forest which clothed our sides had all the voices blended in richest harmonies when the wind touched them; the streams which gushed from our stony hearts sang joyous carols to us all day and all night long; the grasses and wild-flowers which clasped their tiny fingers round us had each some sweet murmur of delight as the breezes played with them; but we, who ever thought there was music in us? Yet now a human hand has gathered us from moor and mountain and lonely fell, and side by side we lie and give out music to the hand that strikes us. Thus we, who had laid for centuries unconscious that there was a note of music in our hearts, answer one another in melodious tones, and combine in rich chords, just because we have been brought together. Union makes us musical!" said the rocks.

What makes things musical?

"Life!" said the oak beam in the good ship. "I know it by its loss. Once I quivered in the forest at the touch of any breeze. Every living leaf of mine had melody, and all together made a stream of many-voiced music; whilst around me were countless living trees like myself, who woke at early dawn to a chorus in the morning breeze. But since the axe was laid at our roots, all the music has gone from our branches. We are useful still, they say, in the gallant ship, and our country mentions us with honour, even in death; but the music has gone from us with life for ever, and we can only groan and creak in the storms. Life made us musical!" said the oak beam.

What makes creatures musical?

"Joy!" laughed the children, and their happy laughter pealed through the sweet fresh air as they bounded over the fields, as if it had caught the most musical tones of everything musical in nature,—the ripple of waves, the tinkling of brooks, the morning songs of birds. "Joy makes creatures musical!" said the children.

What makes things musical?

"Love!" said the little thrush, as he warbled to his mate on the spring morning; and the mother, as she sang soft lullabies to her babe. And all the creatures said—

"Amen! Love makes us musical. In storms and sunshine, suf-

fering and joy, action, union, life, love is the music at the heart of all. Love makes us musical!" said all the creatures.

And from the multitude before the throne, who through fires of tribulation and storms of conflict, had learned the new song, and from depths of darkness and the silence of isolation had been brought together in the light of life to sing it, is floated down a soft "Amen, for God is love." By the Author of "*Tales and Sketches of Christian Life*."

THE BOLTON MASSACRE.

THE Bolton massacre was a horrible affair. The Puritan accounts are undoubtedly exaggerated, but even according to the Royalist accounts, nothing worse, probably nothing so bad, has ever been perpetrated upon an English town by Englishmen in any of the civil wars by which England has been distracted. It is certain that Rupert, having an immense superiority of numbers, and sure of victory, issued an order forbidding his soldiers to give quarter to any man found in arms. Under this order, as the Royalists acknowledge, many of Rigby's two thousand men were killed. The general slaughter of unarmed people is undeniable. So far from denying it, recent advocates of the Royalists say, "It can excite little surprise." I can only reply, It excites no little surprise that any respectable writer should say so. Be it that Bolton was abhorred by all good Churchmen as a nest of vile Puritans; be it that Rupert was an implacable foreigner, and Lord Derby indignant on account of the injuries he had received,—these are miserable extenuations of the indiscriminate slaughter of unarmed people. Women belonging to the best families of the town were wantonly killed. Helpless men in the open country and neighbouring villages, were shot and barbarously mangled. The soldiers boasted of their slaughter of the conquered, let us hope to a greater extent than the murders they actually perpetrated would have justified. With frightful oaths they denounced the ministers, especially the venerable pastor of Dean, inquiring, as they went about the town, "Where is the old rogue Horrocks, that preaches in a grey cloak?"

Unhappily the Earl of Derby, leading a forlorn hope, was among the first who entered the town, and allowed his troops to engage in the horrible slaughter. He is charged by contemporaneous writers, with killing a disarmed officer brought into his presence as a prisoner. I should hope the charge is not true, although it is supported by writers of both sides. Major Edward Robinson says: "The Earl drew upon

him and ran him through with his sword, two men holding the prisoner by each arm, a cruel and butcherly act." The Royalist chronicler thus strangely defends the Earl:—"The Earl did him the honour of too good a death, to die by his lord's hand." The Earl's chaplain offers some extenuation, as he tells us the Earl said, "I will not kill thee, but I cannot save thee from others," who then killed him. Be this as it may, the guilt of the murder was in Bolton universally attributed to the Earl, and the vengeance of the town was not appeased, until, on the same spot, his lordship was beheaded. Long afterwards the memory of the Stanleys was execrated in Bolton.

Rigby, seeing in the emergency that all was lost, conducted himself with wonderful coolness and fortitude. When his own men were dispersed or slain, being personally unknown to Rupert's soldiers, he boldly rode among them as if he were a Royalist, discovered their pass word, fell into their rear under the pretence of rallying their loiterers, and, watching his opportunity, galloped from the town, and was soon beyond the reach of his enemies.

Many brave men fell that day in Bolton. The massacre of the townspeople was frightful, but the distress was not confined to the town or immediate neighbourhood. Rigby's officers were members of the principal Puritan families of Amounderness, who bitterly lamented their sad bereavements. The towns of Preston, Kirkham, and Garstang, mourned the loss of some of their most valued inhabitants. The sorrow and indignation of the bereaved families were intensified by the tales that were told of the tortures which many endured, the insults which many received, and the brutality with which many were compelled to sing psalms and say prayers for the sport of a drunken soldiery.—*Lancashire, its Puritanism and its Nonconformity. By Rev. Dr. Halley.*

VARIETIES OF CHARACTER.

MEN are naturally different, not less different in soul than in flesh. As no two men are exactly the same in form and feature, however marvellous may be occasional resemblances, so no two men are perfect copies of each other in mental and moral constitution and temperament. Had man not sinned we have no reason to suppose it would have been otherwise. There is endless variety in nature. There is difference in heaven above and earth beneath—in stars, and trees, and animals. There is difference in the Church—even in its miraculous endowments—diverse "operations" of the "same God," diverse "ministrations" of

the "same Lord," diverse "gifts" of the "same Spirit." And in its common attributes still more.

As man is not made alike in all individuals, so he is not remade alike. Regeneration is not a new beginning of a man, but a beginning of the best good in a man. It confers no fresh faculties or sensibilities, but awakens, restores, and controls those already in existence. The only thing bad in man is sin. That is the root of all other evil, of darkness, weakness, and corruption. And the grace of God is to put that away. It is as with a painting, covered through long years with dust and smoke, looking as if one dark surface; the divine grace cleanses that surface, and restores the portrait, not by making fresh features, but bringing out the old ones. It is as with natural life: a man has little vital power, the action of the heart is feeble almost to death, and it shows itself in different effects according to the several functions of the body, causing torpor, pain, or disfigurement as the case may be, or all together; and the divine grace quickens new life, and without adding or altering organs, secures the regular and energetic action of each.

And all this is true, not alone of the main divisions of our nature, already mentioned, but of minor parts and separate powers, not only of thoughts, but kinds and tones of thinking; not only of emotions, but of orders and qualities of feeling; not only of actions, but of the natures and conditions of action. There is thought of the sure foot, and thought of the strong wing; there is feeling of the distant harp, and feeling of the near trumpet; there is action of the gentle light, and action of the scathing lightning. There is the intellect which analyses, and the intellect which generalises, which cunningly dissects, and which gorgeously clothes; there is the heart which is quick to resent, or quick to love—sanguine to believe what it hopes, or timid to believe what it fears; and there is the active energy which seeks its ends by quiet, steady labour, or by vigorous single efforts—which works best alone or best in company. And, however a man is marked in respect to all these things before he knows Christ, he may be marked by them after he knows Him, remaining the man when he becomes the Christian, and not losing his individuality when he joins the general assembly and Church of the First-born. And just as the varieties above and below make the sky more glorious and the earth more beautiful, and the diversities of Christian gifts and powers contribute to the greater strength and usefulness of the Church, so all these individual distinctions, when inspired and ruled by the Son of Man, become both a grace and power.

—*Rev. J. A. Morris.*

BEAR THE CROSS PATIENTLY.

Bear the cross patiently ; do not repine,
Though heavy and painful thy lot ;
Oft tempted to mourn, "There is no grief like mine,"
Be silent and murmur not.

Bear the cross patiently ; hard though it be
To see *why* He tries thee thus ;
Still rest and be sure of this, that *He*
Knows best what is best for us.

Bear the cross patiently ; that *little* cross,
Which day by day thou must bear ;
That little trouble—that little loss,
Too little for others to share.

Bear the cross patiently : has *He* not said,
"Thy strength shall be as thy day ?"
Then follow on patiently as thou art led,
Be the path as rough as it may.

Bear the cross patiently ; and when oppressed
Most sorely beneath thy load,
Take it and seek for relief and rest,
By casting thy cross on thy God.

Bear the cross patiently : did He not bear
His own cross with patience for thee ?
And wilt thou repine His crosses to share,
Nay, bear them, though heavy they be.

Bear the cross patiently ; up in the skies
There is One well acquainted with grief ;
He sees all thy tears, and feels all thy sighs,
And is near thee to send thee relief.

Bear the cross patiently : art thou not His ?
And is not the Saviour thine own ?
Then let Him allot what crosses He please,
To have Him for all will atone.

Bear the cross patiently : soon thou shalt rest,
And cast every burden down ;
And bear in the realms of the holy and blessed,
Instead of the cross, a crown.

THE TWO GHOSTS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to tell, with much zest a story of a man who tried to frighten his friend by encountering him at midnight on a lonely spot which was supposed to be the resort of a ghostly visitant. He took his seat on the haunted stone wrapped in a long white sheet. Presently, to his horror, the real ghost appeared, and sat down beside him, with the ominous ejaculation, "You are a ghost, and I am a ghost; let us come closer and closer together." And closer and closer the ghost pressed, till the sham ghost, overcome with terror, fainted away. This, we fear, is the fate which awaits the ritualist imitators of the Church of Rome. That mighty ghost—"the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire"—the ghost of the dead Middle Ages—will press closer and closer to our poor dressed-up ghost, till the greater absorbs the lesser, or deprives it, by mere juxtaposition, of any true spiritual life.—*Edinburgh Review.*

AUNT LOIS.

AUNT LOIS was a good Christian, but she made that particular mistake in repeating the Lord's Prayer which so many of us quite unconsciously do,—she always said—*My* will be done, instead of *Thy* will. Not in so many words, of course,—it was the secret inner voice of her essential nature that spoke and said one thing, while her tongue said another. But then who can be sure enough of himself in this matter to cast the first stone at Aunt Lois?—MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE endowed schools of England are at length under review. And they need it. They have been sadly neglected. Westminster School, which belongs to a Chapter with more than £60,000 a year, educates about forty free scholars. Charterhouse School, with an income of about £11,000 a year, educates about the same number. Christ's Hospital, with about £80,000 a year at least, is notoriously defective in its educational machinery. St. Paul's School was founded to educate 150 boys of London, with a revenue then adequate to do no more, but now that its income has grown to £11,000 a year, but little additional benefits have been conferred on those who ought to reap the advantage. According to the report of the Education Commissioners, in one school,

with an endowment of £600 a year, there were only three pupils, and the education of these was shamefully neglected. In another school, with an income of nearly £800 a year, the master has three boarders and no other pupils. In yet another two masters received between them the endowment of £300 a year for teaching three boys. Penworthen School is reported as having an income of £1,000 a year, with only twenty boys attending it; while Bosworth School, with a revenue of about £1,200 a year, had only three scholars learning grammar.

Mr. Forster's Endowed Schools' Bill, the aim of which is to correct such abuses of money and educational privilege, will shortly become law. It has been called the Reform Bill of the Middle-class Education of the country, and, as the *Nonconformist* remarks, is second only in importance and in breadth of purpose to the Irish Church Bill. Commissioners are to be appointed who will be empowered to deal with all the educational endowments in the kingdom, for the purpose of extracting from them the best educational results. Neither trustees nor masters will be able to stand in the way of the Commissioners, and there is no reason why, in a few years, the endowed schools of this country should not be doing all the useful work which it is possible for them to do. The Bill is satisfactory in regard to its religious character. No school is to be treated as a denominational school, unless where that is clearly provided for by the authority of the founder, or by regulations made within fifty years after his death. The governing bodies may be composed of Dissenters as well as Churchmen, and masters may be appointed irrespectively of the religious denomination to which they may belong.

A number of gentlemen who have visited Jamaica, headed by a score of M.P.'s, recently waited on Earl Granville and Mr. Monsell, at the Colonial Office, on the subject of the Jamaica Church Establishment. The term for which that Church was established expires this year, and the object of the deputation was to enter a protest against its renewal. The main facts insisted upon were that, while 40,000 people attended the Episcopal Church of that island, three times that number attended the chapels of other denominations built and sustained wholly by voluntary contributions. Yet the Episcopal clergy are maintained by Colonial taxation, and their support is a charge upon the small and heavily-burdened income of the island to the extent of £26,000 a year. The answer given by Earl Granville to the deputation may be regarded as satisfactory, and justifies the remark of the *English Independent*, which says:—"There is little doubt that the Jamaica and Irish Establishments will expire together."

Romanism is declining in America. Archbishop Spaulding, of Baltimore, complains and confesses that while many intelligent persons throughout the country embrace the Romish faith, a greater number are lost to it. "If," said he, "we look for the descendants of those numerous Catholic families who have emigrated to this country during the past and present century, we shall find that many of them have wandered away from the faith of their fathers, and not a few of them are now ranked among the most active and unrelenting enemies of the Church of God."

The conversion of two Roman Catholics to Protestantism is announced. One is a theological student of great promise, who is now about to study for the Protestant ministry. While at the University of Vienna he busied himself in translating the Bible into his native language, and it is now hoped that his translation will be published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The other has been for fifteen years a member of the order of the Brothers of Mercy, and he has resolved to become a Protestant schoolmaster.

Dr. Cumming informed a meeting at Leeds that he was writing a letter to the Pope, making inquiries as to the freedom of speech to be allowed at the forthcoming general council to be held at Rome. If the Pope's reply were favourable, the Doctor said he would go to Rome, and show that the unity of Christ's Church, in its highest and sublimest sense, existed in English and Scottish Christendom at this moment. He would show the council that in the Protestant Church we had unity but no uniformity, while in the Roman Catholic Church they had perfect uniformity but no unity.

At the dedication of the New Bible Society House, in May, it was stated that the whole cost of the building was defrayed by special subscriptions except £500. This sum has since been cleared off. The Fishmongers' Company gave for this purpose £100. The Salters', Goldsmiths', Grocers', Clothworkers', and Saddlers' Companies have also contributed.

At a recent Sunday-school Convention in America, the Rev. Henry W. Beecher, advocating the cause of Mission Schools, and Mission preaching, said:—"I believe in pulpit preaching. But I think that pulpit preaching is very much like apothecaries compounding opodeldoc, or some other liniment, and bottling it in phials, on which they label the direction, "to be well rubbed in!" I know no way in which preaching can be so well rubbed in as by the Mission Sunday-schools. I know no way in which young men and young women, listening to the Gospel, and feeling it stir in their blood, can so well preach it as by

giving it again to their classes. I know no way in which the Gospel can be so well preached as by these living echoes,—these young men and young women who have listened to it, and felt it stirring in their blood, and have re-preached it to their classes. Speaking once upon the hill-tops, hill after hill took up the sound, until the air was filled with my single words. So every minister ought to have a repeating church, and every living heart in it ought to take up the sermon in its essential truths, and reverberate it until the whole moral air around him is full of its echoing and re-echoing."

The "Echo" states that Messrs. Strahan & Co., the publishers of "Good Words," have placed to the credit of Dr. Guthrie the sum of £5,000, for the purpose of going to the Holy Land, and then writing a Commentary on the Bible, to be published in penny numbers.—The "Record" had the following curious advertisement:—"The friends of any Evangelical Clergyman having two thousand guineas at command can obtain a position of eminence for him."

The following ministers have accepted Congregational pastorates:—The Rev. J. Wood, of King's Lynn, at Oxford Street Church, Leicester; Rev. T. Carter, at Albion Road Church, Hammersmith; Rev. W. H. Fothergil, of Melbourne, Derbyshire, at Barrow-in-Furness; Rev. T. Orr, of Mitcham, at Poole; Mr. W. D. Summers, of Hackney College, at Southminster, Essex; Rev. D. Williams, late of Blackburn, at Adlington; Mr. F. Hall, of Airedale, at Thornton, Bradford, as co-pastor; Rev. J. Brown, of Hambleton, at Bishop's Castle, Shropshire; Rev. J. Deighton, late of the New Tabernacle, London, at Wickham Market; Rev. A. Cooke, B.A., at Acock's Green, Birmingham; Rev. Mr. McConachie at Duncanston; Rev. G. Burgess, of Church Street Chapel, Ware, at the High Street Church, in the same town.

The following have been ordained as pastors of Congregational Churches:—Rev. G. Hunsworth, M.A., of Rotherham College, at Mixenden; Rev. A. Jackson, at Halesworth; Rev. B. Bond, at Chinnor, Oxon; Rev. R. Rew, at Batheaston, Bath; Rev. D. Thomas, late of Lulworth, at Cerne Abbas; and Rev. M. H. Lesla, at Hambleton, Bucks.

The following have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches:—Rev. G. Orme, at Chapstow; Rev. G. Chisholm, late of Salford, at Bourne; Rev. R. T. Verral, at Greenwich Road; and Rev. J. C. Burnett, at Saxmundham.

The following have resigned their pastorates:—the Rev. E. Corke, at Northfleet; Rev. M. J. Evans, B.A., at Stratford-on-Avon; and Rev. J. Raven, at Ipswich.

"UNDO YOUR WORK!"

I was early left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such, that I was determined to study for an actor's profession at all risks. I was but thirteen when I first applied to a manager, who was evidently favourably impressed, and who told me that if I was willing to come for small pay, I might work my way up, "if it was in me." So I began as a stage-boy, ready to do any service required of me; and no slave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

Night and day I studied. Every motion of my superiors was watched; every gesture criticised. O! how often have I thought since then—had my Bible but been my text-book!

I was not inclined to dissipation, but was fearful of offending by a denial when I was tempted to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I never was a drunkard, never was a blasphemer. God was good to me while I thought not of Him. Many of my companions were unfit for friends, still less for guides. There was Althorp—a fine fellow in a convivial sense—he died a miserable death. There were John Monk and Fred Larrys—O yes, a host of them; I can recall their faces, but they are gone. Where? The drunkard's grave was their last refuge. I dare not say what scenes I witnessed; I might have met men as reckless in any other profession, but I do not think I should. However, after seven years of toil, I began to command fair remuneration, and seven years more saw me on the high road to fame. I was very successful in all my undertakings, and finally, for the sake of a permanent and profitable salary, I agreed to remain with L——, a popular stage manager in one of our largest and wealthiest cities, for a term of years. I was a general favourite with the public, and my appearance never failed to call forth vehement applause, so that I became vain of my own personal beauty, and of the popularity I had acquired. Extreme pride kept me from the fashionable vices of the day. I looked down with contempt on those who indulged in debasing follies. The same dread of appearances forbade me to use oaths or words of doubtful meaning, to avoid which I preferred paying a fine.

When I commenced my engagement with L——, I began to notice sitting in the pit a fair haired-boy, some fifteen years of age, whose evident admiration of myself, and close attention to whatever I did or said, gratified and pleased me exceedingly. Night after night he would be in the same place, always excited, always entering into the spirit of

the play. He was extremely delicate in appearance, with blue eyes, and hair as soft and delicate as that of a young child. Two years passed, and still the boy came, though not so frequently. Sometimes he appeared in the boxes with a lady, but he oftener made his appearance alone.

My attention was always directed towards him now, from the fact that there was a change gradually taking place in his appearance. The pallid cheek was flushed to an extreme crimson, and the manner was more excited, the eyes having grown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; then he disappeared, and gradually I forgot him.

But God had not forgotten *me*. It chanced that in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me, and as there was a living original, I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a very few moments.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this fair woman. She could not have seen more than seventeen summers, and I was sure that the seal of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her countenance such as I had never met with before; and as with the candour of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me, out of the fulness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this incomparable man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some excuse to leave, "Have you not been suffering from illness?"

A flash of light broke over and played along her features as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life; I have been very ill. I shall never be better than you see me now—and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upward—the folding of the hands—the fitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction. I sat there, accused by the Spirit of God; and when the good old pastor returned, I told him, trembling, for what I had come; and now for what I remained—Christian counsel.

That part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back ! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud, and wayward man ; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying woman the face of an angel.

Years passed, and found me at length no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became, comparatively, a poor man. Christ and His cross were all my theme, and in my own soul I found compensation far out-weighting that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house, and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing in — street, wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber where, on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay extended in what seemed to be a deathly sleep. His brow was of a strange whiteness, and back from its broad arch swept masses of silken light hair, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, grieved and careworn look gave to features exceedingly youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing, and passion.

"You—you have—come," he said slowly, with difficulty, "to see—the wreck you have made!"

I was startled—awe-struck. Suddenly the features became familiar to me.

"Yes—you! you—a minister of the Gospel now? Undo your work—before you preach to sinners—give me back what I have lost—my soul!"

"My poor young friend," I said, trembling with excitement. He interrupted me.

"Friend! friend! you shall not call me friend; I say you have ruined me! Here on this sick bed—where I have seen spectres from hell, worse than ever the imagination of men could paint, stalking about me—here—prayerless—Christless—dying!—I say you have ruined me! Thrall'd by your power, I followed you like a slave, until I was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of the accursed theatre. Curses on it! curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue; destroyed my soul. Come"—and he laughed with a mocking shout that froze my blood with horror—"undo your work! Is it fair—is it fair, I ask you—that you, *my* destroyer, should be saved and I be lost?"

"O! do not talk thus!" I cried in agony of spirit. "Sorely have I repented of my past life; most deeply conscious am I that I have led men astray—forgive me—here on my knees I pray you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will only listen to me. Let me beseech of you to turn to Christ as I have turned. The past I cannot blot out—would that I could! I have repented in abasement and humiliation—now let me lead you to that merciful Redeemer who alone can wash away our sins."

He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled—and with a long low groan, he clasped his thin hands over his face and burst into tears.

We wept together! Never had a visit to the bed of the dying seemed so inexpressibly solemn—his deep-drawn gasping sobs, heaving chest—and tears heavily falling over the white face, while in utter self-abasement I reflected upon the power for life or death man wields over his fellow-man.

"Oh!" he sobbed—"I have lost all that makes men honoured—I might have lived years—long years. But I am going to the grave a shame and grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. And lying here day after day, I have thought of you—how in my eager admiration I followed you, and learned to love, through your representations, the enticements of the stage—and I have hated—yes—I have cursed you!"

"I deserve it all," was my reply. "I need this humbling testimony; but oh! I cannot bear to think that you will die still cursing me. I will do my best to restore your soul—I will point you to the Lamb of God—I will tell you that, vile as you are in your sight and the sight of Heaven, Jesus Christ will take your sin away though it be like scarlet, and clothe you in the robes of righteousness. I will tell you how there is more rejoicing in heaven over one who repents, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Jesus came not to the good, but to the vile, the very vilest. Oh! will you forgive me, if I seek to lead you to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world?"

There was a pause. At length—

"Do this—give me hope—hope—a little hope that Heaven will accept me—oh! pray for me—and I will forgive and bless you," he said, holding out one of his pale hands wet with tears.

Of my prayers I cannot speak. Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, to feel that his soul would be required at my hands—he, the beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency! Wonder not that I say words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never prayed and wept before; and the tears fell yet faster when I

heard from his lips before I left him that he rested all upon Christ, and that he *would* and *did* give himself up to the Redeemer of souls.

Early next morning my steps took the direction of that dwelling, within which, I can truly say, the most terrible moments of my life had been passed. Alas! the solemn stillness, the closed blinds, told the news. Death had been there in the stillness of the night.

I was led again into that room—led, half blinded by tears, to the bed. Serenely beautiful gleamed the noble brow. The locks, no longer damp, were not tossed back in a troubled mass as yesterday, but through their threads of amber the fingers of love had passed, and they lay twined upon a forehead colder and whiter than marble. The look of age had passed away, and beautiful, beautiful exceedingly, was the smile that touched the lips and brightened the still face.

"He was very happy," said his mother, for a moment abating her violent grief; "he said I must tell you that he was willing to die—that there was a light before him; but, oh, pity me, for I am childless!"

With the mother I prayed as I had prayed with the son, and subsequently as I bent over his coffin, I seemed to hear from the gentle lips of him who had passed into heaven, instead of the terrible but just reproach, "You have ruined me!" the blessed, heavenly message that my soul has longed for, "Christ has saved me!"

The day shall declare it.—*By an American Writer.*

PEACE WITH GOD.

"I would like to ask you, Sam, a plain question; would you mind answering it?"

"What is it?" was his reply.

"Have you peace with God?"

"Why do you ask such a question?" he returned.

"Well, Sam, I went to your chapel last night, and the preacher took for his text, 'Peace with God.' He spoke as if everybody ought to, and might, be at peace with God. He was very strong upon the point, that every person might now be at peace with God. After he had preached for some time, he leaned over the desk, and looked straight at me; our eyes met, and I could not take mine off his face. Then in a very earnest manner he said:—'Have *you* peace with God?'

"The question went right to my heart. He spoke and looked as if he meant me to answer him there and then. My heart seemed to beat so loud, that I think those who sat next me must have heard it. He continued: 'I do not ask are you at peace with yourself, nor are you

at peace with your neighbours, nor have you peace *about* God? But I want to know if you have *peace with God*.'

"The impression the words of the minister made upon me was such that I felt as if I must cry aloud in the place before all the people. I did not know what to do. Till that moment I never had thought seriously of religion. I had heard sermons, and had read the Bible, but the truth had never come home to my heart as it did then. I now felt that the day of death would put an end to all my peace. I was at my wits' end. That question has sounded in my ears ever since, and I can only answer, I have no peace with God. You see the reason why I ask you, Sam, whether you have peace with God or not. Tell me—have you peace?"

"I am very glad, John," replied his friend, "to hear you speak as you do, and am also thankful to be able to tell you that I have 'peace with God.' And you may have peace with God, too, if you come to Him the right way, 'For being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"I do feel wonderfully anxious, Sam, about this matter, but I am in such a mist I cannot see my way an inch. I can only hear again and again that same question, but can give it no answer."

"I am not surprised at your concern, John, I am more surprised that you could have lived so long unconcerned. Concern for one's salvation is the most reasonable thing in the world. When we think how short time is when compared with eternity, and that we are sinners, and as such doomed to eternal death, if we die in our sins, I do not wonder that you are anxious. In a few more years you and I must stand at the judgment-seat of Christ, and give an 'account of the deeds done in the body,' and, when we think of that, we may well be alarmed and concerned if we are not at peace with God."

"I am sure I have not this peace. I have been a great sinner. I am afraid to die. If I were to die now, I am sure I should be lost. There is no help for me."

"There is help for you, John. Jesus is your helper. He has given us His word not to cast any away who come to Him. Cast your soul into His hands, rely on Him, and your trouble will cease. He is your peace. He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

"Good night, Sam; pray for me. I will see you in the morning."

"Good night, John. I shall not forget to pray for you. But mind and go to God yourself, and tell Him all your troubles, and remember that 'they who come to God must believe that He is, and that He is

the rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him.' Good night, God bless you."

The next morning they met again. After some conversation, John said,—“The fact is, I get worse and worse. I have no peace. I have been awake most of the night. I was afraid to go to sleep, lest I should awake in hell. Were you ever in such a state as I am in, Sam?”

“I don't know,” was the reply. “Every one thinks his own case the worst. But I was bad enough, I assure you. I was a long time in a trembling and sorrowful state of mind.”

“And how did you get out of it?”

“Well, John, I just got out of my trouble in the same way as you got out of your great trouble last autumn, if you remember how that was.”

“I cannot see, Sam, how my getting out of trouble last autumn can have anything to do with getting peace with God.”

“I mean,” returned his friend, “that the way you got out of your temporal difficulty was similar to the way I got out of my spiritual one; and it may help you now if you remember those circumstances, and look at spiritual things through earthly ones. You remember that one morning as we were walking to our work, you seemed dull, and unwilling to talk. You remember, I asked you what was the matter, and you told me straightforwardly all your trouble; that that week you had received a letter from your landlord, that he would no longer wait for the rent; you had let it fall such a long way behind. But you had nothing to pay it with, and no hope of being able to pay it. I, too, was quite helpless, being as poor as yourself; nor did I then know of any one likely to be willing to do anything for you. You were in a sad fix. You remember all that, and you remember, too, how you were delivered, don't you?”

“Yes, Sam. I never shall forget that week, nor shall I as long as I live, forget my brother's kindness in saving me from ruin and keeping a roof over my head. But what has that to do with finding peace with God?”

“Well, look a little further and you will see. You recollect that Saturday morning, it was just such a morning as this, when you put a letter into my hand, saying, ‘Read that Sam, and tell me if that isn't good news for a poor fellow like me?’ You were half wild with joy. That letter was from your landlord telling you that your brother Joshua had paid all your back rents, and that the old cottage was to be made more comfortable for you. And he has kept his word.”

“Go on, Sam, I think I see what you mean.”

“Well, when the Holy Spirit awakened me, I felt just as you did

then, and as you do now. I knew I was a sinner, and that God was just. He had come to reckon with me, and I could not say a word, or do one thing to help myself. I was completely shut up to despair. That was God's first letter to me. I will call it His letter of conviction. I looked on my past sins as so much debt, and I saw no way of paying it off. I looked into the future, and felt unable to keep from sin, and hence getting deeper into debt. I was miserable. I spoke to friends as you have done with me, and they were unable to do me any good. I used to lie awake whole nights. For a fortnight I was in despair."

"That's just as I feel, Sam. How did you get right?"

"Well, John, I will tell you in few words. One night as I sat alone, turning over the leaves of my New Testament, my eye rested on the text, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' I was struck with amazement. I tried to look to the Lamb of God, which I knew meant Jesus Christ; and as I followed Him through His life of sorrow, and saw Him on the cross, and heard, as from His own lips, the words, 'It is finished!' I said in my heart, I do believe that the Lamb of God who bore away the sin of the world, has borne away my sin. I turned to a parallel passage, 'Once in the end of the world hath He appeared, to *put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself*.' I also read that '*His own self* bare our sins in *His own body* on the tree.' But what was of most use to me then were these words: 'Be it known unto you, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.' I no sooner read these than I knelt and thanked God, that He had given His Son to die for me. From that moment I had peace with God, through Jesus Christ His Son. That was God's second letter to me, in which He told me that His Son Jesus Christ had paid all my debt of sin, when he died on the cross.

"O, that was a happy time! I felt like John Bunyan, when he found peace with God. I longed

'To tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I had found.'

"Now, what do you say to God's second letter, His letter of comfort. You have read His first letter, and believed it. Read and believe the second. The one was written from Sinai; read also the one from Calvary. The one is written in flame; the other in blood. And the blood which writes the second has quenched the fire of the first."

"O, thank you, my friend. I *do* begin to see the way clearer now; but I feel now as I remember I felt when my mother gave me my first Bible. I saw it with its bright gilt clasp lying on the table, and I

wished I could have a Bible like that, and I hoped I should have one some day. Just then my mother came in, and said, 'Johnny, my boy, you are eleven years of age to-day, and I have bought a Bible for you, to be all your own.' I looked at my mother, I looked at the Bible, and did not know which I loved best. The book with the bright clasp was mine, but I was afraid to take it up as my very own. So it is I have not dared to think that Jesus is all mine; He is so great and good, and I am so evil, I can scarcely take his promises to myself."

"I know how you feel, John," was his friend's reply, "but never forget that, *'being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'*"—James Gamie.

ROBERT MOFFATT.

"WARRINGTON," wrote the Rev. Robert Moffatt, a short time ago, "I never can forget so long as this transitory life shall last. It is embalmed in my memory, and I have no doubt but that it will not be forgotten beyond in the realms of bliss.

"It was on a calm summer's evening in 1815 when I walked from High Leigh to your town, with a mind more than usually disposed to reflect on the past and the future. After passing over the bridge at its entrance, my eye caught sight of a missionary placard on the wall to the right. It was the first of the kind I had ever seen. I think I see it still. It announced that a missionary meeting would be held. The late Rev. Wm. Roby, of Manchester, was to attend, and the principles of the London Missionary Society in reference to those sent out to heathen lands stated. I read, and looked, and read again. I felt as if I could not leave the spot. I am persuaded that some standing by, who saw me standing so long looking at a placard, must have supposed that I was learning to read. I found the meeting had been held some time before. I hastened to transact the little I had to do in town, returned after taking another look at the old placard, and wended my way back to High Leigh another man.

"An entire revolution had taken place in my views and prospects within those few hours. On my homeward path memory brought out of her stores stories which, when a little boy, I was wont to hear my mother read of the labours and toils of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland and elsewhere. These had from that period lain dormant, but now rose to view with all the influence of living realities. At this very time I had a flattering and a lucrative prospect, far beyond what such a youth as

I could expect or lay any claim to. That at once dwindled into nothingness when compared to the service of Christ among the perishing heathen. By some, who sincerely wished and had the power to advance my prospects in the world, I was viewed as one whose brains were turned; and they were right, for my head had indeed got turned the right way.

"I need not here enter into a detail how I was led to visit Manchester and to call on the Rev. Wm. Roby. I can never cease to wonder how a simpleton as I was at the time, though familiar enough with high life and great folks, could muster courage to knock at his door. True, it was with a palpitating heart. He received me with great kindness, listened to my simple tale, took me by the hand, and told me to be of good courage. But for his fatherly and unwavering attention I should not have been where I am now. To my dear partner in labour, as well as I myself, his memory is fresh and fragrant, and will be to the end of our day.

"I have now been fifty-two years in the mission work. Forty-eight of these have been devoted to the temporal and spiritual interests of the Bechuana nation. I need not refer to earlier years of this mission, which, through the influence of our directors, and especially that of our late mutual friend, were sent forth to the public in 'Labours and Scenes,' which I now see (the thirtieth thousand) sold at 1s. So far as I am concerned, it may be sold for nothing; but how the publishers can get such a work, and also that of Williams, printed, &c., &c., for 1s. is astonishing, for I know something about printing, folding, and stitching. The publishers certainly deserve all praise, for profit they cannot expect.

"It is a source of unfeigned gratitude to the Great Head of the Church that we are able to report that there has been no retrograde since the day of small things, never to be forgotten, of which 'Labours and Scenes' gives but a limited view. Instead of a solitary mission station from which the heavenly light began to radiate, we have now mission stations or centres of operation, extending more than 300 miles beyond the Kuruman—aye, as far as the banks of the Zambezi has the proclamation been made of a Saviour who came to seek and save the lost, by our now looked-for and longed-for Livingstone. It is impossible to look back on the toils and troubles of the earlier years of the Bechuana Mission and not feel how great a debt we owe to our Heavenly Father, who supported and cheered us on our onward course.

"I remember well at one period of the mission feeling that if I could once see the Scriptures translated into the language, and readers able to able to appreciate their value, I should then, with Simeon, say, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' I have been permitted

through Divine mercy to see this object, so much desired, accomplished. Churches have been established. A goodly company has already gone to the many mansions, and numbers are following with the blessed hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ. Thousands can now read the Bible, that Book of books, in their own language. It cannot be otherwise than observable to all how salutary the power of the Gospel is, compared to human influence, to raise the savage, in order to be able to estimate the blessings of religion—the forerunner of civilisation. Those connected with our mission stations appear as if a century in advance of those who are servants—*alias* slaves—to the Boers, who think it no part of their duty to care for their souls. The native tribes, however, have little chance of maintaining their independence against the flood of immigration advancing from the south. For, independent of the prospect of an El Dorado in the interior, which promises little, there is the irresistible influence of the Saxon race, who are slowly but surely trenching on the tribes beyond them. This, however, is not at all likely to lead to their extinction, to which the Hottentot clans are drawing near.

“It is painful to reflect on the many tribes in other countries who have passed into oblivion from their juxtaposition with white men. This, however, is not likely to be the case with the aborigines in this country, who are increasing under the moral influences of Christianity. How far disease and brandy, too often the accompaniments of civilised intruders, may exert their influence remains to be seen. Ostrich feathers have brought many European traders into the country. The conduct of some of these makes us blush before the natives, who have been heard to say, ‘We Bechuanas were bad enough, but the white man beats us hollow.’ Only within a comparatively short period three such characters have been buried in a drunkard’s grave. What changes are going on in the world, in savage as well as in civilised countries—one race passes off the stage of human life and is succeeded by another! What mysteries there are in the Divine government! How little we understand the purposes of Him who has appointed the bounds of man’s habitation.

“One thing we do know—and which is firmer than earth’s foundations—the soul’s salvation through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, and again that the Gospel of the grace of God is to be proclaimed to the ends of the earth. Who can doubt, after the innumerable instances on record of the power of the Gospel to raise man from the deepest ignorance and depravity to become an heir of eternal glory? In this belief I have lived and laboured with the assurance that I have not spent my strength for nought. I am sometimes startled in reading of the vast sums

expended on so many objects intended only to foster the evanescent pleasures of sense, while man's chief end is forgotten, and forgotten to the day of judgment,—that 'day of dread decision and despair,' when each must render an account. Oh! that we may be 'found of Him' in that day, and hear our Saviour say, 'Come ye blessed of my Father.'

"When I think deeply on these things I wonder that I have not been more zealous, and that I have done so little for my fellow-sinners who are perishing for lack of knowledge. My dear partner and I have passed our threescore years and fourteen, and though the spirit is as willing as ever to pursue, the earthly tabernacle fails to follow its dictates with its wonted alacrity. I am still strong, but my power of mind is giving way, memory is beginning to fail, and wakefulness is my malady; but when I look to the interminable regions of heathen darkness beyond, I cannot help exclaiming, 'Oh, that I were young again!' I ought not, however, to complain. I have witnessed a great transformation through the power of the Gospel. When the Bechuana Mission was commenced, and for years after, no such thing as trousers, shirts, jackets, gowns, or any tool of European manufacture was seen or thought of. Now one need only see our congregations, especially on a Sabbath-day, to be convinced that wonders have been done in that respect. Many thousands of pounds of British goods are yearly brought to this one station only, on which there are two well-conducted shops which supply the country for hundreds of miles round. Books in the language are being continually bought and read, and it is impossible for me to express the gratitude we feel to the British and Foreign Bible Society for enabling us to place the precious volume of inspiration into the hands of the natives."

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By a well-regulated household, by a well-informed mind, by gentleness and cheerfulness and love, render home delightful; the sweetest, happiest place to husband, and elder sons or elder brothers; so that it may be to them the most attractive place when seeking refreshment after toil, and rest from care. Surely this is no mean object to live for; a ministry which no woman should despise. It is her special mission, and in no better way can she illustrate an exalted piety than in the fulfilment of it.

But every Christian woman may find time and opportunity to do more. For though the family have the first, they have not, except in a few cases, an exclusive claim. There are neighbours as well as relatives to care for. Without any ostentatious machinery, without assuming any

official name or putting on any special dress, be sisters of mercy to your poor neighbours. Gather in neglected children from the streets. Aid in the work of the Sunday school. Visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. Read to the blind. Sit by the bed-side of the sick. Minister to their bodily wants while you tell them of the Physician of souls. Declare to the penitent, in Christ's name, the absolution and remission of their sins. Cheer the dying with the promises of the Gospel and the light that shines from heaven.

If you wish more—if you desire works of humiliation—you need not scrub the floors of convents—you need not scrub your own. It might be well if all men, of every rank, knew how to do all manly work; and if all women knew how to do all womanly work; so that, should unexpected reverses or sudden exigencies occur, neither men nor women, however highly born or delicately reared, should be helpless. But there is no need, in ordinary circumstances, for mistresses and domestics to change places. It would not increase the comfort of either. But if ladies desire such works as convents furnish, they may easily have the opportunity to do them, not as mere empty idle and ostentatious ceremonies, performed in the vain idea that they possess in themselves any religious character. No! Better deeds of far truer humiliation and diviner charity can be done in the homes of the poor and the sick around. You might prepare the food, or clean the room, or dress and feed the children, or make the bed of those who are too weak to do it themselves and too poor to pay for others. How much more than by mere gifts of money would the hearts of rich and poor be knit together by such personal service, and how surely it would be acceptable to Him who said that a cup of cold water given in His name shall not lose its reward!

Thus let the young women of our day cultivate the higher religious life. Let them be in the world—not to waste time and strength and purity in excessive novel-reading, in a wearying routine of worldly ceremony, in a giddy round of fashionable frivolity, in laborious trifling, in heartless flirtation, in displaying themselves so as to win admiration and flattery rather than by living so as to deserve respect and love;—but by a godly righteous and sober life; proving that while in the world they are not of it—being good daughters, good sisters, good wives, good mothers, good neighbours; their chief adorning the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; beautiful by goodness, and so living in commerce with the skies as to shed the light of heaven on all the relationships and duties of earth.—From "*The Convent Case: a lesson for the Times*," by Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

Old London Bridge, though not a commodious, was a picturesque structure. It was erected by one Peter Colechurch, in 1209. "It was beautified," says a quaint writer of the time, "with statelye pallaces, built on the side thereof; moreover, a sumptuous bridge, sustayned upon nineteen arches, with excellent and beauteous housen built thereon;" and another chronicle avers that it might worthily carry away the prize from all the bridges in Europe, being furnished on both sides with passing faire houses, joining one to another in manner of a street."

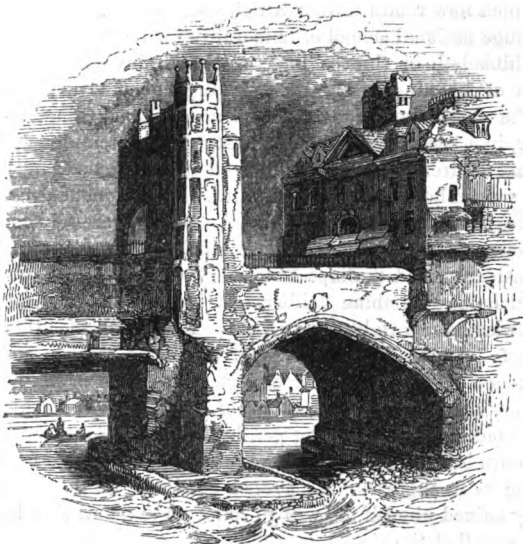
One of these houses was widely known as the "Nonesuch House." It was built entirely of wood, cut and carved in Holland, brought over in pieces, and fastened on the bridge by pegs of wood. Others were massive buildings of more solid materials, and others, again, were poor and squalid. The arches, too, were rendered narrower by the wooden "starlings," as they were called, represented in the engraving; and the



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

smallness of the passage occasioned a heavy fall of water as it forced its way between them, and often bore the boats away with almost irresistible force to considerable distances down the river. Many lives and much property were in consequence yearly lost. The new bridge was

opened in 1831, and soon afterwards the last vestiges of the other were entirely removed.



HOUSES ON LONDON BRIDGE, 1756.

THE TURF.

"I AM glad to see," says a correspondent of *The Times*, "that at last the subject of the turf is attracting serious public attention. Very long ago I was permitted to raise a warning voice in your columns, which has only proved too prophetic. I have lived to see my arguments against the turf—as it was—reproduced in your leading article of Saturday last against the turf—as it is. I argued then, as you argue now . . . Why as Mr. Mansfield justly asks, is Tattersall's to be exempted from the prosecutions now pending? The pretence of its being a club is worthless. Government has not always disregarded the morals of the rich. Crockford's is gone; its surroundings and satellite 'hells,' chiefly frequented by 'men of fashion,' have succumbed to broad hints from Scotland-yard. The Coventry Club, flourishing and resplendent in my

youth, died of an attack of police. All these were innocuous and imperceptible in their results when compared to the vast 'tree of noxious growth' which now ramifies from Knightsbridge.

"This huge national school of immorality inculcates its doctrines in a peculiar shibboleth or thieves' lingo of its own, involving several entire alterations of meaning in the English language. Conspicuous among these is the wide adaptation of the phrase 'a good thing,' used on the turf, I fear, in a sense which the Psalmist never contemplated, and which when I last addressed you I defined as being 'a good horse, or a bad horse, or a dead horse, a bucket of water, or a poisonous drug, or a nail in the quick, or a strong-armed jockey.' These were all 'good things' ten or twenty years ago, and I believe, if skilfully conducted, would be still so considered, and perhaps I may add, that any atrocity not named above, which may combine deliberate fraud with remunerative profit, would likewise have a right to be classed among the 'good things' of the modern turf. In this dialect the asperities of the English language are much softened. Thus, if a horse started for a race which he can win, but will not be allowed to win, it is merely said, 'It is not his journey: he was not meant.' If a young gentleman loses a large sum—say two or three times his annual income—he informs his intimate friend of the fact by the calm expression, 'I wrote a good deal on that race.' If he has utterly ruined himself, he will go so far as to admit that he 'plunged rather heavily that time.'

"Among the maxims of the youth of the period, connected with the turf, to 'suffer and be strong' stands pre-eminent. To preserve a calm exterior under trying circumstances, to betray no symptom of agitation, much less of remorse or repentance, when speaking with his nearest friends or relatives on the subject of his reverses, is indispensable.

"I don't know that the thing has ever been done, but I have no doubt it would be considered a great success, a master stroke, a Spartan feat, for a young Briton to light a cigarette in the act of informing a kind father or widowed mother, who may either of them have saved and stinted out of small means to give him an expensive education and a good start in life, of his utter disgrace and ruin.

"Take an instance. Two friends, both fond of the turf, meet in Piccadilly, one with, and the other without, 'private information.' It is long since they met, they are glad to see each other again, and hearty greetings are exchanged. After a while the query, 'What'll win the Costermongers' Plate?' leads to a bet, and eventually the friends part affectionately, he with the 'private information' having deliberately

swindled the other. This, sir, is no exaggeration, for I myself once suffered under precisely similar circumstances.

"I wish, sir, to see society condemn the turf as it has condemned prize-fighting. It is time for the turf to be similarly abandoned. We cannot afford, after recent examples of its effects, that it shall still be considered the fashion.

"I don't like looking forward to a period when the English gentleman may share the fate of the dodo, but if the turf become the fashion with the rising generation I see no chance of his preserving his species. . . Where are the turfite friends of my youth? Australia and America have long harboured men whose position and abilities might have led them to honour and distinction, but for the turf. Let all young men shun a morbid and ignoble ambition by the reflection that to be thought clever on the turf is much the same sort of celebrity as that which was enjoyed by the 'Artful Dodger,' and may possibly lead to the same result."

CAMEL RIDING.

THE art of riding the camel is nearly as difficult of accomplishment as that of riding the horse, and the preliminary operation of mounting is not the least difficult portion of it. Of course to mount a camel while the animal is standing is impossible, and accordingly it is taught to kneel until the rider is seated. Kneeling is a natural position with the camel, which is furnished with large callosities or warts on the legs and breast, which act as cushions on which it may rest its great weight without abrading the skin. These callosities are not formed, as some have imagined, by the constant kneeling to which the camel is subjected, but are born with it, though of course less developed than they are after they have been hardened by frequent pressure against the hot sand. When the camel kneels, it first drops on its knees, and then on the joints of the hind legs. Next it drops on its breast, and then again on the bent hind legs. In rising, it reverses the process, so that a novice is first pitched forward, then backward, then forward, and then backward again, to the very great disarrangement of his garments, and the probable loss of his seat altogether. Then when the animal kneels he is in danger of being thrown over its head by the first movement, and jerked over its tail by the second; but after a time he learns to keep his seat mechanically.

As to the movement of the animal, it is at first almost as unpleasant as can be conceived, and has been described by several travellers. Albert Smith declares that any one who wants to practise camel-riding in England,

can do so by taking a music-stool, screwing it up as high as possible, putting it into a cart without springs, sitting on the top of it cross-legged, and having the cart driven at full speed transversely over a newly-ploughed field. There is, however, as great a difference in the gait of camels as of horses, some animals having a quiet regular easy movement, while others are rough and high-stepping, harassing their riders grievously in the saddle. Even the smooth-going camel is, however, very trying at first, on account of its long swinging strides, which are taken with the legs of each side alternately, causing the body of the rider to swing backwards and forwards as if he were rowing in a boat. Those who suffer from sea-sickness are generally attacked with the same malady when they make their first attempts at camel-riding, while even those who are proof against this particular form of discomfort soon begin to find their backs are aching, and that the pain becomes steadily worse. Change of attitude is but little use, and the wretched traveller derives but scant comfort from the advice of his guide, who tells him to allow his body to swing freely, and that in a short time he will become used to it. Some days, however, are generally consumed before he succeeds in training his spine to the continual unaccustomed movement, and he finds that, when he wakes on the morning that succeeds his first essay, his back is so stiff that he can scarcely move without screaming with pain, and that the prospect of mounting the camel afresh is anything but a pleasant one.—*Bible Animals, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.*

A FAULTY LINK.

"I CAN'T see it so; and it can't be so," said the blacksmith.

He was leaning at his ease against his forge chimney, for it was past six o'clock, and he had knocked off work for the day. His shirt sleeves were still tucked up, however, and his arms were folded carelessly over his broad chest.

"It comes to the same thing," said his neighbour, "but put it in your way if you will, that if it were possible for a man to be perfect, and yet should commit one sin in all his life, he would be on the same level with the terriblest sinner as ever lived and breathed on the earth. Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, pretty near it, Parsons. 'On the same level,' he said, 'that is, a sinner condemned by God's law which he has broken—a sinner needing salvation by grace, and not earning heaven by works.' I think these are pretty nearly Mr. Gresham's own words," replied Wicks.

"Uncommon hard lines, though," cried the tailor; "and so, because a man makes a slip or two as he goes along, he is to be put down with the biggest rogues. This may suit Mr. Gresham, but——"

"But what does the Bible say, Everest?" demanded the shoemaker, in some haste. "You know Mr. Gresham is not the preacher to say anything at random, without having Scripture to back it; and you remember the texts he brought out to prove his words, such as, 'Cursed is every one that continued not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them;'* and 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.† You can't say that Mr. Gresham said more than this, anyhow."

"That's all very well, Rands; I know the Bible says that, and I don't mean to go against the Bible; but to my way of thinking, those texts must have a different sort of meaning than he puts upon them. It does not stand to reason that——" and then the blacksmith repeated the objection he had before urged, in pretty nearly the same words.

"I don't see, however," said the carpenter, in reply, "that it makes much difference to us, Parsons; because I fancy we are not among the almost perfect ones who don't need salvation by grace, as you seem to think. The whole don't need a physician, but only such as are sick, as the Saviour said; but then we aren't whole, you know."

"That is neither here nor there, Wicks; I am standing up for the principle of the thing; and, according to my views, there's a hitch somewhere."

"And what is the hitch, friend Parsons?" The voice was a grave, pleasant voice; and when the disputants looked round, behold, Mr. Gresham himself was at the open door. The men looked rather confused at first; they did not know, while they were engrossed with their dispute, that the person whose words had given rise to it was so near them.

"Maybe you have heard what we were talking about, sir," said the blacksmith, rather suspiciously.

"Not a word of it, my friend, till you said 'There's a hitch.' I should not have heard that, but for your strong voice, Parsons."

"I beg your pardon, I am sure, sir," returned the blacksmith; "I did not suppose you had been listening."

"Thank you for your good opinion of me. I certainly was not listening; I came about my well-chain. Shall you be able to make a job of it?"

* Gal. iii. 10.

† James ii. 10.

"Yes, sir, there is very little the matter with it; there's only one link defective. It will be ready to-morrow, sir."

"And quite safe, then, you think, for the man going down the well to venture his life upon it."

"I'll warrant it to bear the weight of three men when the link is set right," replied the blacksmith. "But about this hitch, sir; if you would not mind spending five minutes," added Parsons, who was, after all, partial to his minister, and knew that he would as readily stop to give a word of counsel or advice, or comfort or instruction to a poor man or woman, or even a child, on the highway, as to Squire this, or Lady that, in their drawing-rooms."

So, in short, Mr. Gresham stepped freely into the blacksmith's shed, and heard all about the "hitch" plainly and manfully stated by the doubter.

"You have done me great honour and kindness by speaking so freely to me about my sermon," said Mr. Gresham, when the explanation was finished. "If hearers would do that oftener, and in the kind spirit you have shown, ministers would often be the better for it, and they would very likely preach better sermons into the bargain. Well, now about this 'hitch.' But, first of all, I want a few more words with you respecting my well-chain. Business first, you know——" and he smiled pleasantly.

The blacksmith was all attention.

"You say you have examined it, Parsons?"

"Yes, sir, link by link."

"You see, it is necessary for Diver to go down the well to clean it out; and, being a reckless sort of man, I determined to have the chain well examined before he ventures his life upon it."

"A good thing you thought of it, sir; for the faulty link was almost asunder; and the weight of such a man as Diver would have finished it."

"And only one link in the whole chain is faulty, you say, Mr. Parsons?"

"Only one, sir; I'll warrant all the rest to be sound."

"Is it not singular, though?"

"There's no accounting for such things, sir," said the blacksmith, speaking confidently on a matter connected with his daily calling: "it is seldom that a chain like this"—and he put his foot on a huge coil on the floor—is of the same quality of iron throughout. There are mostly some links weaker than others, and that wear out first, or maybe break when there is too much stress. The wonder is that in a chain of this length there are not more faulty links than one."

"True: it is a long chain; and my well is a deep well."

"Two hundred feet or more, sir. I ought to know, for I have plumbed it, and been down to the bottom of it before now, sir, into the bargain."

"And how many links to a foot, Parsons?" Mr. Gresham asked quickly.

The blacksmith took out his foot rule and measured:—"Eight, sir," said he.

"There will be sixteen hundred links in the chain then," rejoined Mr. Gresham, who seemed absorbed by this matter of business with the blacksmith, while the other men stood looking on.

"Over sixteen hundred, sir; nearer eighteen, reckoning the overplus."

"True, I had forgotten. Well; and every one of those sixteen or eighteen hundred links is perfect, Mr. Parsons? You are quite sure."

"All but one, sir, as I said before. Yes, sir, as sure as can be."

"You will be kind enough, then, to send the chain back to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; as soon as I have taken out the faulty link, and made the chain safe."

"Oh, never mind about one link being faulty, Parsons," said Mr. Gresham.

"Sir!"

"What is one link? What can it signify that one link in sixteen or eighteen hundred is wrong, if all the rest are right?"

The blacksmith saw the drift of Mr. Gresham's question, but he did not like to own it. "I should think it would make all the difference, sir, if I were in Diver's place, and had to trust my life to the chain."

"Do you mean that you would not go down my well at the end of a chain that had, let us say, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine strong sound and trustworthy links in it, capable, as you said just now, of bearing the weight of three such men as you in perfect safety."

"Not if there was one weak link in it, sir, that I felt sure would not bear half my own weight. As well all be faulty as one, every bit as well, sir, for any safety there would be in the chain."

"If you really think so—"

"I certainly do, sir; I am sure of it."

"Well, being sure of it, perhaps you may as well set the chain to rights, after all. And now, to change the subject, we will go back to this hitch of yours, my friends, if you please."

The blacksmith rubbed his forehead, and the rest smiled. "You have beat me, sir," said Parsons, in a subdued tone; "I see what you mean; and looking at it in the light you put it in, there's not any hitch, sir, that I can see."

"Ah, I fancied you would say so," replied Mr. Gresham, kindly; "and I think you can understand how it must be, that though we may keep the whole law of God—the good and perfect law—seventeen hundred and ninety-nine times, or seventeen million times, and fail only once, we can no longer depend on our uniform obedience for eternal safety; but, if we are saved, we must be saved by grace alone, as much as though every link in the chain of obedience were rotten throughout."

"I see it, sir; I see it now," said the blacksmith, frankly.

"And yet," said Mr. Gresham, after a moment's thought, "the two cases do not agree in all points, as generally happens when people try to illustrate great truths in figurative language. Do you see where the difference is, either of you?"

"I think I do, partly, sir; but I would rather you should say where it is," said the carpenter.

"Well, our friend Parsons can repair the defect in my well-chain, and make it as good and serviceable as ever; but one single transgression of the Divine law cannot be repaired. The link is broken, and the poor soul, depending on that faithless chain, is already falling—falling."

"I see, sir; I see," said the blacksmith, almost with a shudder, as the idea presented itself to his mind of a man falling down a well. He had been down a well, and could realise the horror of such a situation.

"But then, the Almighty arm of Divine mercy reaches to the lowest depths of human misery and hopelessness. Christ is a Saviour, even 'to the uttermost.' He has perfectly fulfilled the law of God; and by His obedience a chain without one faulty link is made. Hence the hand of mercy is held out to you, and—but perhaps you would not lay hold on that gracious hand, my friend, if only one link in your chain had broken, while all the rest were sound?"

"Wouldn't I, sir; wouldn't I grasp it? Yes, sir; and you have beat me out and out," said the honest hearty blacksmith; "and I see now that salvation must be of grace."

"Yes," added Mr. Gresham, "God's word on this point is plain and decisive: 'By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.*' May the Spirit of God fix this truth in your heart."†

* Ephes. ii. 8, 9.

† The above is slightly abridged from one of the Religious Tract Society's tracts, and is inserted here with their kind consent.

JEROME OF PRAGUE.

JEROME OF PRAGUE is described as a man of prepossessing appearance, with a lofty and expansive brow, a countenance of the Roman type, penetrating eye, lips closed with gravity and sweetness, and redundant hair, gracefully flowing on his shoulders. He might have been chosen in preference, to enact the part of a noble confessor in the Council Hall, or in the Cathedral of Constance; but he failed in the first encounter. He came to Constance in disguise, and shortly afterward returned slowly, and with hesitation, towards Bohemia. At the request of the Council, and by the command of the Emperor, he was arrested, and conducted in chains to a Convocation held on the 28rd of May, 1415. The spirit of the assembly was exceedingly violent, and many who were present clamoured for his death. After the prelates had retired, Peter of Inladensure, sent by Huss, came to the window of the room in which Jerome stood, and exhorted him to stand fast by the truth. Jerome engaged to be faithful unto death. He was delivered over by the Archbishop of Riga to a guard, who led him in the dark into a tower, where he was bound to a stake with his hands, feet, and neck, so that he could scarcely move his head. For two days he lay with nothing to eat, and would have perished, but for the timely interposition of Peter. For several months, spent in this gloomy dungeon, he had not heard of the martyrdom of his friend. His spirit was broken, and, panic-stricken, he recanted on the 23rd of September, 1415. It was not the intention of the Council after this humiliation to set him at liberty. They continued to harass him with private inquisitions, until, roused to new vigour and determination, he demanded a public trial, in which he might declare all his mind. This was not conceded at first. When brought up on the 23rd of May, his tormentors imposed certain restrictions; but on that day, and on the 26th of May, he defended himself from seven o'clock in the morning till one in the afternoon against all accusations, with the presence of mind, force of argument, brilliant wit, and ready memory of facts, that filled all with admiration.

A celebrated Florentine, who was present at the trial as one of the apostolic secretaries, wrote on the 26th of May, 1416, saying:—"I confess I have never heard any one, who, in defence of a criminal cause, approached nearer to that eloquence of the ancients which we constantly admire. Nothing could be more surprising than the beauty of his discourse, the force of his reasoning, the greatness of his courage, the boldness and intrepidity of his look and appearance, in reply to his

adversaries. He laid open the cause of the hatred of the witnesses against him with so much appearance of truth that he was very near bringing the assembly over to his side; and if it had not been an affair of religion, he certainly would have been acquitted, so much compassion did he excite in the audience."

Jerome accepted the position of Huss, and expressed his willingness to suffer in the defence of the truth he had embraced. The Cardinal of Florence visited him in his cell, to persuade him to recant; but he remained firm, and was condemned by the Council to the flames. "He walked to execution with a cheerful countenance, and with greater intrepidity than was ever displayed by any before. When he arrived at the place of execution, he quitted his garments of his own accord, and, throwing himself on his knees, kissed the stake to which he was to be fastened. He was immediately bound, chained and naked as he was, with wet cords. Large pieces of wood were piled around him, intermixed with straw. The fire being kindled, he began a hymn, which he continued to sing, notwithstanding the flame and smoke. As the executioner was about to apply the fire to that part of the pile which was behind him, for fear he should see it, 'Advance,' said he to him, 'and kindle the fire before me! If I had feared it, I should not have come hither, as I could readily have avoided it.' Thus died this man, whose merit cannot be sufficiently admired. I was a witness to the catastrophe, and I have considered all the circumstances of it. Whether there was knavery or obstinacy in the business I cannot tell, but never death was more philosophic."

The death of Jerome was Christian, and more than philosophic. The letter of the Florentine was written on the day of his martyrdom, but he omits particulars which we learn from another source. Addressing the assembled crowd in the German language, after he had sung a hymn, he said: "My beloved children, as I have sung, so, and no otherwise, do I believe. But the cause for which I now die is this, that I could not agree with the Council in affirming that Master Huss was justly condemned by them. For I had truly known him, as a genuine preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ." When the fire was kindled, he repeated the prayer in a loud voice: "Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit." Afterwards, amid the torture of the flames, he said, in the Bohemian language, "Lord God, have pity on me; forgive me my sins, for Thou knowest I have sincerely loved thy Truth."

His lips appeared amidst the flames as if moving in prayer, when his voice could no longer be heard.—*Waddington's Congregational History.*

TURNING POINT IN CALVIN'S CAREER.

ONE evening in July, 1536, Calvin and two other friends alighted at the door of an hotel in Geneva, intending just to stay the night, and then pass on to Bâle. Fortunately, Farel heard of the arrival of the author of the "Institutes"—Calvin's great work which had appeared shortly before—and at once hastened to beseech Calvin to remain and assist in consolidating the work of the Reformation in Geneva. A powerful preacher and a man skilled in organisation was greatly needed. Calvin was most unwilling to stay. He wished to prosecute his studies in quietude, and so advance God's cause by means of the press. But Farel was most urgent with him, and, at length, putting his hand on Calvin's head, he cried with a voice of thunder, "May God curse your rest! May God curse your studies, if at a time of such need you withdraw and refuse to give help!" Calvin trembled in every limb. He felt that Farel did not speak of his own impulse; God was there. For a while he remained motionless. Then he raised his head; peace returned to his soul; he had yielded. * * * Calvin gave himself up to the Lord, full of confidence and love. Henceforth the propagation and defence of the truth became the sole passion of his life, and he devoted all the powers of his soul to the work.—*D'Aubigné*.

TRACT DISTRIBUTORS.

I HAVE six dear friends who altogether have been confined to their beds for 126 years, and they are all tract distributors. One of them has been in bed for forty-five years, during which she has scarcely ever been able to move, and she is one of the best distributors of the lot.—*John Ashworth*.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE Irish Church Bill has passed. We stand amazed in the presence of the fact. "We regard it," says the *Nonconformist*, "as little short of a legislative miracle. Eighteen months ago none of us could have dared to hope for such a result. The vision which we then cherished has become suddenly realised. Events have outrun our wildest anticipations. Not the Commons only, but the Lords and the Queen, have concurred in setting their joint seal to a doctrine which for a quarter of a century previously we had persevered in proclaiming amid the incredulous jeers of our fellow-countrymen."

The *Rock*, an Evangelical church paper, has discovered that the

bishops are out of place in the House of Lords. "Do our bishops," says that journal, "sit there to maintain the rights of their order? If so, they have betrayed them. Do they sit there to maintain the cause of the Established religion which they profess? This too they have betrayed with the spirit of a craven, and with a baseness that has no parallel in the annals even of Paganism. Do they sit there as the guardians of the Protestant interests of a Protestant Empire? These too they have betrayed, and not only betrayed, but have thrown the full weight of their position and power into the opposing scale of Popery. Let us remember that the traitor who betrayed our Lord was even one of the Twelve Apostles, and certainly we have lived to see a curious illustration of the doctrine of Apostolic succession, even in our House of Peers."

The newspapers call attention to the will of the late Venerable James Croft, M.A., who married a daughter of Archbishop Sutton. The reward he received for his services to the Church are thus stated:—

Saltwood ...	56	×	784		£43,904
Cliffe	50	×	1,207		64,850
Canonry ...	43	×	1,000		43,000

£151,754

"We should," says the *Daily News*, "be extremely sorry to affirm that this gentleman's services to the Church were overpaid by the foregoing sums, but if he did not get too much, it is certain that many men who are doing good work in the public eye are getting too little. Supposing that the Archdeacon could have made shift with £1,000 a year from the time that he accepted Saltwood, his earliest benefice, the surplus of £95,754 would have been available in his lifetime for rewarding other merit than his own."

It used to be common for the advocates of Church Establishments to say, that the ministers of voluntary Churches were not able to preach the whole truth because they were under the dominion of their congregations. Now it has become convenient to look at the matter from another point of view. Accordingly the *John Bull* paper informs its readers that in Wales "the despotism of the Dissenting ministers over their ignorant flock was something which has never been approached even by Roman Catholic priests in Ireland."

The Autumnal Meetings of the Congregational Union will be held at Wolverhampton. The sermon will be preached on Monday, October 18th, by the Rev. R. A. Redford, M.A., of Hull. The Pastors' Retiring Fund, the Chapel-Building Societies, the Chapel Insurance Society, and the Ministerial Sustentation Fund will be considered. "We hear with

pleasure that the Rector of Wolverhampton, the Rev. J. H. Hes, has expressed his desire to reciprocate the hospitality which Dissenters of that town showed when the Church Congress recently assembled there. He will himself accommodate a couple of visitors, and recommends his friends to do likewise."

"It is with no little pain," says the *English Independent*, "that we observe that the statistics of the great Methodist bodies seem to show that they are at a stand-still. The reported increase of membership in all the churches of the old Wesleyan Connexions in Great Britain is 3,182, which is not quite one per cent. upon the previous membership of 324,680, while the population increases at the rate of nearly two per cent. . . . The Primitive Methodists have only added 1431 members to their roll, and have to deplore a very serious decrease in those northern counties which have so long been the strongholds of Methodism. Here too the Wesleyan Connexion notes a decline, which it makes up by its increased activity in the metropolis, where a number of large and handsome Wesleyan chapels have recently been built. Nor," adds the same paper, "would it be anything less than a national calamity if Wesleyanism should lose its hold upon our manufacturing population; if the Primitive Methodists should cease to touch the hearts of the Durham miners, or the affection of the operatives in Yorkshire and Lancashire for the class-meeting and the Methodist chapel grow dim, sad days would be in store for us."

A Vienna paper gives an account of the rescue of a nun who had been confined in the dark cell of a convent for twenty-one years. In a dark infected hole adjoining the sewer, sat, or rather cowered, on a heap of straw, an entirely naked, totally neglected, half insane woman, who, at the unaccustomed view of light, the outer world, and human beings, folded her hands and pitifully implored: "I am hungry, have pity on me; give me meat, and I shall be obedient." . . . This den the inhuman sisters who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had selected as a habitation for one of their own sex, and kept her therein in close confinement for 21 years—since 1848. . . When the unhappy nun was led away, to a clean cell, she asked anxiously whether she would be brought back to her grave, and when asked why she had been imprisoned, she answered, "I have broken the vow of chastity, but," pointing with a fearfully wild gesture, and in great excitement to the sisters, "they are not angels." The investigation has commenced, but its progress is much impeded by difficulties on account of the strict rules of the order of the Carmelites.

A priest, against whom a charge of slander was brought at the Carlow

assizes, has compromised the case by paying £200. The priest had denounced the plaintiff at different altars, and prayed that the curse of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, might fall upon him, and accompany him to his death.—The Archbishop of Dublin grieves over the compromise which has been made on the Irish Church question, and compares the leaders of the parties to two murderers shaking hands over the corpse of their victim.—The friends of the Rev. S. C. Gordon, of Reading, have paid the expenses of the chancery suit, which amounted to £275 17s.—Dr. Jenner, the Bishop of Dunedin, is about to return to England. He was consecrated for that see by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, but neither clergy nor laity will receive him, on account of his high Ritualistic views. The bishopric is unendowed, or perhaps he would have taken another course.—A Bill to exempt Sunday Schools and Ragged Schools from rating has passed the Commons, and will, it is probable, shortly become law.—At Lambeth parish church, on a recent Sunday morning, the publication of the banns of marriage occupied a longer time than the reading of the sermon.

The congregation, of which the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, B.A., has for twenty-three years been pastor, are building a new church, and the foundation-stone has been laid by J. Kemp Welch, Esq. The site has cost £3,000, and the church will be erected at an expense of £8,500 additional. The foundation-stone of a new Congregational chapel at Waterhead Mill, Oldham, has been laid by Mr. J. Newton, J.P. The erection will seat 600 worshippers, and will cost £2,100.

The following ministers have accepted congregational pastorates:—Mr. E. E. Long, of Cheshunt College, at East Grinstead, Sussex; Mr. T. J. Spencer, at Hyson Green, Nottingham; Mr. J. Clarke, of Lancashire College, at Egerton, near Bolton; the Rev. S. B. Driver, of Manchester, at Hitchin; the Rev. W. Guest, late of Claremont Chapel, at Gravesend; the Rev. Dr. Parker, of Manchester, at the Poultry Chapel, London; and the Rev. S. Richardson, of Southend, at Clifton Down, Bristol.

The following have been ordained as pastors of Congregational Churches:—The Rev. W. W. Robinson, at Alford, and the Rev. Alfred Cooke, at Sedgley, Staffordshire.

The following have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches:—The Rev. D. R. Cowan, late of Kirkcaldy, at Saltaire, and the Rev. D. Evans, late of Blaen-Avon, at Narberth.

The Rev. J. B. Blomfield has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Walsall, and the Rev. J. Constance that of the church at South Moulton, Devon.

A CASTLE ON THE RHINE.

THE Castle of Beuggen stands in a beautiful valley on the right bank of the blue rushing Rhine, about ten miles from Basle, encircled far away to the south by the ever-green Jura mountains, and towards the north by the Black Forest.

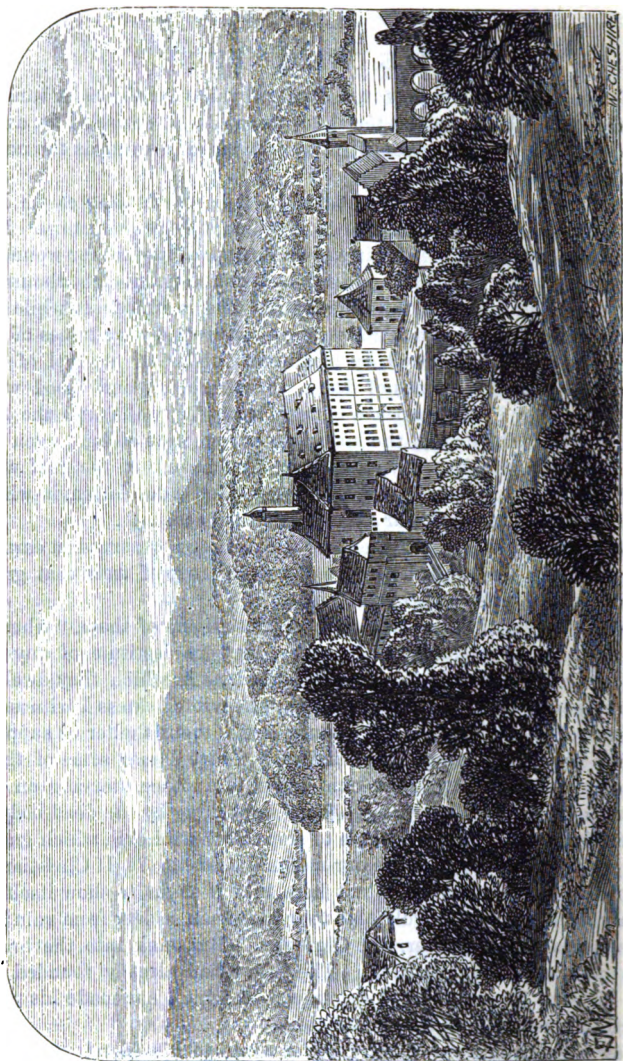
Strange have been the vicissitudes through which that castle has passed since the Seven Years' War from which it dates its history. For three years, from 1814 to 1817, it was an Austrian hospital for wounded soldiers; and when eventually vacated by them, they left eight thousand of their comrades buried in the fields around the castle-moat; while the floors remained uncleaned and unswept, and all around were traces of the misery that had been endured by multitudes under the scalpel of the surgeon and amid the agonies of death. Dirt rubbish and blood were left on every hand; the paper was torn from the walls, and the fine brass locks from the doors; the large iron stoves were stolen; even the hooks and bolts which had fastened the frame-work of the roof were carried off; and this once stately building was left a desolation, in which the owl and the bat could rear their young in peace. . . .

One autumn afternoon two men might have been observed in earnest conversation as they walked up and down the grove of trees that grace the rear of the Münster-Kirche at Basle.

"I visited a small district the other day," said one of them, "where I found upwards of a hundred children who were destitute of any instruction whatever; and, upon entering the huts in which they dwelt, I almost sickened at the spectacle of misery and wretchedness I witnessed. One-sixth of the children of our country are without shelter or support, rambling about in perfect vagabondism. Twice I saw some of these homeless creatures driven from one canton to another, starving on the public road. Two little boys were found, crouching by the dead body of their mother. What is to be done to stop this fearful evil, which gnaws like a cancer at the very root of our national existence? If Christianity is a power unto salvation, is it not here that it ought to show itself, as the only agency which is truly able to save human society from ruin?"

The words of the speaker, Mr. Christian Zeller, sank into the breast of his companion, Mr. Spittler. The latter had already founded the Basle Mission House, and had begun a work which has made his name illustrious among the world's benefactors.

A few months afterwards Mr. Spittler wrote to his friend, requesting him to put on paper his thoughts as to the means which should be em-



BEUGOEN.

ployed for the rescue of neglected children, and the institution of a Missionary Schoolmaster's Establishment.

That letter was as a spark thrown into the bosom of Mr. Zeller, which set his soul on fire with a new purpose. He matured the outlines and then the details of the enterprise; and one evening took up his pen, and at that sitting wrote an elaborate paper on the subject. Mr. Spittler read it with enthusiasm. The idea was warmly taken up by many Christian friends, and on the 31st of September, 1817, twelve friends met at Basle to commend the matter in prayer to the Father of the fatherless; and then, with hand fast locked in hand, they solemnly pledged themselves to each other to carry out to the best of their ability the sacred undertaking.

We cannot stay to tell the romance—more strange than fiction—of the progress of that enterprise: how presents of many kinds came in, and among them a costly gold box, which was put into a lottery, and brought nearly £100; how the successful drawer returned it to Mr. Spittler, and again it brought nearly £100; how again it was restored; how a promise was received from England of £100; how difficulties arose about a site for the building, and how at last the two friends who had talked so earnestly under the lime trees at Basle, were admitted into the august presence of the real live Grand Duke Lewis, who despite his blue uniform and red cuffs and laced collar and the star on his breast, listened kindly to the plans of his petitioners, and at last gladdened their hearts by the remark:—

"I really am puzzled as to what building I can offer you;" and then added, "Would you like Beuggen?" . . .

On the 18th of April, 1820, Mr. Zeller arrived to take charge of Beuggen Castle, and its inmates. He had sacrificed much of this world's good, and of its prospects, to come. But as he knelt that night beside his wife, he thanked God, with tears, for His faithful and wonderful leading, and prayed that he might turn this place, once the abode of misery and death, into a house of life peace and joy to many lost and wandering souls. And there he lived and laboured on for forty years.

Ten young men, destined to be schoolmasters, and from twenty to thirty children of all descriptions—able and stupid, kind and cross, cheerful and desponding, tidy and dirty, made up that household, and "so the ark, with its various inhabitants, both clean and unclean, was launched." Twelve months passed, and the inmates had increased to seventy persons; sixty acres of land were under cultivation; sundry cattle and sheep grazed on heath and meadow; and every kind of trade was taught. The young men were thus ever reminded that they were

destined "to be schoolmasters of poor children, perhaps in the most miserable hamlets of remote districts, where they were to be poor with the poor, living upon small salaries, and obliged to earn part of their livelihood with their own hands; and where, perhaps, they might have to thatch the roof of their cottages, repair their furniture, dig their potatoes, and mend their coats."

Thus for forty years did Mr. Zeller live and labour at Beuggen; not without doubts and difficulties, but with great and abiding success. The tenure of their residence at the castle, was, from unavoidable circumstances, most precarious, and the inmates were, as Mr. Zeller used to say, "like birds sitting in the branches." In the administration of that home, errors may have been made, though we are not able to cite them. "All human works," wrote Mr. Zeller, "are defective and marred by stumbling. I, alas! have to reproach myself with many faults and mistakes. I could fill a whole annual report with a list of faults and failures. Nor will I promise that I shall never tell them. An honest account of our defects and mistakes might, perhaps, be the most instructive part of a report." Yet, he touchingly remarks, when we honestly strive "to serve the best, kindest, and most precious of Masters, we always receive from His good hand more good than we, unworthy creatures as we are, are able to return to Him."

Christian travellers who are staying at Basle should, if possible, arrange to spend a Sabbath at Beuggen.

"If," says M. de Leifde, "the Lord's day be kept in a Christian spirit anywhere, it is at this quiet hallowed spot, where a little Church of Christ, secluded from the bustle of the world, and living in all the charming simplicity of a patriarchal household, stands as a marvellous monument of the power of the Gospel, as a protest against sin, and as a refuge from misery. I shall never forget the impression which the sight of that little congregation made upon me, when I entered at half-past nine, a.m., the large school-room, where seventy children were seated on benches before the desk at which Mr. Zeller stood. Sixteen pupil-teachers, together with the other adult members of the household, sat behind them. The hymn, sung in four parts, with remarkable correctness, seemed almost to transport the soul to the fields of Bethlehem on Christmas-eve. The prayers, short and pithy, were simple enough to be the vehicle of children's thoughts, and sublime enough to carry the mind of all the audience up to the greatest heights. The sermon, from Romans xiii. 11-14, was as telling upon the heart as it was quaintly divided. Each of its three parts was headed by a preposition thus:—*Up* (awake out of sleep); *Off* (cast off the works of darkness); *On* (put

on the armour of light; put on the Lord Jesus Christ). After the close of the service, the whole congregation rose and remained standing. Mr. Zeller, leaving his desk, took the two youngest girls by the hand and walked out of the room, followed in orderly procession by the other children, to the singing of a hymn. This was a sight which it was impossible to witness without being deeply moved."

Such is a fragment of the memorable story of the Castle on the Rhine. "Such a tree," said Mr. Zeller, in 1853, reviewing the annals of the work in which he had trained more than 600 pupil-teachers and children, "such a tree, with its numerous branches and twigs, has that little sprig become which was planted at Beuggen thirty-three years ago, and has lived through a series of fertile and of barren vicissitudes. Those thirty-three years are the most beautiful and blessed period of my life. When looking back upon them from this my seventy-fifth year, I cannot but fall prostrate, full of gratitude and adoration, at the feet of the Lord, who is a Father of the fatherless, a Judge of the widows, and a Refuge to the poor. We began here in April, 1820, without house or field, or even friends of our own, and we have continued to live till this moment in a hired establishment. But our Heavenly Father has, during these many years provided for us and preserved us; He mightily protected us at a time when we had no government protection; and He has so helped us in this that we never lacked what we needed, were always able to pay our rates and taxes, and were never compelled to run into debt. Keeping in mind that we have always had a household of about 108 persons, this is marvellous in our eyes, and to me it is an experience which I shall never be able sufficiently to praise my God for."

It may be that the narrative we have sketched may induce some traveller to halt when next he visits the city of Basle, and trace some of the memories and watch some of the scenes of interest that cluster round the Castle of Beuggen. Ten miles from Basle, in a quiet valley, over-shadowed by a vine-clad hill, and on the right bank of the Rhine, where the river curves swiftly between Säckingen and Rheinfelden, stands the venerable pile.

"On passing one of the bridges," says John de Leifde, in his charming volume,* "which span the moat surrounding the castle, you walk through a gate of mediæval structure into a spacious yard or square, where stands a clump of ten thickly-foliaged chestnut trees, casting their cool shade over a large basin of water. To the right you observe the half-decayed

* "The Romance of Charity." By JOHN DE LEIFDE. Published by Strahan and Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

ruins of the old Castle, built probably in the days of the Hapsburgs, and contrasting romantically with the more recent architecture of the New Castle, which dates from the commencement of the Seven Years' War."

"I'LL GIVE IT UP."

"It's no use me trying—I'll give it up. I can't be religious; and I don't care!"

Such was the ejaculation of a thoughtless young girl when, one Sabbath evening, she was about to go to the house of God. Her mind had of late been more than usually exercised in regard to the welfare of her soul. Not that she had willingly given any attention to this subject, for it was always unwelcome to her. Frequently she would treat the matter with contempt, and when spoken to seriously, would boast defiantly of her delight in worldly pleasures, and her determination to enjoy life while she could. She had often felt the power of religious convictions, and as often she had succeeded in stifling them, although daily brought beneath the sacred influence of a mother's pious example and fervent prayers. At last, however, the subject of religion seemed to force itself upon her attention. She could not banish it from her thoughts. A younger sister had just been brought to Christ, leaving her the only one of *four* who was unconverted. Moreover, in connection with others, she had been the object of special prayerful solicitude on the part of one or two earnest hearts, who were anxiously wrestling with God for the conversion of sinners. Some of those who had thus been prayed for had already been led to decision, and had given evidence of genuine conversion to God; but she was still unsubdued, unconverted, and therefore unsaved.

The conversion of her youngest sister deeply impressed her. It was in vain that she sought to drown her impression, as she had often done before, in the giddy dance. Her heart was heavy—her mind was sad. Thus she continued for about a fortnight, still the subject of the Spirit's strivings, and yet still resolved not to give up the world. At length the conflict grew less strong, the impression began again to wear away, until the Sabbath evening in question, after being repeatedly urged to give her heart to Jesus, and vainly supposing, because she had been impressed, that she had made an effort to turn to God, she broke forth into those ejaculations which stand at the commencement of this narrative.

In this spirit, determined, as she afterwards declared, to give up

all thoughts of religion, and allow nothing that might be said to trouble her, she went to the house of God. But *Omnipotent Love* was following her, exclaiming, "How shall I give thee up?" That night the Lord met with her in a more striking manner. It was the crisis of her soul's history. The service was more than usually impressive. The sermon was chiefly an earnest appeal to the Church on the subject of a revival of religion. Little or nothing was said to the unconverted until the close, when the preacher reminded them that *they* had nothing in common with the truths in which he had been speaking, and mingled with his appeals to them the statement that there were some amongst them for whom many tears had been shed and prayers offered, but for whose salvation he had almost ceased to hope. At this sentence the proud spirit, which, and throughout the discourse, had again been arrested, was completely humbled—the stubborn will was subdued, and this gay and thoughtless child of the world was a penitent at the footstool of *Mercy*. She did not, however, realise peace at once. She came to me in her distress. I pointed her to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, and urged her to cast her sins on Jesus. She pleaded the greatness of her sins. I replied, "He is able to save to the uttermost."

A recent yielding to temptation caused her the most poignant grief, and almost plunged her into despair. I spoke to her of the mercy of God, and the blood that cleanseth from all sin. We knelt in prayer, and parted.

I saw her often, but the cloud still rested upon her spirit. I thought she wanted *faith*, and spoke to her upon the subject. Her reply showed me that I was not mistaken. "I can hardly dare," said she, "to believe that I am saved: It seems too good to be true." I then conversed with her about the love of God displayed in Christ, by which He has shown us that He is already reconciled to us, and only waits for us to be fully reconciled to Him. This gave her encouragement, and she departed somewhat comforted. Still she did not find peace. I was perplexed. [I could not doubt that she was the subject of God's renewing grace, and hence I was at a loss to conceive what it could be that obstructed the revelation of Christ's love to her soul. I felt I did not yet know the exact state of her mind. I told her of my perplexity. She knew not what to say. Again we prayed, and before parting I told her I would pray for her, and urged her also to pray that Christ would enlighten her yet more fully, and reveal Himself as her Saviour.

From that time I was impressed with the conviction that the Lord would deal with her in some other way; and so it proved. In a short time she was laid on a bed of affliction, and while there it was that the

Lord spake peace to her soul, and at the same time revealed to her what had actually hindered her from realising her interest in Christ. She had not until then fully renounced the world—she had not given up all for Christ. This she discovered in her sickness. She then renounced all, and, casting herself wholly and fully on Christ, *found peace*. She could truly say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Restoration to health soon followed. She ultimately joined the Church, and is now one of its most consistent members.

This sketch serves to illustrate several important points in connection with the operations of Divine grace. It reminds us of the *power* of that grace in overcoming the prejudice and opposition of the human heart, and shows us that when there is apparently the least hope of a sinner's return to God, He may be about to manifest His power in effectually subduing the rebellious spirit. This, like the history of every true conversion to God, is a commentary on the passage, "My people shall be willing in the day of my power."

Moreover, this sketch furnishes God's people with an encouragement to special, earnest, and persevering prayer. It was in answer to prayer that the subject of this brief paper was arrested, converted, and brought to Christ. Nor can I doubt that we should see many more of such conversions to God, if His people would only unite in special prayer for individuals. O that He would quicken us by His Spirit to call upon His name, and implore His blessing. O that He would lead us to pray more earnestly and fervently for the out-pouring of His Spirit upon the ungodly! Then shall there be a great shaking among the dry bones in the valley of death. Then shall the *Divine Breath* come from the four winds of heaven, and infuse life into the slain.

G. R. B.

A DUKE AND A KING.

A CONSUMPTIVE disease seized the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton, which ended in his death. A little time before his departure from the world, he took his Bible from under his pillow, and opened it at the passage, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." As death approached, he called his younger brother to his bedside, and, addressing him with the greatest affection and seriousness, closed with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time, you'll be a duke, but I shall be a king."

THE ISLAND PATRIARCH.

IN the midst of the South Pacific Ocean an isolated rock rears its scarred peak a thousand feet above the waves which ceaselessly lash the base of its beetling cliffs. This rock of the West, called Pitcairn's Island, has been lifted from the ocean's bed by the resistless force of fire. Time has clothed its once bald slopes with dark graceful woods and soft deep pastures. The kid now scampers among its craggy heights, and the sea-gull swoops over the billowy surge. This lonely spot, once the scene of the grossest idolatry and crime, has become the abode of civilization, of piety, and of peace. On the very spot where once blazed the fires of Moloch, stands the temple of God; and the very hills which once heard the death-shriek of the human victim now resound with psalms of grateful praise. How such a change has taken place the following story will tell.

It was the month of April, 1787. The rising sun whitened the sails of a ship which was cleaving her homeward way. Not a sound was heard, save the music of the wind among the rigging, and the splashing of the tide against the strong ribs of the vessel. All on board seemed at peace. But it was an ominous peace. During the night a plot had been concocted; at the officer's door was standing an armed sentinel; and then the captain was dragged from his bed, was bound, and was forced upon deck. A boat was lowered upon the sea, and the captain, and eighteen of his officers, were hurried into it, and, with a very small quantity of bread and pork, were left to the mercy of wind and waves.

The mutinous crew, having thus got rid of those who might have restrained them, sailed straight back to Tahiti, from whence they had come. But little did they then think of the many and sore troubles they had prepared for themselves. Sixteen of the crew went on shore, and settled there, leaving the remainder in possession of the ship. Of those who left the ship, two were murdered during the first year; in 1791, Captain Edward, of the *Pandora*, captured fourteen, of whom four were drowned in their irons when the ship foundered on her voyage to England; while of the remaining ten, four were acquitted, and six were condemned to death, three of whom suffered the penalty of the law. Seven only escaped an untimely end.

The nine who had been left in the vessel, not feeling safe nor at ease in their mind, soon left Tahiti in search of a securer home. After sailing about 1,800 miles to the south-west, they sighted an island, which, from its loneliness, attracted their special attention. They approached

it, and, after great toil and danger, landed. They walked over the island—only five miles in circumference—and finding neither person nor house, they thought it a safe retreat, and resolved to make it their future home.

The band of settlers included in all twenty-eight souls, for the nine mutineers had brought with them, in addition to their nine Tahitian wives, six Tahitian men, three of whom had wives, beside a native girl of fourteen years of age. On this island they resolved to spend the remainder of their days, apart from the sympathy and secure from any fear of the rest of mankind. Driven hither by crime, and still haunted by the dread of discovery, they took every means to screen themselves from observation. So having landed everything they considered likely to be useful, they set the vessel on fire.

But these lawless men did not long agree. They soon began to question who should be master, and in their contentions, as is too often the case, might trampled on right. So deadly were their feuds, that in less than ten years only one man of the fifteen was left alive. Twelve were murdered, one committed suicide, and one died of asthma. John Adams, who was now at the head of twenty children and their widowed mothers, had himself, by a merciful Providence, twice escaped death. Thus, as we review the sad history of these men who so outraged the laws of God and humanity, we find that of the twenty-seven only nine died a natural death. Truly, sin shall not go unpunished; and, as in the present case, the punishment often, even in this life, bears a startling proportion to the sin which was its cause. John Adams was no scholar, but he was a shrewd, strong-willed, warm-hearted man. His early days had been spent among ropes and sails, more than among books. In fact, the only lessons he had ever learned were from bits of newspapers picked off the streets. He felt very keenly his unfitness for the position in which he was now placed, as the sole teacher and guardian of those helpless children. And though an ungodly man, he recoiled with disgust from the horrors of idolatry, and trembled for the future of those little ones under the example of their heathen mothers.

Among the many things saved from the ship was an old Bible. This priceless treasure, and a Church of England Prayer Book, formed the library of the island. This Bible had long been neglected by John Adams; but, stirred by the deep necessity now laid upon him as the protector of those twenty children and their mothers, he gave himself wholly and determinately to the study of its sacred pages. He had not gone far in its perusal when he became an earnest inquirer after salvation. His past life of sin confronted and condemned him. He had the keenest

sense of guilt. He prayed to God, but found no answer. Peace left him. While in this state of mind he had two dreams: in one, he thought he saw an awful being approach, and about to thrust him through with a dart; in the other, there was revealed to him a fearful place of torment, into which he was about to be cast for ever. These dreams—no doubt a result of his intense anxiety—alarmed him. He read the word of God with greater earnestness. His prayers were more fervent and faithful, and at length the light of the glorious Gospel dawned upon his mind, and he was enabled to trust Jesus as his Saviour.

The Bible was now his hourly companion, and as its truths opened up before him, he saw more clearly his relation to God and to those around him. The sad state of the little colony pressed heavily on his mind, and he felt his own ignorance to a great degree damp his energies for their good. But his heart was full of the love of Christ; he yearned over every soul on the island; and he set to work to teach the children the knowledge of God. O! the transforming power of grace to see that once heartless sailor instructing those little children in the love of Jesus.

It was no easy task that John Adams had undertaken. Many difficulties had to be overcome; but his hands were made strong by the mighty God of Jacob; he persevered in his good work, and so far gained upon the minds of the young, that the lessons from the Bible became a pleasure instead of a task. Encouragement came. Thus, one day, two of the elder lads, having done him some service, were to be rewarded. When the reward was offered they refused to accept it, and desired that they should have some additional instruction out of the Bible in its place, and this was given them by their devoted teacher.

For eighteen years this Island Patriarch worked for God in that far-off and lonely spot, laying the foundations of our faith in the hearts of those children and their heathen mothers. But John Adams was not satisfied with merely teaching them to read the word of God, he also strove to win their hearts' consent to its truths. He also guided their lives by its rules, and their disputes were all settled by its laws. Family prayer was the "key of the morning and the bolt at night." Every day, before any work was done, he heard the children repeat the Lord's prayer and the Apostles' creed, and was careful to enforce the necessity of both old and young casting themselves on the Lord's protection before engaging in any dangerous work. On one occasion he and some of the elderly women were out fishing on the south coast of the island, when the surf became so heavy that it broke their canoe, and they were in great peril. They could not climb the steep rocks. There

was no other course than that John Adams proposed, viz., to yield themselves to God in prayer, and then to swim from rock to rock, as best they could, till they came to land. Accordingly they did so, and ultimately reached the shore in safety. Thus they showed by word and deed that they recognised God's presence and providence, as a Father able and ready to help them in time of need. He was to them a personal God; One to whom they could speak, and on whom they could depend; One who knew their every want, felt for them in every sorrow, and supported them in every season of trial. And such is the Christian's God in all ages, and in every clime.

Twenty-six years rolled away; the little children were now grown up to godly men and women; other children sat by the old man's knee, and heard from his lips the same grand old Bible stories. Thus did the little colony prosper under the kind care of its Father in heaven, nurtured by the warm and generous patriarch who watched for their souls as one who had to give account. Nor did he watch in vain; many were given to him who are now his crown of rejoicing in the presence of God. God heard his prayers, regarded his faith, and helped him in his great work.

In the providence of God, a whale ship, driven out of its course, touched at the island. The captain of the vessel became so interested in the simple godly people, that he desired one of his ship's company to remain as school-master. The young man consented, to the great joy of the islanders. Soon afterwards an event occurred which brought the existence and circumstance of John Adams and his island home before the mind of the British Government.

In the year 1814, while Captain Sir T. Staines, and Captain Pipon, of H. M. ships *Briton* and *Tagus*, were searching for an American ship-of-war, they chanced to come in sight of Pitcairn's island. They hove to, with the intention of exploring it; but, as they drew near the shore, they discovered houses and plantations. Soon after they saw men coming to the beach carrying a light canoe upon their shoulders, and, dashing through the angry surf, come off to the ship. These things surprised the visitors, but what was their amazement when from the canoe there came the round full tones of their mother tongue: "Will you not heave us a rope now?" They soon heaved them a rope, and received on deck two young men. The eldest of the two was a fine fellow, over six feet in height, and about twenty years of age. His countenance was open and genial, and his black hair hanging in long wavy curls down to his shoulders. His sole dress was a piece of cloth about his loins, and a broad straw hat, trimmed with the dark feathers of the

fowl. His companion was a youth of seventeen. Although born of Tahitian mothers, yet, as Captain Pipon remarks, "we were glad to trace in their countenances all the features of an honest English face."

These islanders were conducted to the cabin, and food was set before them; but if Captain Staines and his colleague were surprised to hear in that out-of-the-way spot the English tongue, they were more so to see these strangers rise up from the table, clasp their hands, and, looking reverently to heaven, gratefully offer thanksgivings to God. For thus the teaching of the Island Patriarch illustrated itself. God was to these young men their Father. All they had had came from Him. And so deeply graven on their heart was this great fact, that time and place and circumstances, must all be as nothing when duty called them to testify of Him on whom they depended.

Captain Sir T. Staines, accompanied by Captain Pipon, now went on shore with the two young men, and were met by John Adams and his blind wife. The old man was afraid lest they had come to apprehend him, but was soon convinced that the visit was one of peace. The visitors found that the village formed a square. The patriarch's house stood at the upper end, and on the opposite side the home of "Thursday October Christian," son of the leader of the mutiny, and the first born on the island. The other sides were occupied by other houses. In the middle of the square was a neat lawn, over which the poultry wandered. To the house at the upper end of the village the officers were led; yams cocoa-nuts and fresh eggs were laid before them, and John Adams would soon have killed and dressed a hog for his guests had time permitted. This was a great day; the greatest that Pitcairn had ever seen.

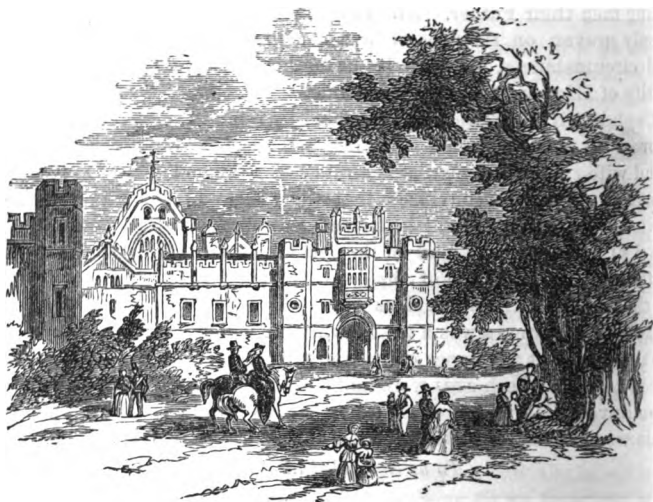
(To be concluded in our next.)

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

THAT man is justified by faith without the works of the law, was the uniform doctrine of our first Reformers. It is a far more ancient doctrine—it was the doctrine of the whole college of Apostles: it is more ancient still—it was the doctrine of the prophets: it is older than the prophets—it was the religion of the patriarchs. And no one who has the least acquaintance with the writings of the first Reformers will impute to them, more than to the patriarchs, the prophets, or apostles, the absurd opinion, that any man leading an impenitent wicked life, will finally, upon the mere pretence of faith (and faith connected with an impenitent life, must always be a mere pretence), obtain admission into heaven.—*Bishop Horsley.*

HAMPTON COURT.

How good are the times in which we live—how humane the spirit of the age! Palaces become homes for the humble, and places of entertainment for the people. Hampton Court, where Wolsey lived in royal state, where the Eighth Henry followed the chase, where Shakespeare performed on the stage to the delighted Elizabeth, where James I. argued, from which Charles fled, and where Cromwell had his home, has become a palace for the people.



ENTRANCE TO HAMPTON COURT.

We have records of Hampton Court up to the thirteenth century, when it was given by Joan, relict of Sir Thomas Gray, to the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem. Under the prior of this fraternity it was that Wolsey became lessee of the magnificent estate. On the site of the old manor he built his stately palace, thus using what had been bequeathed for charitable purposes for his own gratification. The splendour to which Hampton Court rose under Wolsey had much to do with bringing about the fall of the Cardinal, and with producing that "envy" which led him to present the palace with its furniture to the king. The great Hall was built by Henry VIII., who also added other buildings until it became "more like a small city than a house." The same monarch is said to have converted the surrounding lands, which had

been the means of sustenance to many, into a wilderness of beasts and birds of game, that he might enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

Hampton Court stands associated with several events of interest connected with the religious movements of the past. It was there the celebrated conference was held of which King James himself was moderator. Nearly a thousand ministers wished the king to relax certain rules of conformity. At the conference the representatives of these ministers were browbeaten by the king, and out-bellowed by those who sided with him. One good result of this conference was, that at the request of Dr. Reynolds, on the part of the Puritans, a new translation of the Scriptures was made, which still remains as the authorised version in England.

Charles I. returned to Hampton Court on account of the plague in 1625, when a proclamation was made prohibiting all communication between London and the palace. The king remained at Hampton Court until the religious troubles which ultimately made way for Cromwell had come to a crisis. Then on a dark and stormy night, November 11, 1647, he fled, accompanied by one servant and two noblemen, to the Isle of Wight, the king himself acting as guide through the woods at Oatlands.



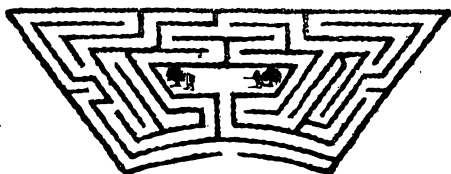
HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

Here Cromwell resided in the days of his greatest power. The marriage ceremonies of his daughter Elizabeth were celebrated in this palace, and here died Cromwell's favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole. Never had there been such a death in the palace, and seldom anywhere have greater proofs been given of the power of religion to support the dying and console the bereaved. For some weeks previous to the death of his daughter, Cromwell was in constant attendance upon her in the palace. She could not endure the absence of her father, and he could not keep from her bedside. History records how touching it was to see the daughter, who was suffering under the most painful of diseases, trying to keep from her father the amount of pain she suffered: while he tried to hide his anxiety lest the knowledge of it should give her further pain. The mighty Cromwell bowed like a reed before the blast at the bedside of his suffering child, saying, "Be still my child, trust thou in God: in the waves of the dark river He will be thy help;" and he was cheered by hearing her speak in language of simple trust in the one Saviour. She died, and he who had stood unmoved and undaunted on many a fierce battle-field could not withstand the shock, and within a month from the death of his daughter the father was carried to the grave.

From the time of Cromwell down to that of the First and Second Georges, Hampton Court was occasionally occupied by royalty, but afterwards was devoted to the interests of the people. The state apartments are now thrown open freely to the public, and the rest of the palace is arranged to form a series of homes for families who may have claims upon their country and sovereign. Her Majesty the Queen takes great interest in the appointments to the homes—which appointments indeed are made by royal command. The Hampton Court residences are now principally occupied by the widows and orphan families of officers who have fallen in our wars.

Much of the celebrity of Hampton Court is owing to the gallery of paintings which contains the famous cartoons of Raphael. They are part of a series of designs made for tapestry, and are reckoned amongst the finest works of art. The tapestries which have been worked from them, which are but shadows of the originals, are preserved with great care at Rome in the gallery leading from St. Peter's to the Vatican. The cartoons themselves, after the tapestries had been sent to Rome, lay forgotten in the lumber-rooms of the manufacturers at Arras. Charles I. purchased them for the use of some tapestry-weavers, and on his death Cromwell again purchased them for the nation at an expense of three hundred pounds.

The gardens and park at Hampton Court are charming. There is also a wilderness or thickly-planted space where some of the finest trees in England are to be seen. At the end of this wilderness is the Maze,



which affords much amusement to the pleasure-seekers who lose themselves and each other in its intricate doublings. Can our young readers trace their way from the entrance of the Maze to the centre? Perhaps they will with this guide in their hands.

W. G.

COUNCILS OF ADVICE.

SOME of the most serious disputes in our Churches arise from the best motives. For instance, a number of the members of a Church come reluctantly but irresistibly to the conclusion that their minister is unsuited for the precise position he occupies, and that they, their families, and the institutions of that Church would suffer seriously, perhaps disastrously, if his pastorate be protracted among them. They have no wish to be unkind in word or in deed, but the welfare of the Church of Christ is dearer to them than any private interests, and at length they feel it their duty to give expression to their convictions on the matter. And who shall say that a godly jealousy for the spiritual prosperity of the Church is to be deprecated?

But other members of that community look at the matter from a different point of view. They hear that opinions have been expressed impugning the competency of their pastor or the success of his work, and they feel that the very avowal of those opinions may aggravate the evils that are deplored. They sympathise too with the difficulties in which their minister may be placed—his reputation, his family, his financial circumstances, his future. They are jealous *for him*. And who shall say that there is not something to be commended in their position in this matter? It is a generous thing to stand by a friend in his perplexity, it may be a supreme duty to repel attacks upon a minister of Christ.

It is from among circumstances like these that many a Church difficulty has taken its rise. The conflict of two such sentiments, each

excellent in its way, has led on to dissension, to division, and even to disruption. The one party has been animated by love to the Church of Christ, the other by love to a minister of the Church of Christ; yet out of principles so admirable, and motives so praiseworthy, evil and schism have come. Two sweets mixed together seem to make a bitter. Two rights brought too closely into conflict make a wrong.

But the practical question for us to consider is this: Suppose that in some such ways as those we have referred to, or in ways less excusable than these, a difficulty has arisen in an Independent Church, and suppose that, though reasonable efforts have been made within the Church for the adjustment of the difficulty, yet the difficulty remains, what resources are there for obtaining a satisfactory solution of the matter? Shall the minority be left to suffer from a sense of wrong until it has become strong enough to enforce its convictions upon the rest, or until it rends the Church by secession? Or shall the individuals who compose that minority go off one by one to some other community? Or shall they let time—and sometimes a very long time—or the accident of circumstances, do the best it can to heal the wound?

Is there, we would inquire, no other way of averting or mitigating these evils? It is true that as Independent Churches, we hold jealously to our freedom; but freedom, whether in morals, politics, or Churches, means freedom to go wrong as well as right. Can no method be devised for retaining the greatest liberty in the direction of what is wise, and yet for providing some check to be put upon any tendencies that may arise to irregularity or error? Our steam-engines have their governor-balls, which so regulate the admission of steam into the cylinders as to secure uniformity of pressure and of motion; cannot some modifying and moderating apparatus be supplied to our Church mechanism, which shall prevent a flush of heat in the furnace or of steam in the boiler, and shall cause the fine running-gear of our machinery to play with ease and freedom, and without chafing or strain?

This problem has been solved by the Congregational Churches of America. To make the independency of the individual communities compatible with a thorough co-operation and mutual supervision, this has been their design. Hence there have been called into existence what are named "Councils of Advice." These are an institution even the existence of which is little known among the Independent Churches of England, but the precise constitution and bearing of which it would be well for us to understand. "The glory of Congregationalism," says an American writer, "regarded not as a moral power, but as an ecclesiastical system, is its councils." "American Congregationalists main-

tain," remarked Dr. Vaughan, "that every Church should be institutionally and really independent, not subject to any authority foreign to itself. But though it is not to submit to legislation from without, it owes much deference, on the ground of common Christian principle, to the expressed feeling and judgment of neighbouring sister Churches." In this opinion every right-minded Independent on either side the Atlantic will concur; but from such premises American Congregationalists proceed to draw very practical conclusions.

The method they have adopted is simple. Instead of leaving disquietude in Church life to cure itself, sometimes by the sacrifice of a minister, sometimes by the suffering or death of a Church, competent "advice" is obtained, and obtained in an accredited manner. A Council of the neighbouring Churches is summoned. The Churches thus invited to assist are represented by messengers or delegates chosen for the particular occasion, the pastor of the Church being by ancient usage one of the delegates. If the controversy be one concerning which both parties have agreed to refer the matter to the Council, it is called "a mutual Council," and the letters-missive summoning the delegates are sent out by mutual consent. But suppose one of the parties at issue refuses to consent to making a reference of the case, what is to be done? In that event the practice of the American Churches is equally defined; the aggrieved party issues its letters-missive for what is designated "an *ex parte* Council." Such a Council, properly summoned, has the same standing, and is entitled to the same respect, as a mutual Council; "for it were unreasonable," says *The Official Record of the National Congregational Council*, "that, in case of grievance, either party should be deprived, "by the obstinacy of the other, of such relief as the neighbouring Churches can give."

Nor need such councils as these be summoned only when matters are at issue between contending parties. Difficulties may arise when no one is to be blamed, and when no one is blamed, but difficulties of so serious a nature that the wise council of representatives from sister Churches may be most valuable. The formation of new Churches, the ordination or recognition of pastors, and similar solemnities, may fitly receive the formal and public sanction of such a council.

Two objections, drawn from opposite poles, may be made. On the one hand it may be said: Is there no danger of such councils becoming too influential—exercising an authority incompatible with the independency of individual Churches? But no one, we think, who is familiar with the signs of our times will see any immediate probability of such powers becoming to autocratic. Similar apprehensions were at one

time cherished in regard to the Congregational Union; but it will be allowed that all such fears were illusory. Besides, as submission to the judgments of such councils would always be discretionary on the part of the Churches, the councils could not become tyrannical; and those who saw ground for fearing a too dominant and centralised an influence could simply decline to make an appeal to its decisions.

Another objection may be drawn from another source. It may be said that even were such councils recognised among us the Churches might refuse to submit disputed points to such a court of appeal. Granted; but if the disputants preferred to wrangle on, the existence of such a council would certainly do no harm if it did nothing. But the principle involved in such courts being once sanctioned among us they would be ready, when needed, for those who did wish to avail themselves of the services thus offered. At any rate, if provision for the appointment of such a court were made, and the Churches did not seek to put the machinery into motion, no injury would be done if nothing at all were done. Yet surely the independency of our Churches does not mean that they are independent of decency, of morality, or of public opinion; and if appliances were adjusted for the easy decision of difficulties that might arise, the gratuitous perpetuation of such difficulties would be inexcusable.

But among the advantages which such councils might confer we may mention the following:—

1. Their very existence would discountenance strife. Sources of disquietude sometimes arise in our Churches which the originators would be ashamed of if they knew that the matter might perhaps be brought under the judicial cognisance of impartial persons beyond their own little precincts. "If I carry this affair too far," says a quarrelsome man to himself, "my opponent may challenge me to consent to the submission of the matter to a 'Council of Advice';" and if I refuse it will look as if I knew I was in the wrong." The check which such reflections as these would supply would be salutary.

2. Such councils would tend to allay irritation in its earlier and less serious stages. "Quarrels are like the letting out of water"—easily stopped up at the beginning. In many cases a conciliatory temper, a wise and candid suggestion, or an affectionate remonstrance from a third and disinterested party who has a fair repute for Christian prudence, would often be gratefully received and followed. We do not say it is always so; but it is often so. How much more weighty would be the deliberate advice of a dozen or so of jurors whose arbitration had been advisedly invoked! If the principle of arbitration be daily commending itself in the great questions that arise among nations—if it is being

successfully adopted to solve the intricate and imperative relations of masters and workmen, of capital and labour,—surely we cannot be far wrong in assuming that there are many cases in which it would be of service among men and communities who recognise the persuasiveness and the power of the law of Christ.

3. Questions may arise which may deserve and demand the adjudication not of an individual or of a section, but of a solemn and deliberate assembly, representative of many Churches. Let then the council consist of delegates, clerical and lay. Let either of the parties who submit their misunderstanding have the power to challenge any of their jurors, whose personal predilections or known sectional leanings may lay his partiality open to suspicion. Let the antagonists formally consent to abide by the decision arrived at—that the decision shall be final on pain of being excluded from all denominational recognition. Such a jury would be, as the Rev. Henry Batchelor remarks, “morally certain to arrive at an equitable verdict.” “Whenever an exigency arises,” he adds, “I should like to see this principle permitted, the practice initiated, and a council convened for the examination and settlement of any perplexities which may have emerged from our fallen human nature. Something like this suggestion has been at different times acted on in our denomination.” Dr. Pye-Smith, referring to the defects of our Church practice, attributed many of them to that which he deplored—“the disuse of holding friendly communion of Independent Churches for mutual counsel and advice, by which in the way of agreed arbitration, differences would be nipped in their bud.”—*English Independent*.

BUDS OF BEAUTY.

God dries up the channel, that you may be haply compelled to plunge into an infinite ocean of happiness. Blissful thought! Father, mother, you who mourn over the grave of your little one, look up! Know that the chastening rod is in your heavenly Father's hand, and that if He hath taken away, He first did give, and He doeth all things well. He gave you the bud of beauty, and you centered your happiness in its being. He saw that this was not for your good, so He took away the child whose presence had been as a leaping sparkling streamlet to your heart's love, that that heart, which had before tasted of earthly, might be lost in the immensity of heavenly love.

It is a very solemn consideration, that a part of myself is in eternity, in the presence, I trust, of the Saviour. How awful will it be, should the branch be saved and the stock perish.—*Rev. Robert Hall*.

HOW TO INCREASE AN INCOME.

A FACT.

ON a bright autumn day a traveller paced from a railway-station some six miles through pleasant woodland scenery of a midland county, to a populous village that had never been roused from its quietude by the shrill whistle or exciting rumble of a train.

A—— is charmingly situated, "a city set on a hill," commanding an extensive prospect of noble scenery. In this village stood a small Congregational chapel, having no pretensions to architecture, either within or without, but evincing that the most rigid economy reigned there. For many years the County Union had made a substantial grant in aid to sustain the minister of this chapel. Every effort to constrain this Church to increase its income having failed—though several well-conditioned gentlemen attended the chapel, whose contributions were a mere seat-rent of £2 per annum each—the County Union withdrew its grant, and the minister felt obliged to remove. In this state of things the traveller preached to a small audience, closing his discourse by exhorting his hearers to personal devotion of a prayerfully determined part of their earnings to God at Sabbath worship.

After the service a small group of farm-labourers fell into an interesting conversation. William Howard said, "Friends, I feel that what the minister said is true, 'God's work will never be done till His people reach the point of sacrifice. What we do with ease and do not feel, is in no sympathy with God's doings for man, and will never obtain any rich blessing from God.' I believe this. You know I earn 8s. a week as a field-labourer. If I can live on 8s. a week, I can on 7s., and I will, too, and give the other shilling to God's service." To this responded Thomas Bartram, "If William Howard can do that, so can I," and others followed in the same strain.

Accordingly a wealthy deacon was requested to provide a receptacle for the weekly devotion of their gifts. On finding humble labourers bringing such sums, this deacon asked six well-to-do gentlemen who gave £2 each per annum, what was to be done, as these labourers were giving a shilling a week each, and the gentlemen's £2 a year was only 9½d. a week each? At once they said, "We must not be beaten so, let us give £10 each," and the whole seven doing this, the increase through them from £14 to £70, with that of tradesmen and the noble offerings of these field-labourers, raised the income from £30 to £120.

Many Churches may from this case learn how largely to augment their income, and widen their usefulness. No one could ask a man to

spare 1s. out of 8s. earnings, but if a man from sense of love to God and concern for His glory will do so, that is his own affair. Whoever may condemn his so doing, it cannot be believed that He who eulogised the widow's gift of "all her living," will condemn such a deed.

THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

"THE Master saith: where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?" Jerusalem, at the time of the passover, was one great inn; each householder had invited his own friends, but no one had invited the Saviour, and He had no dwelling of His own. It was by his own supernatural power that He found Himself an upper room in which to keep the feast. It is so even to this day—Jesus is not received among the sons of men, save only where, by His supernatural power and grace, He makes the heart anew. All doors are open enough to the prince of darkness, but Jesus must clear a way for Himself, or lodge in the streets. It was through the mysterious power exerted by our Lord that the householder raised no question, but at once cheerfully and joyfully opened his guest-chamber. Who he was, and what he was, we do not know, but he readily accepted the honour which the Redeemer proposed to confer upon him. In like manner, it is still discovered who are the Lord's chosen, and who are not; for when the Gospel comes to some, they fight against it and will not have it; but where men receive it, welcoming it, this is a sure indication that there is a secret work going on in the soul, and that God has chosen them unto eternal life.

Are you willing, dear reader, to receive Christ? Then there is no difficulty in the way; Christ will be your guest; His own power is working with you, making you willing. What an honour to entertain the Son of God! The heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and yet He condescends to find a house within our hearts! We are not worthy that He should come under our roof, but what an unutterable privilege when He condescends to enter! for then He makes a feast, and causes us to feast with Him upon royal dainties; we sit at a banquet where the viands are immortal and give immortality to those who feed thereon. Blessed among the sons of Adam is he who entertains the angels' Lord.
—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

HEAVEN is greatly made up of little children—sweet buds that have never blown, or which death has plucked from a mother's bosom to lay

on his own cold breast, just when they were expanding, like flowers from the sheath, and opening their engaging beauties in the budding-time and spring of life. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." How soothing these words by the cradle of a dying infant! They fall like balm-drops on our bleeding heart when we watch the ebbing of that young life, as wave after wave breaks feebler, and the sinking breath gets lower and lower, till with a gentle sigh and a passing quiver of the lips, our sweet child leaves its body lying like an angel asleep, and ascends to the beatitudes of heaven and the bosom of its God. Perhaps God does with His heavenly garden as we do with our own. He may chiefly stock it from the nurseries, and select for transplanting what is yet in its young and tender age—flowers before they have bloomed, and trees ere they begin to bear.

The child who is seated on the shoulder of a man sees further than the man himself; an infant standing on the top of a mountain very much further than a giant at its base; and even so, the lisping babe, whom Jesus has taken from a mother's bosom to His own, excels in science the profoundest of philosophers, and knows more of divinity than the greatest of divines. In heaven, we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known; there, "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold."—*Rev. Thomas Guthrie.*

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE last has been the great holiday month. Worn out by the summer's toil, and looking forward to the great season of winter work, nearly everybody has been bent on obtaining rest and vigour, and well-earned is the holiday-month, especially of the Nonconformist minister. When a man has become the author of about a hundred sermons or treatises, more or less original—when he has superintended the work of a church—when he has visited the sick, baptized the babes, married the betrothed, and buried the dead of a congregation for eleven months, he deserves a holiday. Let deacons see their ministers off to the seaside for a month, and the remaining part of the year will be more full of good work to record in Church books, and in our Church news.

The Duke of St. Alban's has decided to allow the people of Redbourne to choose their own clergyman. As patron of that living, which is worth £300 a year, and the advowson of which would be valued at £4,000, the Duke has written to the parishioners to say that, before filling up the prospective vacancy of the living, he is anxious to offer

the appointment to the congregation, as he feels that if the laity generally had more voice in the selection of their ministers, it would "immensely strengthen the hands and materially increase the usefulness of the clergy of the Church of England." But difficult questions at once arise. Who are the parishioners? May all who pay rates have a voice in the election? Who are to be the candidates? By whom are they to be appointed, and how many have a trial? The *Guardian* points out the difficulty when it says "that the persons who generally form the influential element in a parochial vestry are about the last in the world to whom a spiritually-minded Christian would intrust the choice of a pastor for himself or his family." Still it is a step in the right direction.

On the subject generally the *Times* says: "Our system of Church patronage is, it must be owned, one of those many English customs which may be good to practise, but not to talk about. Considering the intimate relations which ought to subsist between a clergyman and his people, the manner in which he is selected for his post is about the least promising that could have been invented. There are, of course, in an increasing degree, conscientious patrons who do their best to find a man who may be suited to the peculiar needs of his position. But there is no security whatever for this care being exercised, and the instances in which it governs the selection are, we fear, a minority. Patronage is an affair of family, of friends, or of money. The spiritual welfare of a whole parish is intrusted to a man's charge for just the same reasons as those for which he might receive a handsome present. In point of fact, if the living be worth anything, this is very much what it comes to. The clergyman is nominated, not to a cure of souls, but to a house, glebe, and tithes. He comes into the parish, therefore, with nothing particularly to recommend him to the sympathy of the people among whom he is to live, and whose happiness depends so much on their mutual accord. He is simply an inevitable element in the parish—almost like a natural feature of the landscape. Once there, he is the most immovable of artificial institutions, and, since he has the power to go his own way, he is under a strong temptation to do so. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising if parishioners sometimes feel that they also have a right to go their way, and that, if the man imposed on them does not suit their taste, they are justified, if they can, in suiting themselves elsewhere. The Duke of St. Alban's and the parishioners of Redbourne are leading the way, and we hope the result of their experiment will prove encouraging."

The Churchmanship of Market Harborough is getting itself somewhat

notorious. Recently it burnt its Bibles. Now it will not endure street preaching. Mr. Milbourne, Mr. Sharman, and some others connected with the "Hallelujah Band," from Leicester, have been holding a series of religious services in this town. These services led to a series of disturbances. A number of public-house roughs, the very scum and refuse of the town, commenced insulting and attacking the preachers, holding blasphemous mock prayer-meetings, and manifesting extremely riotous conduct. From the organised character of these affairs, it is believed that the "roughs" were merely the paid instruments of certain notorious characters. The "roughs" proving unable to put down the courageous Revivalist preachers, the assistance of the police was next resorted to. The result was that the preachers were summoned by the police for obstructing the highway, and sentenced to nominal fines and costs. Mr. Milbourne, believing that he was justified in preaching the Gospel in the open air on a spot where public gatherings are often held, determinedly refused to pay the fine imposed upon him, and was accordingly committed to Leicester Gaol for seven days, to the great indignation of nearly all who heard the evidence. The conduct of the police has been severely commented upon, and twenty-eight inhabitants of Market Harborough, whose dwellings surround the "Sheep Market," in which the services were held, have published a statement, in which they express their sympathy with the preachers, and declare that they caused no interruption to the thoroughfare whatever. The matter will probably not end here. From wrongs like these the rights of Englishmen have sprung.

There is a Poor Clergy Relief Society in connection with the Church of England. This institution has just issued its Annual Report. To the Report are subjoined extracts from clergymen who have been aided by the Society which tell of poverty and suffering which our readers will think a disgrace to a Church so wealthy. One writes:—"The assistance by clothes and money was such that, humanly speaking, we could not have struggled through without it. We have not wealth now, but, by the mercy of God, we are relieved from the pressure of the great burden, and wish to honour God out of that all He has bestowed upon us."

Another says:—"With many and sincere thanks I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for £5, which the Committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation has kindly sent me. It is a most seasonable relief to me, as, at the time I received it, I had not a penny in the house, and did not know what to do. All my family are greatly in need of clothes, which I have not the means to purchase. I trust you

will kindly pardon me for asking if your Committee would be so good as to render us a little help in clothing. We should all be very thankful for it.

Mr. M. H. Hodder, of Paternoster Row, has been representing the Young Men's Christian Associations of this country at an International Convention held in America. In a letter in which he reviews the proceedings of the gathering Mr. Hodder remarks:—"A singular episode in the proceedings of the Convention may be interesting to English friends. It was announced that special effort was being made on the part of Roman Catholics to propagate their faith in the Southern States which called for like effort on the part of the best friends of the Lord Jesus Christ. When a promise of dollars had for some time had a good run, I was permitted to rise and say, 'Here's our English sovereign for the South,' and sent it up to the platform. During its transit a cordial demonstration was being performed, and the President, with admirable tact, turned the occasion to good account, dwelling upon the value of English sovereigns in the United States, and inquiring what offer others would make for the sovereign handed up. A sharp competition took place, which induced me to part with my remaining yellow coins. W. E. Dodge, the President, gave 150 dollars for one, and D. L. Moody, of Chicago, gave 150 dollars for another. One of the sovereigns was given up again, and further competition took place. Other foreign moneys were offered by different friends, and the total amount realised, as the result of this pleasing incident, was said to reach about 1,000 dollars.

The Autumnal Meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales are this month to be held at Wolverhampton. Questions of great interest will be brought under discussion. Besides old themes, which are important though old, there will be proposals for new efforts in the direction of a Ministerial Sustentation Fund, and a Chapel Insurance Society. Dr. Morton Brown will propose "A possible basis of Union between Congregationalists and Presbyterians in England."

The great Juggernaut festival is declining year by year. The *Friend of India* has the following remarks upon the miserable character of the festival at Serampore, the most sacred place for the celebration of that feast:—"The Juggernaut festival at Serampore closed on Monday after a pitiable fashion. The two great cars still stand on the roadside, half in the ditch, because the people will not pull them back to their places. In spite of the numbers hired to pull and to applaud, the cars were moved on the first occasion only half the usual distance, and there they lie in the mud, with the idols on them and flags flying. As usual, the Brahmins applied to the authorities to 'order' the people

to pull ; but of course in vain. The common peasantry were heard to reply to the miserable creatures who urged them from the car to pull, 'It is all very well, but come and give a hand yourselves.' The crowd, of which a rough census was taken, was never more than 75,000 at the highest, and rarely exceeded 35,000—a third of what it used to be."

A correspondent of the *Church News* writes that he attended three City churches in succession last Sunday morning. In one of them he found an old woman and the charity children ; in another there was no service at all ; and at the third, up to the time at which he left it, no clergyman had arrived. There is unusual agitation it would appear in the convent world.—At home, as well as abroad, there are ugly things in connection with convent life, for it appears the Sisters of Mercy in the conventual establishment in Framwell-gate, Durham, have departed in a body without leave from the proper authorities—an insufficient allowance of food being the alleged ground of their desertion.

A new Congregational Church has been built at Hexham, at an expense of £3,700, and has opened almost, if not entirely, free from debt. The memorial-stone of a new Congregational Church and Schools has been laid at Ripponden, by Henry Lee, Esq., of Manchester. The expense of the undertaking will be about £3,000.

The following ministers have accepted Congregational pastorates :—The Rev. J. Alden Davies, at Edge-hill, Liverpool ; the Rev. J. Troup, M.A., Lerwick, at Helensburgh ; the Rev. J. Shaw, of Woodbridge, at Warwick ; the Rev. Ll. D. Bevan, B.A., assistant minister of Rev. T. Binney, at Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham-court-road ; the Rev. T. Coop, of Northampton, at Olney, Bucks ; the Rev. T. Neave, of Beaminster, at Dorchester ; the Rev. Josiah Andrews, of Bradford, at Allhallow-gate, Ripon ; the Rev. J. R. Ross, B.A., of Grosvenor-square, at Park-crescent, Clapham ; and the Rev. T. Carlisle, of Guernsey, at Plaistow.

The following ministers have been ordained as pastors of Congregational Churches :—Mr. T. C. Udall, of New College, at Farringdon, Berks ; Mr. W. E. Darby, of New College, at Chippenham, Wilts ; the Rev. D. Daw, at Brynmawr ; and Mr. E. H. Smith, of New College, at Abergavenny.

The Rev. G. J. Proctor has been recognised as pastor of the Church at Basingstoke, and the Rev. Alfred Norris as pastor of the New Church at Tynemouth.

The Rev. P. C. Barker, M.A., LL.B., of Chester, the Rev. J. F. Poulter, B.A., Wellingborough, the Rev. J. Henderson, of Ravens-thorpe, Mirfield, and the Rev. A. Courtenall, of Haverhill, Suffolk, have resigned their pastorates.

MISS MILLY'S SECRET.

I DON'T think there ever was a more pleasant little maiden lady than Miss Milly Shenstone. She was so bright and kind, and had always such a ready smile to greet us young folk with whenever we went to Hawthorn Cottage—for that was the name of the snug little nest of a house in which she lived. Our old clergyman used to say that it was quite a means of grace to make a call on Miss Milly; and I really think it was. I am sure, for my own part, I never went to see her without coming away happier myself and more disposed to make others happy too as far as I could. There was such a sunny cheerfulness about her, that it was hardly possible to be with her long without catching something of it unawares. No matter how dull or discontented I might be—and I am afraid I often was both—half-an-hour spent at Miss Milly's was sure to send me home with a touch of warmth at my heart, and a general feeling that, after all, this beautiful world that God had put me into was not such a dreary place as I had been ready to fancy it.

I think I see her now with her trim little figure, so daintily and neatly dressed, and her beaming face, and her grey curls ranged carefully on either side of her smooth forehead. No crow's feet or wrinkles on that forehead of dear Miss Milly; nothing but the story which contentment and goodwill had written there as plainly as if it had been the pages of an open book. You could not look into her face without feeling sure that the little maiden lady was quite prepared to be on friendly terms with you if you had no objection yourself to such a proceeding. She seemed as if she could no more help looking kind and pleasant, old maid though she was, than a good bright fire can help looking warm and comfortable on a cold December night.

And her house was just like its owner, so cosy and neat; gay and fragrant in the summer time with all manner of sweet old-fashioned English flowers: roses and honeysuckle, jessamine and mignonette, which crowded together in the flower beds, and climbed over the porch and round the windows till the little cottage was half lost amid its wealth of bloom and greenery. And in the dark winter evenings how cosy beyond everybody else's rooms that wainscotted parlour of Miss Milly's seemed to be, and what delightful hours I have had many a time by her sunny fireside, listening to her bright chattering chat, while her knitting needles trotted briskly along, and puss on the hearth-rug purred as loudly as if she, too, wanted to have a share in the conversation.

I often used to puzzle myself over the secret of Miss Milly's unflagging cheerfulness. She was not rich by any means in this world's goods. I knew it was only by dint of a good deal of economy and contrivance that she managed to eke out her slender income, so as to meet her household wants, and yet have something over to satisfy the needs of a heart that was always devising "liberal things" for her poorer neighbours. She had had as much sore trouble in her time as falls to the lot of most, and trouble of a kind, too, that would have soured and bittered the nature of many women; though I need not enter here into all that I afterwards learned of Miss Milly's history. Alone in the world, with no kith nor kin to stay herself upon, nothing to look forward to but a solitary old age, and with a past filled with memories more sad, perhaps, than anyone knew or ever guessed, Miss Milly might have been excused, one would think, if sometimes there had been a shadow on her brow or a tone of murmuring in her voice.

But no! go when you would you never found Miss Milly other than blythe and busy, a very well-spring of content, and, as I have said, with such a sunny cheerfulness beaming from her that she made one feel positively ashamed of being gloomy or discontented with one's own small grievances and vexations.

At last, I remember well it was one lovely June afternoon, when I had taken my work and gone to have tea and a quiet chat with her, as I often did when the evenings were long, I ventured to ask her what I had been turning over again and again in my mind.

"Miss Milly," I began, "I do wish, if you would not mind, that you would tell me your secret."

"My secret, my dear!" she said, and just a faint little flush came with a sort of surprise over her face; "my secret! Why, how came you to think that I had one?"

"I mean the secret of your being always so bright and happy," I explained, for I saw that she had not quite understood me. "I can't think how it is. People who are a great deal better off in many ways, than you are don't seem to get half as much good out of life as you. How is it?"

I spoke eagerly, and I daresay my face showed that I was in earnest, for Miss Milly laid her hand upon my arm, and said, more gravely than was her wont—

"My secret is one that is easily told, and I am very glad, Janet, my dear, that it is one you wish to learn. It is just this: I always try to *make the best of things as they are*. Yes," she continued, seeing, perhaps, that I looked a little disappointed; it was not so much of a

secret after all, I thought—"yes, my dear; that is one of the very best receipts for happiness that I know of, next to the love of God; though I believe that the reason many good Christian people find life a harder portion than it might be is just because they neglect to practise this simple rule. I have tried it for many a year now, and it is astonishing how well it answers. I believe I should have been as miserable and discontented as a lone woman well can be if I had not set myself long ago,"—and there was the hint of a sigh in Miss Milly's voice as she said this—"if I had not set myself long ago, with God's help, to take my life and everything belonging to it, just as it was, and make the best of it. That is my secret, Janet; and I am very glad you have asked me for it, and I hope and pray you may find it worth as much to you as it has been to me."

And then in the warmth of her heart Miss Milly put her arms round me, and pressed a kiss upon my forehead, and when she settled herself to her work again, I saw that she twinkled away a tear before she went on with the bit of fine stitching that she was busy upon.

That very day I began to put Miss Milly's receipt for happiness into practice. I did not succeed all at once. I had a good many slips and failures, breakings-off and beginnings again, before it grew into the habit of my life. But I have found it such a blessed one that I should like to recommend to all my young friends this happy art of seeing the possibilities of good which the present hour, the present ways of life, contain.

Just think, now, how profitless it is to be always pining for that which is not; wasting thought and happiness in considering what *might* be made out of life if things were something other than they are. Why not try, as Miss Milly said, to cultivate the habit of making the most of things *as they are*?

It is here that genius in art reveals itself. The great musician with a wretched instrument will ravish all his hearers; the artist needs only a blank wall and a burnt stick, and the picture grows into grace beneath his hand. In every case the conditions of life must be more or less imperfect. Imagine them what we will there must ever be something to be "made the best of." What wisdom, then, not to wait for that impossible perfection which never will arrive, but at once, now, this very day to furbish up what has been given to each of us for our portion in this world, and

"Grateful take the good we find,
The best of Now and Here."

Just as I have known women sometimes who would manage to dress

themselves neatly and even tastefully out of faded *chiffons*, and produce a good effect with things that others would throw aside as worthless, so may any of us, if we give our mind to it, make a bright, useful, pleasing thing out of the daily life which so often we think of as utterly destitute of the means of happiness.

But a passing resolve will not avail. It requires a steady will, it needs practice as in a noble art. The thoughts must daily be set upon it, and then by degrees what a magic change will be found to have passed over all that now seems dull and deadening. Surely it is a thing worth taking pains about to be able always to find for ourselves and others something bright and pleasant in "life as it is." Let me persuade all my young friends then, if they wish to be happy themselves and to make others happy around them, to *make the best of things as they are*; and one thing I can promise them, that if they will but try it, they will never regret having learned and practised Miss Milly's Secret.

M. C. T.

THE ISLAND PATRIARCH.—No. II.

So deeply were the principles of Christianity rooted in the hearts of the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, through the faithful teaching and example of John Adams, that when they were first visited by Captain Sir T. Staines, they were living as a family, with few laws and fewer sins. I think I see that Island patriarch, at the close of day, seated beneath the shade of an aged tree; men, women, and children round him, listening to their evening portion from the book of God. It is the story of the Prodigal Son he reads. I see the old man's breast heave, his eyes fill with tears as he says, "But when he was a great way off, the father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." He stops, lays his hand upon the open book, and lifts his old grey head, and with touching pathos makes his brief comment. "Ah, my dear children, I was once that worthless prodigal, and God was to me that loving Father. He saw me a great way off, and had compassion on me, and ran to meet me, and gave me to know His love, and the pardon of *all* my sins. We are all prodigals by nature, and away from our Father. And God waits for us thus, and longs to receive us. Yes, yes, God is merciful, just and merciful. God does with all who come to Him, as He did with the prodigal son in the parable. He kissed him, then clothed him, and then led him in. Yes, my children, this is God's order, as shown in the Romans. He first justifies the sinner, then He sanctifies him, and then glorifies him. We need cleansing

and clothing before we can appear at our home in heaven. God is ever near to those who call upon Him. Let us pray." Then putting aside the book with reverent hand, he

"The saint, the father, and the husband,"

pours out his soul in prayer, till by faith heaven is brought nearer earth, and every soul feels that it must enter in.

In the year 1825, the happy colony of Pitcairn commenced a new era. In that year, H. M. ship *Blossom*, commanded by Admiral Beechy, hove in sight. The *Blossom* was hailed with delight, and John Adams, accompanied by ten islanders, put off to her, and were received on board with every mark of respect. What must have been the feelings of the old man, as he stood once again amid the flapping sails, and whistling cordage, and laid his hand on the old familiar cannon. Did that dreadful morning six-and-thirty years ago for a moment darken his mind, as he remembered the boat and its eighteen occupants. No doubt it did. But whatever were his feelings for the past, the assurance of God's forgiveness, and the confidence of his country, soon filled his heart with peace, and made his face beam with gladness.

"The old man still retained," says Captain Beechy, "his sailor's gait, doffing his hat, and smoothing down his bald forehead, whenever he was addressed by the officers." He remained on board for several days, and shared the Captain's cabin. Long before day he rose, and held communion with God, and cast the whole people on His care for the day. This he never omitted to do without constraint during his stay on board the *Blossom*.

Captain Beechy was so struck with the simple but genuine piety of this venerable man and those who were with him, that he resolved to go on shore, and visit their homes, and learn their customs more fully. I shall give the result of his visit, extending over several days, including a Sabbath, in order to exhibit the power of God's word in the hearts and lives of those who are guided by its laws, and who confide in its promises. "During the whole time," writes the Captain, "I was with them, I never heard them indulge in a joke or other levity, and the practice of it is apt to give offence. They are so accustomed to take what is said in its literal meaning, that irony was always considered falsehood, in spite of explanation. They could not see the propriety of uttering what was not strictly true for any purpose whatever. The Sabbath-day is devoted to prayer, reading, and serious meditation. No boat is allowed to quit the shore, nor any work to be done, cooking excepted, for which preparation is made the preceding evening. I attended church, and found the service well conducted.

"The greatest devotion was apparent in every individual, and in the children there was a seriousness, unknown in the younger portions of our congregations at home. A sermon which followed, was read three times, lest any part should be forgotten. The whole concluded with hymns, which were first sung by the grown people, and then by the children. The service thus conducted was long, but the neat and cleanly appearance of the congregation, the devotion which animated every countenance, and the innocence and the simplicity of the little children, prevented the attendance from being wearisome. In about half-an-hour afterwards we again assembled for prayer. They may be said to have church five times on a Sunday."

Captain Beechy continues:—"All that remains to be said of this excellent people is, that they live together in perfect harmony and contentment; are virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable beyond the limits of prudence; are patterns of conjugal and parental affection, and have very few vices. We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possessed."*

Four years after the above memorable visit, John Adams entered his eternal rest, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, lamented by his loving people. His work was done. He had laid the foundation, and others have built on it. Thus one cometh, and another goeth, but the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting.

Before John Adams was called to his reward, the Lord had graciously provided one every way fitted to take his place, in George Nobbs, a man of sterling character, and undoubted piety, who became at once a father and teacher to the little nation.

No studied pile or monument mark the place where his ashes repose, but, as Kirke White desired for his own dust, so John Adams

"Lies
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown,
Swathed down with oziars."

The noblest and most enduring monument is the work he was the instrument in God's hand of accomplishing, in rearing, teaching, and guiding that young colony, unaided by education or advice, save that education which cometh of the Holy Spirit, and that advice which is found in communion with God and His word. It may be said of John Adams, "He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."—*J. Gammie.*

* Captain F. W. Beechy's narrative of a voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits.

LIVING NEAR THE FOUNTAIN.

Down near the Falls, where the roar of the water always filled the air, and where sometimes the spray did too—if the wind was the right way and strong enough—lived Bertie Cloud and his mother. Bertie was a great strong boy, and his mother was a pale little woman, who looked as if the wind might blow her off into the river any day. Nevertheless, she was much stronger than Bertie in some ways. He was strong enough to carry her all round the cottage, but she was strong enough to do right, which Bertie was not; and, indeed, if you had asked his mother, she would have told you that if she did right it was by no strength of her own. So far as that went, she was just as weak as Bertie.

"I do wish I were better, mother," said Bertie.

"I wish so too," said his mother sadly; for only that morning Bertie had gone swimming where she told him not, just because the other boys persuaded him.

"The thing is, I'm so very bad, I suppose," said Bertie. "If I wasn't, I could be good more easily."

"There would never be anybody good at that rat, Bertie," said his mother.

"No, I suppose there wouldn't," said Bertie, very much as if he thought it was no use for him to try, at any rate. "I don't know how you manage, though, mother."

"Why, my dear, I 'manage,' as you call it, by being just as bad as you are, to begin with."

Bertie whistled a little bit, as if that was more than he *could* believe; but seeing his mother look grave, he was silent, and looked grave too.

"It is hard to make good fruits grow out of a bad soil," said his mother, "and with man it is impossible, but not with God."

"Whenever you talk to me," said Bertie, "I think I'll be *so* good and so obedient, and then the minute I get out among the boys I forget it all."

"How does your garden look to-day, Bertie?" said his mother.

"Why, first-rate," said Bertie, looking a little surprised that his mother could be thinking of the garden—"or it would if it wasn't so dry. That rain didn't do one bit of good, mother."

"Yes, I think it must have done some good," said his mother; "but the rain didn't moisten the ground deep enough, I suppose."

"No, that it didn't," said Bertie. "And I went and sowed seeds in the very midst of it, and there didn't one of them come up."

"I've watered them for you, too," said his mother.

"Yes, indeed," said Bertie, "but that doesn't do like the rain."

"Is your garden such bad ground that nothing but weeds *can* grow in it, Bertie?"

"Why, mother," said he, "the ground couldn't be better—if it only wouldn't dry up so."

"I think that's pretty much the way with your heart, Bertie," said his mother, kindly. "The good seed doesn't grow because the ground dries up so."

"I suppose it is, too," said Bertie; "but the thing is, I don't know how to keep it wet."

"Well, Bertie," said his mother, "the Lord Jesus says, 'I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life freely.' I'm afraid you don't ask for the rain upon your own little heart-garden."

"Yes I do sometimes," said Bertie; "but it seems as if that dried up too, mother."

"It can't—if you live near the fountain, Bertie."

Bertie hung his head, as if he didn't quite know—and yet *did* know, too, what his mother meant; but he said not a word, nor did she. After tea she told him to come and take a walk with her.

Bertie had forgotten all about the talk by that time; the ground had dried up, as his mother said; he was even off with some other boys pulling down a bird's nest, when his mother called him. But he came directly away then, and was glad to come too; for he liked to walk with her, and he felt ashamed of having touched the bird's nest, only when the other boys asked him to help he had not courage enough to refuse, though he knew it was wrong.

But his mother said nothing about the nest, though she had seen well enough what Bertie was about when she called him, and was sorry enough too. She just took his hand, and they walked gently along the dusty road.

Yes, it was very dusty. Little clouds of sand flew from under their feet at every step, and settled on their shoes and on the tufts of grass by the wayside. And the grass-blades hung their heads, and looked shrivelled, and dry, and miserable.

"How dry everything is!" said Bertie's mother.

"Isn't it, though!" said Bertie. "Just look at the grass, mother"—and Bertie pulled up a tuft which seemed as if it might crumble in his fingers. "It's perfectly dry."

"Perfectly dry," repeated Bertie's mother. And she looked at him, and thought with herself, how long must the good seed remain perfectly dry in his little heart, and not grow and spring up and bring forth fruit unto God? And she sighed.

Bertie thought she was sighing over the grass and flowers; so he looked up in her face and said, "The rain'll come by-and-by, mother." And his mother squeezed the little sun-burnt hand which she held, but didn't make any answer.

"Now we can hear the Falls louder than ever," said Bertie. "How cool and pleasant they sound! Are we going there, mother?"

"Yes, Bertie, I want to see how the moss-pink looks."

"Oh, I can tell you how it looks," said Bertie—"just like all the rest of the grass and flowers. We haven't seen one green thing on the road. The moss-pink must be dead, mother."

"I think not, Bertie."

"It must be," said Bertie; "there's no earth on those rocks. I don't believe it's an inch deep where the moss-pink grows."

"The things that are impossible with men are possible with God," his mother repeated; but Bertie supposed she was thinking of something else, and so did not answer.

They walked on, and the roar of the Falls grew louder, and they could see the little clouds of mist which rose up and showed rainbow colours in the sun. There was no want of water there—the river swept down over its rocks, and curled and boiled far down in its bed below; and the spray flew cool and wet into the faces of Bertie and his mother. High rocks rose up about the Falls and the rushing river, and in every crevice of these rocks grew little plants. Beds of moss-pink were there, with all their spring freshness. Not with their spring dress of pink—it was past the time for that; but the soft cushions were as green and full as if dry weather had never been heard of. And it was plain *they* had never heard of it.

"What *can* be the reason?" said Bertie, when he had looked for some time. "Everything else is quite burnt up."

"The moss-pink lives near the fountain," said his mother. "See, Bertie, nothing can dry up that lives so near the river, can it?"

"No, certainly not," said Bertie.

"And the good seed *must* grow, and the good fruit *must* come forth, if we live near the Fountain of living waters, Bertie. Such a little shower of good thoughts as we get once a week, on Sunday, will dry up, if we have no more till the next Sunday. But if we live near to God at all times, then we cannot forget Him; and wicked thoughts and wicked company will have no power over us, no more than the scorching sun has upon these little beds of moss-pink, which are always wet with the spray from the river."—*Flower Stories: Nelson & Sons.*

"PASS THE WORD!"

BY REV. G. T. COSTER.

WELCOME is water to the Eastern traveller. To know *how* welcome, we should have toiled through the immeasurable sand, and beneath the blazing skies of the desert; should have heard the cry of the caravan guide "Water, water!"—have rested beneath the screening palms, and quaffed of the refreshing well. *Then* could we better see the forceful propriety of water as an emblem of salvation. As such it is often used in Holy Scripture. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The Spirit says "Come." The Bride, the Church of Christ, by its varied ministrations says, "Come." Is that all? An *individual* duty is indicated. "Let him that heareth"—whoever it is, however obscure in station, however meagre in ability—"say, Come." Whoever has heeded the call to the water of life, is to pass the word of invitation to others—is to "say, Come."

Christian reader, are you obedient to this command? *You* have been to the water of life: how many around you have not! To them ere they perish (they are "ready to perish") "pass the word," "say, Come."

The following facts from the writer's experience, may encourage the reader to "pass the word."

On Christmas day, 1867, a minister was returning from public worship. He met a youth of his congregation with whom he spoke, and to whom in a few earnest words he said, "Come." It was not in vain. Ere that youth's home was reached he had heeded the call: and now entering upon a college course he is seeking preparation for a minister's life and work. Oh, if the word had *not* been spoken! "Pass the word!"

A minister in the West of England had an interesting Bible-class of young people. Among them was a lad, an irregular attendant, in whom he felt a deep interest. After several weeks' absence, the youth again present, was desired by the minister to remain when the class dispersed. Reluctantly he did so. Pointedly spoken to as to his spiritual state, he manifested much emotion, and accompanying that minister to his home, he was enabled, by Divine help, to believe to the saving of his soul. This youth too, like the other, is preparing for the Christian ministry. If that word had *not* been spoken! "Pass the word!"

A number of Christian friends were going from their own to a neigh-

bouring town, to be present at an important religious service. In the vehicle sat a young person, who seemed a stranger to the rest. A minister who sat next to her, spoke with her, and, after a few words asked her if she was a Christian. A sudden dimness gathered to her eyes; she remembered her far-away Scottish home; she was *not* a Christian. A few months afterwards she sought admission to the Church, and acknowledged that the words (unheard by her fellow-passengers), heard by her on that journey, had been God's voice to her, and had been heeded by her to her exceeding joy. "Pass the word!"

These are cases of *ministerial* usefulness, but not in the path of wonted public labour. Any devoted Christian man, can "go and do likewise,"—and, if he pray for the wisdom of tact, and the strength of faith, will not labour in vain.

By the giving of tracts we can "pass the word." But we must "take heed how" we thus speak. Tracts lavishly scattered, are likely to be little esteemed, if not indeed rejected. Let the Christian on a journey read the tract before he offers it to his fellow-travellers. He can then the better recommend it. Let one tract at a time only be offered. Desire will be quickened for that which a companion has received; the contagious example of rejection will be avoided; and, one by one, all in time will be reached. And doubtless the seed of the kingdom thus scattered will be found "unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

A poor man, a lighterman, was recently seeking fellowship with God's people. On being asked what he was doing for Christ, he said, "Well, it isn't much that I can do, but I do what I can. I never go out without some books in my pocket for the little ones. I am dearly fond of children. And I put my hand on their head, and ask them if they will have a little book, and they never say no—and sometimes through them I get at the parents, and they take a little book too." Unlettered man though he is; moved by grateful love he is thus seeking to "pass the word."

Tracts sent by post, have frequently been signally owned of God. For the payment of a small sum, the Monthly Tract Society will forward from their depôt in London, to any address, a new and beautifully got-up tract at the beginning of every month. Not long since, it was desired to reach a dear friend who was "without God and without hope." His address was sent to the society referred to. A tract month by month was sent him. He wondered from whom it came. Curiosity induced him to read it. A terrible bereavement prepared his heart for the good seed of the kingdom. After a few months, to a great extent

through this agency, he and his wife were led to decision for Christ, and to seek membership with His people. At the year's end the year's tracts were bound in a little volume, as a mark of the value they put upon these silent-speaking words. They knew not, they know not, from whom they had come; it was to them as a voice speaking from heaven. Thus, nor in vain, was passed the word "Come."

In this, in other ways, as "taught of the Lord," Christian, "pass the word!" These facts are from the experience of the writer. What happy results! Yet how simple the agency—it was not doing a hard thing—it was just saying "Come." That is not much to say. A child can say it. And if the Holy Spirit accompany it, even a child's call will be to the sinner, "the power of God unto salvation." Have you a friend unsaved? Be to him what Philip was to Nathaniel,—tell him of Jesus. Have you a brother unsaved? Be to him, as was Andrew to Peter, and "bring him to Jesus." "Pass the word!" From this hour be watchful; be prayerful for opportunities to "pass the word." "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." And what does He say? "Servant, you have disobeyed me. I said 'let him that heareth say, Come.' You have not heeded my command. Disregard it no longer."

FILIAL AFFECTION.

It is of infinite importance that the father should win the love of his children. If he takes it for granted that he can possess and retain their affection without care or effort on his part, he is mistaken. He has no right to expect the love which he does nothing to win. And if he does not try to establish his hold upon the hearts of his children, he must expect to see daily the consequences of his neglect. His sons will not love home as they should. Parental advice, admonition, expostulation, will be apt to fail of their due effect, where they are not reinforced by the affections.

The good man who declared that he had done all that he could to reclaim his wayward boy; that he had prayed for him, and whipped him times without number, but all in vain, possibly did the best he knew: nevertheless, if this was all there was of it, his moral regimen was sadly deficient. The rod may sometimes be necessary, and prayer is always right; but these furnish little ground for hope where the other elements of influence are wilfully neglected. There must be a manifestation of tender regard, of kindness, patience, forbearance. The stern face and the iron hand of needed authority can do little, unless

other moral forces are united with them, even "faith, hope, and charity," or love; and, "the greatest of these is charity." No parent has secured a basis of effective moral and religious power over his children until he has established a deep and tender friendship between himself and them.

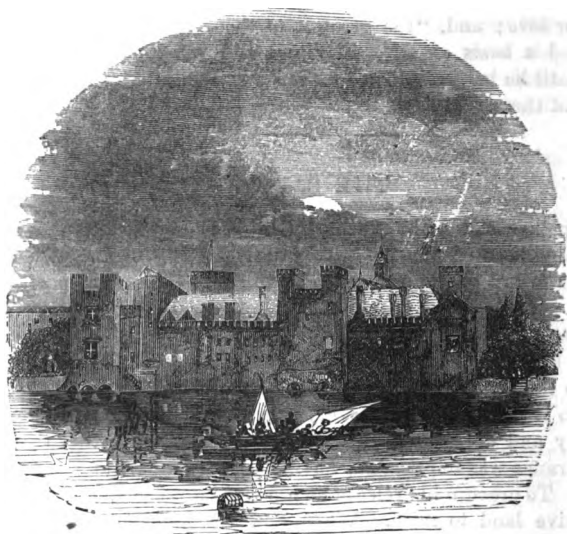
THE SAVOY.

THE old palace called the Savoy has disappeared before the tide of change which is so constantly rolling over the Metropolis. There are now streets full of glittering wonders running over the sites of quaint old homes. There is the ceaseless rattle of wheels where the grave old mansion stood, and the piles which reared themselves like watchers on the river's bank have given place to bridges, piers, and railways. So, yielding to the common doom, the Savoy has gone, and of all that once belonged to it there remained last of all the Chapel. It was in this palace, founded by and deriving its name from the Earl of Savoy, that King John of France was imprisoned, having been captured at the battle of Poitiers. To procure his release he promised a ransom, which he went to his native land to raise. When, however, he found that the money could not be obtained without impoverishing his people, he, with a sense of honour not often possessed by kings or commoners, went back of his own will to his imprisonment, and ended his days in the Savoy.

Amidst the disturbances which took place in the days of Richard II. the Savoy had to bear the ordeal of fire. The lower classes of the people were then held in thralldom little better than slavery. When a castle was to be built, as many masons, carpenters, and slaters as were necessary were captured and kept in sure custody until the work was completed, and then sent adrift without reward. The king's orchestra was supplied with musicians in the same way, who had to give music for fear they might have to give their lives. Such tyranny led to rebellion, and under the leadership of Wat Tyler the people rose. They met at Blackheath, where a vast assemblage was addressed by one John Ball, who took for his text:—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

The people were bent on securing greater freedom, and on their way to represent their wishes to the king they pillaged many of the warehouses of the rich merchants, and set fire to the Savoy, which was nearly destroyed.



THE SAVOY.

The Savoy was, however, rebuilt, and afterwards gave its name to the celebrated Conference which was held within its walls between twelve bishops of the Anglican Church and twelve Presbyterian divines. The crafty bishops, who bore to Puritanism a perfect hatred, extracted from the Presbyterians a statement of the changes in the doctrine and service of the Church of England with which they would be satisfied. The four months to which the Savoy Conference was limited came to an end only to find the two parties more apart from each other than at the beginning. The bishops gained a great advantage by the Conference, learning as they did the terms on which alone the Puritans would consent to stand connected with the National Church. The bishops, desirous of securing the rich livings for their own party, very soon used this advantage, and the two thousand ministers of glorious memory were compelled to leave their pulpits and their homes, and thus became the modern fathers of much of our English Nonconformity.

The Savoy afterwards became a harbour for refugees and poor people; and the story is recorded of a man who went in 1696 to demand a debt from one who had taken sanctuary there, on which the inhabitants took the over-bold creditor,—tarred and feathered him, then carried him in a

wheelbarrow to the Maypole in the Strand, and bound him thereto. The Savoy, which thus served so many uses in its day, has gone, and the site is now trodden over by the feet of many passengers near Waterloo Bridge.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

OLD Westminster Hall is now the vestibule of the Houses of Lords and Commons. William Rufus added this noble building to the old Royal Palace of the English Kings, which once stood upon this spot. The Hall exceeds in dimensions any room in Europe the roof of which is unsupported by pillars, with exception perhaps of the Hall of Justice at Padua. It is said that ten thousand persons have been accommodated



in it at a banquet. The roof is formed of Irish oak, is richly carved and is said to be one of the most remarkable pieces of ancient carpentry in the world. Parliament has often sat in this Hall. It has also been used for the trial of peers and other distinguished persons accused of high treason. Here Strafford was brought to the bar of Parliament. He had been an accomplice of Charles I. in his aggressions on the liberties of the people, and from hence he was led to a short season of imprisonment, and then to death.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"IN the midst of life we are in death."—That was the sermon; a cold white stone the preacher. Not in the churchyard did it fulfil its commission. There it might have passed unheeded; but on the busy roadside, where the morning sun welcomed many a strong man to his labour, and many a merry child from his happy home to the village school—even "*in the midst of life*"—it preached its thrilling sermon. It was there that death had laid his cold hand upon the shoulder of one strong in health both of body and of soul, and with a greeting from his Master had bade him haste to the feast, for that all things were ready. So they raised a stone on the spot where God had called him, and left it, with its solemn words, to teach the passer-by, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

WILLIE.

I WAS leaving for London on important public and benevolent business. It was twilight; the conveyance was at the verandah before the door ready to take me into town to the night mail train, and I was alone in the library. I heard a gentle knock.

"Come in," I said. The door opened and Willie entered, somewhat sly, led in by his sister, her one arm thrown around his neck.

"Well, dears," I asked, "what is it?"

"This is Willie, papa," said the girl.

"And what does Willie wish with papa?"

"He would not allow nurse to undress him till he said 'good-bye' to you."

I took him up and kissed him, but he spake not a word, and left the room as he had entered it. Being rather busily engaged, this incident passed almost unnoticed. In a few minutes, however, I heard the same gentle tap again, and, on opening the door, there stood the two children precisely as before; they entered.

"What is wanted now," I inquired.

"This is Willie, papa," replied his sister, "and he won't go to bed till he says good-bye again to papa."

The same thoughtful and melancholy look was upon his face as I kissed him again, and, without speaking a word he withdrew. When one is going far from home, and leaving behind him a young and happy family, an "eiriness" is apt to steal over the mind, despite of every

effort to cast it off. I never felt it so powerfully as on this occasion, and these very marked farewells of this fine child added not a little to its discomfort. I was seated in the carriage, and had bidden adieu to the rest, when out from the verandah rushed the little fellow, pursued by his nurse. "He insists," she said, "on saying good-bye once more to papa." It was done, yes, *it was done*. My next kiss was upon the cold marble brow of death!

On that day week, and about the same hour, I returned to London from Oxford, where, amid its ancient colleges and classic scenes, I had passed the day with a few friends. The letter from home told me that Willie had been taken ill, but the hope was cherished that he would soon rally. Sleep deserted my eyes that night. The morning scenes in the avenue, and the evening scenes in the library, presented themselves before me, and something whispered that there might be sad work at home; but I repudiated the thought of death, and waited on the letter of the following day with some degree of confidence. I had been driving about the whole of that day with my friend, Dr. William Anderson, on the business of our mission to London, and had just reached my hospitable home in Regent Street, when the anxiously expected letter was given to me. I could not open it. I saw on the face of friends the shadow of evil tidings, I asked, "*Is he gone?*" Their silence was assent. I sought my private room; but more than this you must not ask me to reveal. Willie was dead. While I was roaming among the ancient halls and academic groves of Oxford, the soul of the dear child left the world for heaven.—*Dr. Macfarlane.*

A WORK OF FAITH.

NEARLY £400,000 sterling has been poured into the treasury of the Orphan Houses at Bristol. Yes, unasked for, either directly or indirectly by any human being, £400,000 has been given to Mr. Müller. No published subscription lists gratify the pride of contributors, for every gift is only privately acknowledged; no army of costly collectors is employed to gather in this wealth; most of the donors are unknown; but still the golden tide flows in and in till it has reached the sum of nearly £400,000.

And how can so startling a fact be accounted for? What secret mighty agency can be at work that shall yield such a result? Mr. Müller tells us. "I wait," he says, "on God for help. I do so daily. I do so repeatedly every day. And He helps me. Even my most intimate friends, though never so wealthy, have never been asked by me for help;

may, they have never even had *hints* given to them that their help would be acceptable. From this I have refrained, not as if it were sinful to ask Christian friends for help in the Lord's work ; but, because one of the especial and primary objects of this Institution is to bring before the world and the Church at large a tangible proof how much even in this nineteenth century can be accomplished simply through the instrumentality of prayer and faith ; and to give a clear demonstration that the Living God is now as much the Living God as four thousand years ago. To this object I have joyfully devoted my whole life and energy ; and by God's grace, have gladly passed through the difficulties which have befallen me in this service. Moreover, though I am carrying on this Institution in the thirty-fifth year, I am not tired of this way ; nay, though the work increases more, and though the difficulties multiply instead of decreasing ; I joyfully confess to the glory of God, that I find Him a present helper in difficulties and trials, and am not allowed to call upon Him in vain, though sometimes I have to wait long for the answer." And then he adds : " May my dear fellow-believers be encouraged more and more to trust in God, and under all circumstances to do so ; and may those who do not know God, see by this the reality of the things of God ; yea, may they thereby be stirred up to seek after the forgiveness of their sins, by faith in the atoning death of the Lord Jesus, so that they too may be reconciled to God, and find in Him a never-failing Friend."

Let us point out some of the sources through which this money comes. When the previous financial year ended, some £52,000 had been received toward the £58,000 which were needed for the completion of the New Orphan Houses, No. 4 and No. 5 ; and we had, says Mr. Müller, " through patient believing prayer, and the exercise of faith," to pray and wait for £6,000 more to be given. And did it come ? An unknown correspondent, who had previously sent £300, writes to say he has " still £200 left of the legacy " to which he had previously referred, and asks Mr. Müller to " accept it for himself and family ; but it is not for me," he adds, " to press so delicate a point, therefore you are free." Mr. Müller uses the freedom, devotes £100 to the Orphan Houses, and the other £100 for the School and Bible Fund. Another writes : " Dear Sir, enclosed is £20, which I send to you as a thank-offering to the Lord, to be disposed of by you as you may deem most proper. Last year I sent you £10 ; this year I feel satisfied it is my duty to send you £20, being persuaded there is a withholding more than is meet, which tendeth to poverty."

Such is the wondrous fact, and such to some, perhaps, the more

wondrous explanation. And now let us look at some of the contributions. One comes with "£10 as a widow's remembrance of her husband." Another letter says: "It affords me much pleasure to send you a cheque for £53 19s., the Lord's share in the profits of my business. In July, 1858, when I sent you my first cheque for £4 6s. 4d., I little expected it would ever reach to its present amount. I trust you will apply it to that department of your work that most stands in need; and should £5 be acceptable to yourself, I hope you will take it." Again, we have such entries as the following:—"Received from Herefordshire £4 0s. 11d., being twopence in the pound taken in a business (£2 15s. 6d.), and the first takings in a shop (£1 5s. 5d.)"

Mr. Müller writes: "Feb. 1.—Only about £20 had been received this morning; a large sum to some, but very little to us, the expenses of the various objects of the Institution being now so great. After family prayer I united, as usual, with my dear wife in prayer, and we thanked the Lord for what He had been pleased to send us, at the same time asking Him to send more, yea much more, if it might be, even this very day. About twenty minutes after this I received a letter, containing £50, in which the kind Christian donor writes: 'As you soon will receive more Orphans, I send you this sum for them.' In the afternoon there came in further £3 11s. 6d., and in the evening £10 and £5 from Sunderland, and from Scotland £66 6s. for the Building Fund; besides a few other small donations. Thus the day, which began with about £20, closed with a total income of £141 0s. 6d. But the most remarkable point is this: The £66 6s. from Scotland supply me, as far as can be known now, with all the means necessary for fitting up and furnishing the New Orphan Houses, No. 4 and No. 5. Six years and eight months I have been, day by day and generally several times daily, asking the Lord to give me the needed means for this enlargement of the Orphan work, which according to the calculations made in the spring of 1861 appeared to be about £50,000, but which, at a later period, in consequence of the rise of wages and material for building since 1861, was found to be about £58,000. The total of this amount I found I had now received.

"Some individuals, who are unacquainted with me, might suppose that I entered very hastily, and too hastily, upon this enlargement, without counting the cost. If so, they would be mistaken. I was ready to go forward, if God would have me to go forward; and I was content, yea, not only content, but well pleased to stand still, and enlarge the work no further, if this should be the mind of the Lord; I had no will of my own. I further weighed well all the difficulties. I truly counted the

cost. The work I had in hand, before this last Orphan enlargement, would require year by year about £20,000, and I had reason to believe, that, when the enlargement was carried out, it would require above £30,000 annually, beside the sum for building the two new houses. But with all, whilst I have had no regular stipend, the Lord has been pleased abundantly to supply all my own temporal necessities and those of my family, by putting it into the hearts of His stewards, not only in England but in many other parts of the world, to send me presents, and that to such an extent, as that I have full reason to believe, that if with the utmost endeavours I had sought after a lucrative position, it is not at all likely I should have obtained as much as I have received, without seeking in the least after emolument. I have particular delight in being able to state this to the glory of God. When I have been in need of anything for myself, or my family, I have, in childlike simplicity, told my Heavenly Father about this my need; but to Him alone have I spoken regarding it; for I resolved, when I gave up my salary in October, 1830, that I would thenceforth speak only to God about my temporal necessities, that thus, by help from Him, simply in answer to prayer, I might become the better acquainted with Him, and that thus also, I might be able the better to encourage others to trust in God. Nearly thirty-eight years I have now, by God's grace, without the least wavering pursued this happy path, and the longer I walk in this way, the more I see God's *ability*, not only to help all who trust in Him, but also of His *willingness* so to do. I cannot, however, leave this subject without again most solemnly cautioning any against doing these things in the way of imitation merely; for, if they do so, God will take them by their profession, and they will see what it is to trust in themselves or their friends, and not in God: and thus their course would tend to dishonour Him, instead of bringing glory to His Holy Name.

"July 2. Five shillings with the following letter:—'Dear Sir, the enclosed is sent by a blind man, who put it into my hands, with a request I would tell you, that, having once heard a woman had given to your Home the proceeds of a brood or broods of chickens, he thought, a short time after his conversion, he would follow this example. So he bought a hen, which he named the Orphans' Hen. The enclosed is the offering from the two first broods. He is a pauper, blind, and deprived of one hand.

"April 3. From a gentleman at Liverpool £10, with £5 for the Orphans. and £5 for myself, 'saved in one year by not smoking cigars.'—May 23. All the glass needed for the New Orphan Houses, No. 4 and No. 6.

was given gratuitously. The glass for No. 4 was kindly given by the senior partner of a large firm, and the glass for No. 5 by the same firm conjointly. The promise to do so had been given nearly two years since ; but now I learnt from the clerk of the works, that all the glass had been actually supplied. The greatness of the gift will be seen, by its being remembered that there are above 700 large windows in these two large houses.—May 26, 1868. There was also received, during the year, by interest, £1,613 14s. 6d.—Sept. 5. From the neighbourhood of Boston, 12s. 2d., as 'the price of a brood of chickens,' set apart for the Orphans. Again one writes :—'A few weeks ago I read your Report for this year, with very great pleasure, and was particularly struck with many things in it, and felt desirous to do something to assist in the great work in which you are engaged. Next day I was ordering a cargo of clay, and the thought struck me, "Instead of insuring the cargo, I will commit the keeping of it to the Lord, and give Mr. Müller the amount of insurance." The vessel has arrived in safety to-day, and I have now much pleasure in handing you Post-office order for £1 5s., &c.'—Oct. 29. 11s. 9½d. 'The first money taken every morning in a little shop for about two months.'—From Cardiff, £1 5s. 6d., 'being one penny on each new bonnet made.'—£2 10s. 6d., being the amount received for the first comb of wheat and the first comb of barley.'—From Yorkshire, £2 2s. as 'A death-bed gift.'—From a Bristol donor, £4 8s. 10d., 'being one penny on every pair of boots and shoes, sold in his shop, for ready money, during the year.'—'The takings on a New Year's day, in a small shop,' 10s. 3d.—From the neighbourhood of Liverpool, £1 2s., being 'The takings in a little shop on the first day of the New Year.'—From X. Y. Z., £1 11s. 6d., 'instead of going to a public dinner.' This amount provided a dinner for a hundred Orphans. See how much may be accomplished by a little self-denial."

We leave these simple facts to tell their own wondrous tale, and to supply a lesson which may well be taken home to every Christian heart.

"ENTER INTO THY CLOSET."

By the word "closet," the Saviour is understood to convey an allusion to the room in the ancient Jewish dwelling which was set apart for the office of lonely prayer. Yet, as "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cell" for the soul, neither are they, nor any material boundaries answering to them, essential to make the soul's closet of devotion. Even the Jew who lived in the dullest age of ceremony felt this. "The angel said unto me," writes Esdras, "go into a field of

flowers, where no house is builded, and pray unto the Highest continually." Abraham found a closet for prayer, when, arched in by the wavering twilight of the grove, "he called upon the name of the Lord." Isaac found a closet in the silence of the fading fields at eventide. Jacob found a closet in the solemn darkness of the night. David found a closet not only in "the chamber over the gate," but in the chambers of the forest and the rifted rock. Jesus found a closet, when, high up in the tranquil mountain air, the morning star found Him where the evening star left Him, "alone, yet not alone." A closet for the spirit is whatever helps to *close* the spirit in from all distraction, and thus make it feel alone with God.

But the phrase "*thy* closet" conveys an additional meaning. It means more than mental seclusion in some unexpected place and time. You may have fugitive uncertain snatches of opportunity for secret prayer, even in the "dusky lane or wrangling mart." When most in the world, you may have occasional power to sequester the spirit, to forget the mere surroundings of existence, and even amidst the crowd of crossing voices to find "secret silence of the mind;" you may often, as if by accident, even when in "the press" of London streets, thrill with a sense of the Saviour's nearness, may "touch the hem of His garment;" and then, for the moment, the soul will be in a "closet;" but, disciple, it is not "*thy* closet." "*Thy* closet" is the soul's own fixed, familiar place of resort for communion with God. It may be hill or hollow, chamber or secret wood path, or the walk over the sheet of sea-side sand; no matter, but it must be *thine own*. The Saviour assumes that each disciple has some such habitual retreat, the shrine of his most blessed recollections, the place where the soul feels most at home, enjoys its Sabbaths, its hours of vision, and its walks with God. This is what He means by "*thy* closet."

"*Enter into thy closet*," is the invitation to which you must now give heed. By foresight, by contrivance, by the power of resolute severe punctuality, "*enter into thy closet*." Enter it every day. If such an arrangement can be made, enter it, sometimes, as Doddridge often entered the old vestry at Northampton, and as many a Puritan ancestor entered his own "holy of holies," to spend long hours of devout seclusion there. In many words, in many ways, the Saviour is still urging His ancient invitation, "*Enter into thy closet*." In moments of intense life,—moments when you realise the soul more than the body,—moments when you seem suddenly and magnetically conscious of the presence of "Him who is invisible," and when, quite unaccountably, you long to pray;—what is this strange religious sus-

ceptibility, and what are these desires after God, but His desires after you moving in your heart, the clear touches of His living Spirit, the whispers of His "still small voice," saying, "Enter into thy closet!" When sad with indistinct premonitions of calamity,—when struck down by some blow which benumbs your natural promptitude of thought, you instinctively turn to the Almighty for help, and the All-wise for guidance,—when, after the elements of true piety, which are the elements of true prayer, have been hardened in a worldly atmosphere, they are brought into fusion again by the fire of adversity, and all your glowing soul, "melted within you because of trouble," flows forth to God;—what is this but the voice of Christ, through affliction, saying, "Enter into thy closet!" "Come, enter thou into thy chamber, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." By His word, by His Spirit, by His afflicting strokes, by His ministers, and now, by this silent page, He says, "Enter into thy closet."—*Rev. Charles Stanford.*

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.

AMONG parents, calmness, patience, cheerful good nature, are of vital importance. Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh and fault-finding are ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy. Solomon's rod is a great institution, but there are cases not a few where a smile or a pleasant word will serve a better purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE Roman Catholic world is astir with a commotion which will not be easily allayed. The calling of the Æcumenical Council by the Pope has aroused the worst fears of many of the truest friends of the Romish Church. Despite the boasted infallibility of that Church as to its teachings, many within its own pale question whether there will be

unanimity in the Council as to what their teaching on given points are, or ought to be. Or if their be unanimity of opinion, they fear it will be in the direction of an intolerance which never did suit the world, and which will far less suit it now. That there are found men in connection with Romanism who tremble lest their Church should drift back to the proud pretensions of former days, is a good sign of the times. Nineteen German bishops, in a letter they have issued, openly say that such are their fears. Here is an extract from the document, which will at once explain its spirit and object:—"It is much feared lest the Council should proclaim dogmas not contained in the revelations of God or the traditions of the Church, and establish principles prejudicial to the interests of Christianity, incompatible with the rights of the State, civilisation, and science, as well as with the just liberty and temporal happiness of nations. People go further still, and accuse the Holy Father of wishing, under party influence, to make use of the Council exclusively in order to augment more than is proper the power of the Apostolic See, to change the old and true constitution of the Church, and to erect, in fact, a spiritual sovereignty incompatible with Christian liberty."

A protest, too, comes from France against the Æcumenical Council. Father Hyacinthe has written a letter to the General of the Carmelite Order, which has been made public, and which the *Spectator* characterises as "sheer Protestantism." The letter is no doubt a revolt against the fundamental principles of Popery, and no one can tell whereto it may lead. Father Hyacinthe is the most popular preacher which the Church of Rome possesses; and is said to be a thoroughly earnest, honest, and pure man. Is Father Hyacinthe to be the leader of a new Reformation in the Church of Rome?

The persevering Dr. Cumming has heard from the Pope, or, at least, the Pope, writing to Archbishop Manning, casts a side-glance at "Dr. Cumming, of Scotland," of whom he has heard through the newspapers. Of course the Pope does not permit Dr. Cumming to attend the Council. Any one who denies the infallibility of Rome cannot be argued with. We must with submissive and unquestioning minds rush into the arms of the Pope, or be excommunicated heretics, who cannot be "sure of salvation."

When the Duke of St. Alban's accorded to the parishioners of Redbourne the permission to elect a man of their own choice for the vacant living, all the Church papers seemed in sad alarm as to the consequences of such an act. Nonconformists, however, knew that if free men were allowed to act freely, and according to their own sense of religious need, the result could only be a happy one. So it has proved; and the Duke

himself has owned that his best expectations have been exceeded. Without unnecessary loss of time, without the scandal of mutual bickering, without any division, they have unanimously chosen a minister after their own heart. Will Churchmen learn that the more Congregational they become, the better pastors and the purer Churches they are certain to have?

The Bishop of Exeter is dead, and his departure from this world does not seem to be much lamented in any quarter. The whole career of Henry Phillpotts, from the day on which he was ordained to the day of his death, remarks the *English Independent*, was a scandal and injury to the Church of Christ. He was just a sharp pushing man of the world, with a keen eye to the main chance.

The *Church Times* deems it dreadfully profane in Mr. Gladstone to have attended service at the Parish Church, or as it prefers to call it, the "Presbyterian Place of Worship," at Crathie, Balmoral, and quotes a text of Scripture which, we presume, it suggests as a fitting supplication for the Premier to offer:—"In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon, to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow down myself in the House of Rimmon; when I bow down myself in the House of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing." Mr. Gladstone recovering from his illness is Naaman, the Parish Church of Crathie is the House of Rimmon, while Her Majesty represents the monarch who brings the royal servant into the unholy place. Alas for the rarity of Christian charity in the *Church Times*!

What will the *Church Times* say of Archdeacon Sandford, who has been upon a Temperance platform, at Bradford, with Nonconformists, and actually glorying in the fact that he had lived to escape the buckram which would prevent him from occupying such a position? Here is how the Archdeacon defended himself:—"A gentleman said to him last night—'I was astonished to see your name on a placard, stating that you were going to address a meeting on temperance; do you not know it is in the hands of the Dissenters?' 'Well,' I said, 'that is the very reason why I should have a finger in the pie.' He did think it was a scandal that objections of this kind should be raised in this the nineteenth century. He went the other day to hear an eminent man preach—the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster. After the service he went down to Lambeth Palace to dine; when he got into the place, the Archbishop said, 'Well, Archdeacon, where have you been to-day?' He (the Archdeacon) said, 'I have been to hear a Nonconformist minister, the Rev. Samuel Martin.' 'Oh, oh,' said a lady present, 'you are becoming

a regular Dissenter, Archdeacon.' 'No,' I said, 'I am not. I am learning to look at both sides of the shield.'

If all the Scotch preachers have the same spirit of Christian liberality as those we are about to name, bigotry will soon cease to curse the Churches of their land. Lately, Dr. Pulsford, who is a Congregationalist, was to have preached in the Established Church of Kirn, of which the Rev. James Hay is minister, but was prevented from doing so by missing a steamer. Dr. Hannah, who was in the Free Church Manse, Dunoon, on being applied to by Mr. Hay, consented to preach, and gave one of his thoughtful and telling discourses to a large audience.

The times when Nonconformists were compelled to build their places of worship in obscure corners, often for the good reason that few were bold enough to sell them better sites, have gone; but here and there are to be found men of the old and narrow spirit still practising the oppression to which our forefathers were so painfully accustomed. The Independents at Swansea are building a new Chapel. The Corporation of that town would have given a long lease of a piece of ground for the erection of the Chapel, but the Duke of Beaufort had some real or supposed control over the ground, and where he reigns, it would appear, Nonconformists must not tread. In laying the foundation-stone of the Chapel, Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., said, "he would not discuss the right of the Duke of Beaufort to this particular piece of ground, but he would give it as his opinion, that God had given air, land, and water for the good of man generally. He thought the time was coming when land would be held by persons subject to a consideration for the public rights, and when men, in the capacity of electors, would have to say whether any single individual could refuse to give up possession of it when required for the good of the public."

The Welsh Nonconformists are on the move, and are seeking for their portion of this kingdom that religious freedom and equality which has been given to Ireland. In a petition to the Prime Minister, expressing their wishes, the memorialists state that "Of the present five Bishops, one—the Bishop of St. Asaph—is wholly ignorant of the Welsh tongue, and has never been able in such tongue to discharge any function, priestly or episcopal, towards the souls of the Welsh people, and that, nevertheless, he has received since his appointment above £90,000 sterling, in addition to patronage exceeding that vested in the four English bishoprics of Carlisle, Hereford, Lichfield, and Chichester. The petitioners state that another of their Bishops is a Scotchman, and that since the accession of the Hanoverian family, no Welshman has ever been advanced to a Bishopric in his native land." The struggle which

will liberate religion in Wales is not far distant, and when it comes it may not last long, for the Church party will find their no Popery cry, so potent in the case of Ireland, powerless with regard to Wales.

We doubt whether our Majesty ever before had a Cabinet containing a greater number of statesmen known to have religious sympathies. The good works which some of them do in secret—that which they speak in the ear in closets—are sometimes proclaimed on the housetops. A minister at Rochdale, the other week, said that in the course of his visiting the sick, he had had a conversation with an invalid girl, who informed him that Mr. Bright, when at his Rochdale home, often came to read to her from the Bible, and show her what the Saviour so beautifully terms, “the way of life;” “and,” added the woman, “he does it as well as a minister.” “Why,” was the reply, “isn’t he a minister—the greatest minister in England?”

In Madagascar the work of the London Missionary Society is being so gloriously successful that the Directors have resolved to send five additional Missionaries to that island next May. There are now some 140 separate congregations in the Merina and Betsileo countries requiring regular visitation. About 120 Chapels are being built or enlarged, and in some of them 1,000 people assemble every Sunday. Again, it is reported, and on good grounds, that the venerable Robert Moffat, now, we believe, in his seventy-fifth year, is purposing to return to his native land. The 200-mile journey, in waggons, over the untracked country and bridgeless currents from the Kuruman to the Orange River, is an arduous undertaking for him at his advanced age, but he intends to attempt it so as to be in England next year. It is probable that his presence in Exeter Hall will give additional interest to the Annual Meeting of the Society next May.

The Indian papers inform us that the Maharajah of Travancore is about to perform the ceremony of Thooloparum. The process consists of his Highness being placed in one scale with an equal weight of gold in the other. The gold thus obtained is afterwards distributed among the Brahmins according to each one's privilege, and it is only after the ceremony that his Highness is supposed to be sanctified. There is another ceremony, which consists in his Highness passing through the belly of a cow of gold; this is termed Erniagherpum. This it is proposed to celebrate next year. It is feared that these costly ceremonies, combined with the coming Moorajebum, will absorb a good portion of the surplus revenue of the State.

A novel scheme has been projected in the holy city of Benares. A “Church of Truism” is proposed to be opened, one portion of which is

to be set apart for Christian worship, another for Mahomedans, and a third for Hindoos !

Some twenty-five years ago a young man in Yorkshire introduced the manufacture of alpaca, having picked up a few old bales of that material which had been thought useless. During the twenty-five years he has been distinguished for his success and integrity in business, and for his generosity, especially towards institutions and movements connected with Congregationalism, and is now known as Sir Titus Salt. Long may Sir Titus live to help on the work of Christ's Church, and of the denomination of which he is a member, and to enjoy the honour which Mr. Gladstone has conferred upon him.

The failure of the scheme for amalgamating the Rotherham and Airedale Colleges has resulted in an endeavour to build a new institution at the former place. The contemplated expenditure is about £20,000, and a site on the outskirts of Rotherham has been purchased.—The Rev. Arthur Ransom, who left the Wesleyan body in August, has received and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Independent Church at Lynn, in Norfolk.—It has been arranged that the Bishop of Winchester, at his own suggestion, is to have £3,500 a year as his retiring pension, instead of £6,000, to which he was entitled.—The United Presbyterian students in Scotland have just sent out 10,000 Bibles to America for the Southern freedmen. The American Government are to allow them to pass free.—According to the Italian papers the Marquis of Bute has given the Pope a tiara worth £35,000.—The appointment of Dr. Temple to the bishopric of Exeter is creating a deep schism in the Church, and may lead to momentous consequences.

The following ministers have accepted Congregational pastorates :—The Rev. W. A. Edwards, of Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, at Marton, Shropshire; Rev. W. Robertson, of Portsoy, at Woodside, Aberdeen; Rev. J. Jones, of Brecon College, at Ystalyfera, Swansea; Rev. E. H. Simpson, of St. Maw's, Cornwall, at Bottisham, Cambridge; Rev. John McHardy, of New Lanark, at Kirkcaldy; Rev. S. E. Dodge, of Odiham, at South Molton, Devon; Rev. W. M. Statham, of Brompton, at Wycliffe Chapel, Hull; and Rev. H. Cross, of Brixham, at Knaresborough.

The following have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches :—The Rev. T. Davies, at High Wycombe, Bucks; Rev. R. Wyatt, at Billericay, Essex; and the Rev. W. Parkes, at Newington Chapel, Liverpool.

The Rev. D. W. Purdon has resigned his pastorate at Thane, Oxon.

NOTES ON THE UNION MEETINGS.

IF there were any who had dark forebodings as to the probable failure of the gathering at Wolverhampton, and doubts as to the wisdom of holding it in a town where we have so few churches, all are now agreed that our visit to the "black country" was most enjoyable, and that the meetings were in every way successful. Wolverhampton is a very ancient town, having derived its name from Wulfana Hamton, who was a sister of King Edgar, and who founded a monastery there in the year 996. Recently, in connection with its iron and other works, it has much increased in wealth and population, and has become an important manufacturing centre. We found it much less darkened by smoke than the neighbouring towns; and the pretty village of Tettenhall, close by,—where the noble edifice of the Nonconformist Proprietary School stands out in the landscape,—is a welcome surprise to the visitor, and claims, not altogether unreasonably, to be regarded as a second Malvern.

The introductory sermon was preached on Monday, October 18th, to a large audience, in Queen-street Congregational Church, by the Rev. R. A. Redford, M.A., of Hull, on the words, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." (Isaiah xliii. 10.) The preacher, in an appropriate discourse, showed that God's people are called to witness in three ways, by preaching the Word, by Christian fellowship, and by Christian life and effort. The discourse has since been published. On Tuesday morning the same edifice was crowded, to hear the address of the chairman, the Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., successor in the ministry to Rev. John Angell James, at Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham. The subject of the address was "The Holy Spirit in relation to the Ministry, the Worship, and the Work of the Church." It opened with a brilliant description of the festival held in Rome in 1867 to commemorate the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, and after referring to the courage of the Pope in calling the Œcumenical Council of this year to confront the whole energy and progress of Protestantism, Mr. Dale said:—"I wish to inquire this morning whether our nobler creed is held with the same firm and vigorous grasp, and whether it is illustrated and consistently maintained in the actual life and organisation and customs of the Congregational Churches of this country."

In the course of his address, Mr. Dale urged very strongly the necessity for a supernatural "call" to the ministry, and for supernatural qualifications to enable men to succeed in it. He also claimed a willing

reception for all whom the Holy Spirit qualified, whatever their class in society, or previous education, might be. In the second part of his address he showed that in worship everything must bend to the spiritual. And in the third part he urged that personal effort would spring from the Christian love inspired by the Holy Spirit. That effort would take many forms. "The clerk at the desk, the carpenter at the bench, the smith at the forge, the bricklayer on the scaffold, the collier in the mine, the sailor in the ship, the labourer in the harvest-field, the girl in the mill, would find their true work lying about them. Christian women, living in dreary courts, would become the evangelists of their neighbours. Women of fortune, without entering a "sisterhood," would become the nurses of the sick, the comforters of the sorrowful, the friends of the lonely and desolate, and would be incessantly winning their hearts for Christ. The sons of the wealthy would begin to ask their fathers for "the portion of goods" that fell to them, and would gather all together, and take their journey into far countries, not to waste their substance in riotous living, but to give courage and aid to Churches in France and Italy, which are struggling hard to keep the light of God burning brightly amidst the dense darkness of Romish ignorance and error, or would become the allies and friends of missionaries in India and China, and would share the glory of founding new Churches among the heathen. Physicians, when their reputation was established and their fortune made, would cease to use their science and skill to increase their wealth, and would do the same work among the destitute of our own cities that Lockhart, and Hobson, and Lowe have been doing in the cities of the far East. Christian merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen would sooner leave their businesses to their children, and would find for their leisure the noblest employment; would render sustentation funds almost unnecessary, by scattering themselves among the pleasant country villages of England, and entering the fellowship of Churches which their wealth would rescue from all pecuniary difficulties; and they themselves, in unostentatious and informal ways, would Christianise solitary farmhouses and secluded cottages, which can never be reached by any organised agency which it is in our power to sustain." The conclusion of the address was an appeal to every member of our Churches to seek during the coming year, by the help of God, to prevail on some one friend to trust in Christ, and thus to double our Churches. The interest of the hearers was well sustained during the two hours the address occupied, and it has been since printed, in a convenient form, and will well repay the perusal of our readers.

The "Sectional Meetings" were a pleasing feature in our recent gathering. By this new and advantageous arrangement, three important subjects were being discussed by those most interested in them in three separate meetings at the same time. In section A, Mr. Neville Goodman, M.A., read a Paper on "How we may best avail ourselves of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford for the Education of our Ministers." After describing the advantages these Universities offer, he pointed out the disadvantages that would attend their use by our theological students, and recommended that, at present, there should be no organised effort for that purpose. In the discussion that followed, in which Revs. Dale, Wilson, Bruce, Dr. Mullens, and Messrs. C. Reed, M.P., S. Morley, M.P., and others took part, there was a general agreement in desiring that increasing facilities should be given to Nonconformists to avail themselves of the ancient Grammar Schools and Universities, and that they should be ready to make use of their new advantages.

In section B, the Rev. J. B. Paton, M.A., Principal of the Congregational Institute, Nottingham, read a Paper on "A possible basis of union between Congregationalists and Presbyterians," in which he proposed that members of the Church should not have the right of voting till they had been trained for it by two years' fellowship, that the minister should have associated with him a Council of Elders, and that Churches should be circuit Churches for a whole district, having occasionally more than one minister, together, it may be, with an evangelist as well as a body of lay preachers. These were the suggestions he proposed with respect to the constitution of the individual Church. He further described modes of association between Churches, to which hereafter we shall have opportunity to advert. By thus modifying our method he hoped to improve it, and provide a basis for union with the Presbyterians. The bold thoroughness of the proposals seemed to take the meeting by surprise, and the discussion that followed was of a zigzag and inconclusive character.

In section C, the Rev. E. R. Conder, M.A., of Leeds, read a Paper on "The Church and the Congregation," in which he showed from Scripture and the nature of the case the importance of maintaining the spiritual standard of our communion. He terminated his address in the following words:—"To conclude, not with a sentiment for the nonce, but with the expression of the conviction formed by the experience of twenty-five years; while I am deeply persuaded that to merge the Church in the congregation, whether by blending seat-holders with Church members in what should be Church action; by standing committees of seat-holders, such as I believe were common in the dead and

barren times of the last century ; by making the Church meetings public meetings instead of *family* meetings of the Church ; by throwing open the Lord's table to all comers, forgetting that just because it is His table, not ours, we have no more right to invite those whom He has not invited than to repel those whom He has received ; or by reducing the admission to the Church to a mere form, accorded as matter of course to any one who applies ; is a policy alike suicidal and unscriptural, hurtful to the congregation and fatal to the Church :—on the other hand, I am no less firmly convinced that the estrangement of the Church from the Congregation, in cold separation and distance, is an evil only second to this in magnitude." A good and extended discussion followed, in which the preponderance of opinion concurred with the sentiments of the paper. It was recognised that Church duties and privileges should go together, and that there would be no advantage in encouraging the formation of a class who desire the advantages without fulfilling the duties, and that Scripture would not justify such a course.

The question of the day, "Education," occupied a large place in the meetings. The proximity of Birmingham was taken advantage of to give Mr. Dixon, M.P., an opportunity of explaining to the Union the nature of the "National Educational League," which has recently been formed in that town. The meeting did not commit itself to any course, and some of the speakers especially objected to that part of the League scheme that provides for the schools being free ; but a favourable impression was produced by Mr. Dixon's clear statement and ready answers to the questions put to him.

We have already recorded the spiritually stimulating character of some of the meetings ; others were marked by the practical nature of the questions discussed. The proposal to establish a "Chapel Insurance Society" was under consideration, and the matter was advanced a stage. Much attention was also given to the subject of the proposed "Ministerial Sustentation Fund ;" and for the "Pastor's Retiring Fund," Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., proposed that £20,000 should be added to the £60,000 in hand. With his usual munificence, he promised to give £1,000 if the sum were raised in a year, and the challenge is being heartily taken up, Mr. Sommerville having given the first £1,000 in response, and four other gentlemen £250 each.

Other points of interest we have not space for. We must conclude by noticing, with the greatest satisfaction, the extreme cordiality with which we were received by the whole town. The clergy, and the principal inhabitants of all denominations, welcomed us to the hearty hospitalities of their homes, and the working men crowded the

Agricultural Hall to receive us there. We discoursed of "Catholic Unity," and the answering church bells rang their merry peals. We were glad to feel ourselves surrounded by the dawning light of that better day for our dear old England, in which we are all beginning to believe.

NOT SAVED.

NOT SAVED ! Dear reader, is this your mournful plight ? Warned of the judgment to come, bidden to escape for your life, and yet at this moment *not saved* ! You know the way of salvation, you read it in the Bible, you hear it from the pulpit, it is explained to you by friends, and yet you neglect it, and therefore are *not saved* ! You will be without excuse when the Lord shall judge the quick and dead. The Holy Spirit has given more or less of blessing upon the words which has been preached in your hearing, and times of refreshing have come from the Divine presence, and yet you are without Christ. All those hopeful seasons have come and gone ; your summer and harvest have passed, and yet you are *not saved* ! Years have followed one another into eternity, and your last year will soon be here ; youth is gone, manhood is going, and you are *not saved*.

Let me ask you—*will you ever be saved* ? Is there any likelihood of it ? Already the most propitious seasons have left you unsaved ; will other occasions alter your condition ? Means have failed with you—the best of means, used perseveringly and with the utmost affection—what more can be done for you ? Affliction and prosperity have alike failed to impress you : tears and prayers and sermons have been wasted on your barren heart. Are not the probabilities dead against your ever being saved ? Is it not more than likely that you will abide as you are till death for ever bars the door of hope ? Do you recoil from the supposition ? Yet it is a most reasonable one : he who is not washed in so many waters will, in all probability, go filthy to his end. The convenient time has never come ; why should it ever come ? It is logical to fear that it never will arrive, and that Felix like, you will find no convenient season till you are in hell. O bethink you of what that hell is, and of the dread probability that you will soon be cast into it !

Reader, suppose you should die unsaved, your doom no words can picture. Write out your dread estate in tears and blood, talk of it with groans and gnashing of teeth ; you will be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His

power. A brother's voice would fain startle you into earnestness. O be wise, be wise in time, and ere another year begins, believe in Jesus, who is able to save to the uttermost. Consecrate these last hours to lonely thought, and if deep repentance be bred in you, it will be well; and if it lead to a humble faith in Jesus, it will be best of all. O see to it that this year pass not away, and you an unforgiven spirit. Let not the new year's midnight peals sound upon a joyless spirit! *Now, Now, Now, Now*, believe and live.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

CONTROVERSIES OF THE TIMES.

I WANT to remind you of the relation of this work, this preaching of the Gospel, to the great theological and ecclesiastical controversies of the time. I certainly have no need to remind you in this political and religious centre of the world, of that controversy which is raging at this hour about the inspiration of the Bible. What a pity it is that it rages so long, and how wonderful that the would-be enlighteners of our race have come forward so late in the day—men who would have us give up the old-fashioned Bible. They would like to take it and model it according to their own wishes, but the grand old Book, written in the light of God, and embalmed in richest memories, and full of the breathings of God, will do for us. They want to take away from the Scriptures what we have been accustomed to look upon as miracles, and they would try to explain away certain passages on natural principles, but once more I say the Book, the Book as it is, will do for us. It did for the martyrs. They bound it to their hearts in the fire and the flames, and with it were borne in royal splendour into the bright city of God. Many an imprisoned patriarch has taken the Bible to his heart, and his dungeon walls around him have glowed like a palace, and through the grated window he has heard voices speaking of a better world, and in spite of the tyranny of the oppressor, his prayers have ascended to our common Father in heaven, and at last he has gone “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.” The Book has done for generations past, and it will do for us. It did for the greatest spirits of the human race. It did for men great in piety, eloquence, and song, and it will do for you their children, every one of you.

There is another class, and they would have you believe that the Reformation is a delusion, that we have been three long centuries believing a lie. I can't believe it. Their eyes are to the past, not to the future; to the past and to the night that is receding, and not to the beautiful

day that is opening upon us with its cheering light, its dawning hopes, its blessed music. They want us to trample under foot the martyrs, and give up the heritage of freedom won for us by our noble forefathers, and plunge back from the light of the nineteenth century to the darkness of the twelfth. But we won't go. Neither for Pope, nor Jesuit, nor priest will we go. The dust we tread is alive with memories, the sacred spots of our country gleam like beacon fires to us, and the shadows of the mighty dead hover about us in this grand place of worship, and the crown of life, and the starry light of heaven, say to us as we are fighting these devils of the world, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

What I want to impress upon you is this, that the best way to scotch these venomous snakes that are trying to encroach upon us is to preach a plain Gospel. That will do better than prohibitory laws; that will do better than cold logical arguments. Don't fear for the Bible. It has been in many a fight as fierce as this, and it has come out victorious. They thought in olden times that they had consumed it to ashes, but like the fabled bird, it sprang up from the very ashes borne on angels' wings, and it has gone forth over all the world. Do not fear for the Church. Its foundations are on the Rock. Not the rock of time which the billows may wear away, or age itself decay—its foundations are on Jesus, the Rock which cannot be moved, which no lightnings can split, and no storm ever shatter. The Rock is there and the Church is on the top of it; and when kingdoms shall be shaken down, and governments shall one after another like shadows disappear, the Church and the Rock shall rise together, and Christ shall shower upon it the life of a deathless love, for both of them are eternal. Look back over history and see what are its teachings in relation to this matter. I say that the Bible won when the philosophers of Greece, the paganisms of Rome, the bigotries of Judaism were all arrayed against it. It won at the time of the Reformation, when the wrath of Rome and the power of monarchs sought to crush it. It won later on, when opposed by the cynicisms and polished ribaldry of Shaftesbury and the sophistries of Hume; and it will win again. As sure as God, its triumphant author, lives in heaven, it will win again.—*Rev. William Jones, of Birmingham.*

"MY LITTLE ONE LOVED FLOWERS."

My little one loved flowers—not only as children, who love all flowers, and find in them the pastime of the passing moment; she loved those most which are most beautiful. I had cultivated this inborn taste—a

prelude, as I thought, to a love of beauty in everything, and therefore of a love of truth in matters of the intellect, of goodness in matters of the heart.

I can see her, on one of those autumn days, gazing on a rose she had made me gather. I was struck by the seriousness of her look. She seemed to search for the key to some mystery,—why the rose was beautiful, who had made it beautiful, and what was the meaning of its beauty. I do not mean to say I believe any such questions had crossed her mind: but I said to myself, this fixed attention, this already thoughtful love for one of the beautiful handiworks of the great Artificer, will early aid in the education of her soul. She will no sooner have the thought of God presented to her than she will see Him everywhere—everywhere in His goodness, everywhere also in His glory, which the flower and the star disclose alike to such as have eyes to see and hearts to feel. The lily, more beautifully arrayed than Solomon, would have told her of that providence which can clothe the lowly in heart with glory. The rose, in its freshness and its brilliancy, would have taught her grateful admiration, and its withered leaves the transitoriness of all earthly things. Thus would have been laid open to her that attractive and solemn book of nature, which is a stepping-stone to the book of God.

This book I should so have loved to spell out with her is closed for her on earth; but, doubtless, God has re-opened it elsewhere, and there it is still more beautiful and more plainly read. She could now teach me to read; she could show me, in nature as in grace, things concerning which I am here as much an infant as she was. She needs my flowers no more; she gathers others in the garden of God. There every tree is the tree of knowledge—of that knowledge which is truly divine, and which imparts an indefinite expansion to the varied faculties of all who gather its fruits. There God will still reveal Himself in nature, but it will be nature irradiated with the unbroken rays of His glory, and vivified from the source of love itself. There we shall see He is one in His works as in His essence, that same God whom we sometimes speak of as the God of nature, sometimes as the God of grace. There, as was recently remarked by a Christian writer, "Nature will be grace, and grace will be nature; or rather, beyond this sphere of sin, which has broken in two the single rays of the Divine love, grace and nature, recognised in their supreme unity, will receive a new name, which it is not given to mortal to pronounce."

Into the midst of that nature which transcends our highest conceptions I see my child removed. Nevertheless, in my weakness, no sadder

thought moves my heart than, as I have already said, that Spring will return again and she will not be there to welcome it with her smiles. The trees which saw her sporting under their shade, and which will see her no more; the promise buds she saw formed last year, and which she will not see open; this mild warmth which will bring new life to everything, and which will leave her in the cold night of the tomb,—such, alas, are the images from which the mind cannot rid itself! She needs my flowers no more, but henceforth each flower will say to me, “Where is she?” And to each I must make some reply. Yea, I must reply unto myself, for surely when the flowers return I shall share their perplexity that the dearly-loved one is not there to gaze on them. Thus, by turns, my two hearts, my two natures, obtain the mastery.

The Christian looks on high, and seeks his child among the angels; the father looks below, and it will be long ere he discontinue his search. But the God who made us will not chide these inconsistencies.

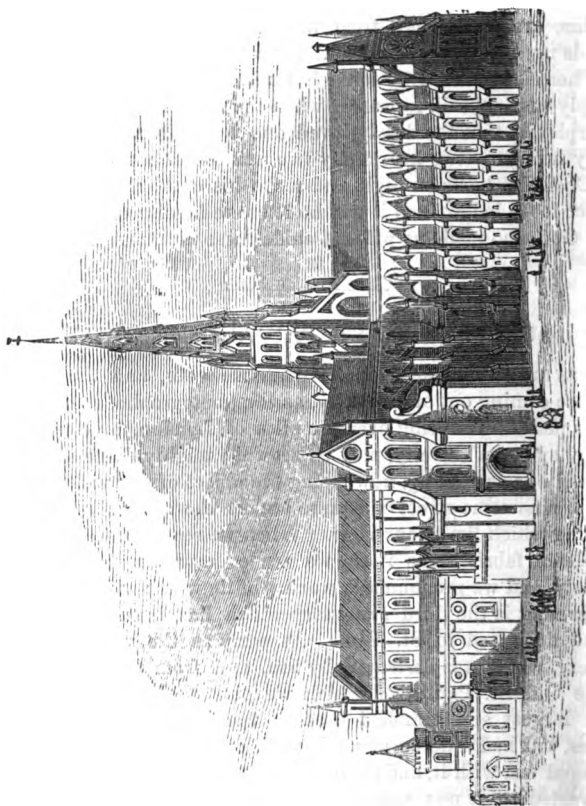
M. A. A.

OUR VISIT TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE mists are rolling off the city while we gaze, and the dim vague figures are coming out of obscurity, as the photographer's picture grows upon his plate. Towering over the piles of London, and up amongst the many spires of the city, may be seen the mighty dome of St. Paul's. We thread our way along, now losing the object of our visit, and catching it again as some street or square breaks the almost constant mass of building which limits our view. When we reach the spot where the great solemn fabric rears itself, we are overawed by the grandeur of its majesty, and we pronounce it worthy of its world-wide fame.

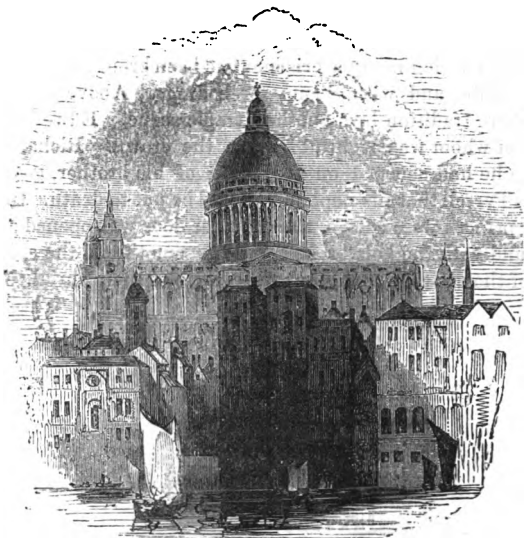
The present is the third sanctuary which has been built upon this spot and dedicated to St. Paul. As early as the year 610 a church stood here, which was destroyed by fire, and from the ruins of which rose the Old St. Paul's, of which we give a sketch. This church was the largest and grandest then in the country. It stood for six centuries, but had a fierce struggle with external powers. The lightning waged war with it, and shivered the spire, and even when accident or decay wasted it, it was sometimes patched up in but a slovenly and insufficient manner. In its earlier history it was partially burned, and finally was totally consumed in the great fire of London.

The St. Paul's which now stands was built from a design by Sir Christopher Wren, and cost £1,500,000. The whole building was completed in thirty-five years, and it is remarkable that the architect



OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

and the master-mason, who commenced the work, and the Bishop of London, in whose day it was begun, all lived to see the great fabric finished. The interior decoration of St. Paul's does not correspond



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

with its external magnificence. The vast unornamented walls look cold and vacant, and were it not for the monuments there raised to the illustrious dead, the building would seem to have a painful emptiness. Captured flags, which tell of Britain's prowess, are hung in various parts of the dome and nave. The great bell is tolled only when death occurs in the Royal Family, or when the Lord Mayor or the Bishop of London dies. The ball which surmounts the dome is reached by 616 steps. Below lies the busy city. The great things of London's streets look little from such a height; the gay things which people wear, and the glittering things of the gaudy windows are lost sight of, and the strife and the battle of city life seem meaningless and vain. And when we look down from the heights of the New Jerusalem, earth's things will seem very small, and many of its battles very vain.

W. G.



The
 lighthouse
 was
 built
 by
 the
 British
 Government
 in
 1840
 and
 was
 the
 first
 lighthouse
 built
 on
 the
 island.

MR. PEABODY.

was born in the city of Danvers, Massachusetts, 1795. The name is supposed to be a singular synonymic; but, as far as records go, the family according to some accounts, it was settled, several shire; according to others, at St. Albans. In name was spelt Pabody, and the Pabodies of have been respectable yeomen. In 1633, Francis New England. He was, in fact, one of the helped to found that State. Being at that time age, he had all the energy of youth to devote to it, and when he died, in the year 1698, at a left him a large fortune, and a family which position in the colony.

He began his business life at the age of eleven, when he went to work in a grocery store at Danvers. He first moved to New York, and ultimately settled in London in 1843, as a broker. His business was of the same general character as the Rothschilds; but it dealt solely, or nearly so, in foreign exchange. In this capacity his name has been a guarantee for transactions on the part of more than one of the great banks of the world. In 1848 he largely contributed to the restoration of the City of London. But business was not his only thought. He had made this solemn vow:—"If God spares me, I will devote to His glory in seeking the good of my fellow-men, their claims may seem most to rest upon me."

In 1862, he presented the City of London with £50,000, to be applied to the benefit of the working classes. The sum was doubled in February, 1866. In the letter accompanying the sum, Mr. Peabody said:—"It is now twenty-five years since I made my residence and business in London as a stranger; during that long period, I have constantly received courtesy, respect, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings, I have been prompted to make this donation for the benefit of the poor of London."

The amount he has contributed for the poor of London has been

It need not add how great an honour such a man is to the Congregational body, to which he belonged.

HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

THE Tower of London, which, until the time of Queen Elizabeth was a royal palace, is an object of great interest on account of its many historical associations. On the south side, between the two round towers which occupy the centre of our engraving, is an arch called the *Traitor's Gate*, through which many a prisoner has been brought from the river on trembling limbs and with gloomy forebodings. Above it is the Bloody Tower, where tradition lays another tragic scene. Edward V. had two sons, one of whom was rightful heir to the crown. Richard, to secure the throne he had usurped on the death of his brother, gave orders to Sir James Tyrrell that his nephews should be put to death. In the night, when the princes were asleep, the chamber door was opened; three men entered, and with the bolster and pillows smothered the children. At the foot of the stairs we are shown the place of their burial.



HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

Above all rises the square mass of the White Tower, the oldest part of the building; it contains the Armoury. In a strong stone room the crown jewels are kept. The imperial crown, the golden orb, the golden sceptre and its cross, the sceptre with the dove, the silver font used at the baptism of the royal family, the State crown worn by monarchs in parliament, and a large collection of ancient plate are here preserved. In the Horse Armoury are the effigies of the English kings on horseback, and armed *cap-à-pie*, and looking so life-like that we almost imagine they have come trooping up out of the past. In the Spanish Armoury are thumbscrews, boarding-pikes, and many instruments of cruelty. Here, also, we look upon the axe which severed the head of the Earl of Essex and that of Anne Boleyn, after she had smiled and said, "The executioner is, I hear, very expert, and my neck is very slender."

The Beauchamp Tower is noted on account of the illustrious personages who have been confined there; and, as we look into the gloomy chambers; and see the traces which the great, the noble, and the good have left in words, or sketched on the walls, we turn aside, thanking God that we live in better days.

SMOKING FLAX.

"MISS GRACE," said brother Grimwood, seating himself beside a young girl at the close of a meeting for prayer, "Do you think you are a Christian?"

"I have hoped so since yesterday," she responded, a faint smile upon her tremulous lips.

"But you have long been a very willing captive in the snares of the god of this world. Are you willing now to give up all the vanities and pleasures which have so long enchained you, for the humble burden of the cross; to bear poverty, disgrace, and loss of friends, if Christ required the sacrifice?"

"I hope so," said the girl, faintly.

"But you should be *sure*. The head that would wear a crown must first be willing to feel the thorns that pierced the Saviour. Examine yourself. Would you be willing even to be *lost* for ever, if such were God's holy will?"

The young girl was very pale as she replied, "I hope if there is ever any necessity for answering such a question, I shall decide aright."

Brother Grimwood frowned. "Beware of self-confidence," said he; "it is a deadly error. What proof have you that you are accepted with

God? 'Hereby know we that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.' Have *you* that evidence?"

The young girl, in whom the Spirit had indeed begun a good work, stirring her heart with all sweet love to God and desire to live unto His glory, became confused and uncertain beneath the gaze of this unrelenting brother.

"Are you sure," he continued, "that you have ever felt any real sorrow for sin? Christ beneath the dreadful burden sweat great drops of blood. Have *you* felt anything approaching this anguish?"

A despairing shake of the head was the only reply.

"Ah! I feared so," said brother Grimwood, in a solemn tone, which seemed the knell of all her hopes. "You have not yet realised what a fearful thing it is to break God's pure and holy law. Examine yourself carefully, my young friend. Be not deceived, God is not mocked. To all self-deceivers our God will be a consuming fire," and brother Grimwood, who felt it his painful duty to strip away all delusions, and tear the veil from every false hope, rose, with a glow of conscientious approval, little knowing that his stern hand had nearly quenched the "smoking flax."

Ah! trembling spark of heavenly flame, must it quiver and die in the breath of this despair?

But kind Dr. Freeman, who has overheard the conversation, draws near the weeping girl.

"Who is he that condemneth?" says the sweet grave voice. "It is *Christ* that died." A few simple words, but to the soul struggling in deep waters, it was as if a golden cord were let down by angel hands.

"By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified," thought Dr. Freeman to himself, as he passed gently on, and his mind reverted to the terrible scene on Sinai, when amid convulsions and tremblings of nature, with an awful heraldry of lightnings and thunderings, that holy law flashed along the stern stone, written by the finger of God. But—and his face grew tender as that of the beloved disciple—thanks be unto God, the incarnate *Love* was the fulfilling of the law; and he remembered another scene, when Jesus, the God-man, also wrote—"stooped and wrote upon the ground." What were those sweet strange words of love and pity, he might never know, for alas! this second writing was not upon the enduring stone; but *this* he knew, that when again the Saviour raised His head, the accusers were all gone, and from the lips of infinite purity fell only the tender comforting words—"Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."—*Lynde Palmer.*

MR. PEABODY.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY was born in the city of Danvers, Massachusetts, on the 18th of February, 1795. The name is supposed to be a singular corruption of a French patronymic; but, as far as records go, the family is of English origin. According to some accounts, it was settled, several centuries ago, in Leicestershire; according to others, at St. Albans. In the thirteenth century the name was spelt Pabody, and the Pabodies of Hertfordshire seem to have been respectable yeomen. In 1633, Francis Pabody left this country for New England. He was, in fact, one of the "Pilgrim Fathers" who helped to found that State. Being at that time only twenty-one years of age, he had all the energy of youth to devote to the work of colonisation, and when he died, in the year 1698, at a ripe old age, he left behind him a large fortune, and a family which acquired a distinguished position in the colony.

George Peabody began business life at the age of eleven, when he was entered as a junior clerk in a grocery store at Danvers. He first visited this country in 1837, and ultimately settled in London in 1843, as a merchant and money-broker. His business was of the same general description as that of the Rothschilds; but it dealt solely, or nearly so, with American interests. In this capacity his name has been a guarantee for many monetary transactions on the part of more than one of the United States, and in 1848 he largely contributed to the restoration of the credit of Maryland. But business was not his only thought. When a mere youth he had made this solemn vow:—"If God spares my life, and prospers me in business, then the property of which I may become possessed I will devote to His glory in seeking the good of my fellow-men wherever their claims may seem most to rest upon me."

On retiring from business in 1862, he presented the City of London with the sum of £150,000, to be applied to the benefit of the working classes, and this sum was doubled in February, 1866. In the letter bestowing the first sum, Mr. Peabody said:—"It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; . . . during that long period, I have constantly received courtesy, kindness, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence . . . I have been prompted . . . to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London."

The total amount he has contributed for the poor of London has been £500,000.

We need not add how great an *honour* such a man is to the Congregational body, to which he belonged.

THE SILENCE OF GOD.

How remarkable is it in what unbroken silence God the Lord dwells among men. How complete the separation between the sovereign Spirit and the majesty of souls. The evidence which proves His presence to be a reality produces no effect whatever upon them, because they have "never heard his voice at anytime, nor seen his shape." He is not revealed to the sense, and therefore they can "live without God in the world." They go forward but He is not there, and backward but they cannot behold Him. If, like Adam, they could hear His "footsteps in the garden" in the cool of the day; or, like Abraham, be awoke at midnight by the vision of the Almighty standing at their side; or, like Moses, be transported to the mountain-cliffs of Horeb to hear His great name "proclaimed," while God, thundering marvellously with His voice, passed by, they could, they would (they think), believe in Him!

But in the sphere of sense there is no such personal recollection: not to the wicked, not even to the good. Neither in the world, nor in the sanctuary, nor in solitude, is the silence ever broken to the suppliant. There is no audible answer to the millions who "crowd his gates with thankful songs." There is no vocal response, not even a syllable, to the passionate breathings of His most fervent worshippers. One universal silence receives and absorbs from age to age all their sighs and their tears. Neither in the heavens nor in the earth can we behold the King Invisible, feel the vital pressure of His hand, the warm and living presence of His spirit, the movement and close protection of His over-shadowing wings. "The Lord hath said that he would dwell in thick darkness." "Thou art a God that hideth thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." The good cannot draw nigh to Him so as to "see his face," or "hear his voice;" and from the wicked He hides Himself behind thick shrouds and veils, so that it is possible to be an atheist.

Nevertheless, it is true that if we "draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to us." "If any man love me," said Christ, "he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." And again: "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come unto him, and sup with him, and he with me."—*Rev. Edward White.**

* "The Mystery of Growth, and other Discourses." By the Rev. Edward White, of Kentish Town. Published by Elliot Stock & Co., 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE discussion in regard to the appointment of Dr. Temple has lost interest. He is to be the Bishop of Exeter. "I do not learn," says Mr. Gladstone, "that the highest and most responsible authorities of the Church are dissatisfied with the nomination of Dr. Temple; at the same time I do not wish to transfer to them any portion of the responsibility which belongs entirely to myself."

The Liberation Society is starting upon fresh work. Having gained one triumph in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, it has been arranging its programme of future action. With undaunted spirit it is determined, not merely to attack the weak points of the Establishment, such as the Church in Wales or the Church in Scotland, but to fight the principle of Church Establishment in England itself. Mr. Carvell Williams said at Newcastle the other day, "that the time had come to raise the cry of Hugh Latimer in regard to covetousness, 'Out with your axes, ye preachers of the world! Stand not, toying and ticking at the branches, but strike at the root!' That would be better than to engage in a series of small and bit-by-bit agitations which would weary some, would disgust others, and would not effect all that might and ought to be done to secure the acceptance and triumph of their great and noble principles. In this matter, as in others, honesty would prove to be the best policy—and though it might expose them to the hottest fire of their opponents, it would serve to kindle the enthusiasm of their most devoted friends."

A Roman Catholic paper states, and we can believe it, "that an Anglican clergyman has been visiting a well-known priest for the purpose of ascertaining whether some arrangement could not be made with the Pope and his Council, whereby a large body of Church of England clergymen might be received into the Roman Catholic Church, ordained as priests, employed as such, and allowed, if married, to continue so until the death of their wives—those married not to be employed as confessors." According to this authority, could such an arrangement be made, an immense body of the Anglican clergy would secede to Rome; and we would add—the sooner the better.

The government of Victoria is illustrating the absurdity of the Church Establishment principle. It appears that they find it impossible to confine their favours even to Christian sects. The Jews are a most respectable body whom, as the *English Independent* puts it, all admit to hold a part of the truth, and they could not be excluded. But then came the Chinese and they said to the treasurer, "You pay for all sorts

of religions, we need religion as much as any body ; give us money for our Joss-houses. We are twenty-five thousand ; you tax us for Jews and Christians ; give us our proper share of the fund." Their demand was logical and fair ! The ministry were staggered, but they could not give the Chinese money for fear of the Christian people of the colony, and they learned, in a forcible manner, that they must either deal out injustice to the Chinese in compelling them to pay taxes in the benefits of which they do not participate, or they must give up taxing for religious purposes. They have resolved upon the latter course, and are determined to put the State Church principle in the colony to a gradual death.

Father Hyacinthe, who has defied the authority of the Pope, and who protests against the purposes for which the coming Ecumenical Council is to be held, has been well received by the Evangelical churches of America. As the term fixed by the Superiors of the Barefooted Carmelites for Father Hyacinthe to return to his convent has expired, the chief authority of the Order, by decree dated the 18th of October, has deposed him from all the charges he held in it, declaring him also liable to and in immediate danger of the greater excommunication, as well as of all other ecclesiastical censures. It is stated that Father Hyacinthe's sister has followed his example, and left the Convent of Carmelites, and that several other "fathers and sisters are about to throw off the Roman yoke and re-enter the world."

A monument has been erected over the grave of the late Dr. Vaughan, in Torquay Cemetery, which has received the admiration of all who have seen it. In form it resembles the old Greek altar. The basement stone is a block of finely-dressed Cornish granite, seven feet square. Then there is a second stone similarly wrought of smaller dimensions, on which the monument is raised. The granite of which it is composed is very beautiful, and is highly polished. On the faces of the cap the Greek honeysuckle pattern is wrought. The whole monument is nine feet high.

Bunhill Fields Cemetery has been snatched from the desecration which was about to overtake it. At one time it seemed probable that the resting-place of many of the noblest men England has seen, would be divested of its sacred use,—that it would be threaded by busy streets, and covered with business premises, and by its sale for such purposes bring into the treasury of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the sum of £100,000. Thanks to the action of a few public spirited men, the ashes of the saintly dead are yet to rest in peace. The graves of John Bunyan and Dr. Watts, the mother of the Wesleys, of Dr. Owen and Dr. Goodwin, are to be undisturbed. This place, more sacred to Nonconformists and

to very many people than even Westminster Abbey, is secured for ever as a spot where monuments to departed worth may remind us of our noble ancestors, and prompt us to emulate the example which they left. Bunhill Fields Cemetery has been re-opened, at a service in which the Lord Mayor, Earl Shaftesbury, and Mr. Samuel Morley took part.

Degrees are becoming a drug in the market. It appears that a person now issues circulars offering, "if favoured with a gentleman's biography," to give his "advice" as to obtaining an American LL.D. for £20, a German Ph.D. for £15, and a German M.A. and Ph.D. for £20. ! He wants the biography that he may write it in Latin,—this and a Latin dissertation, which is of course easily got up to order, being about the extent of the requirements, besides the fees of course, necessary to obtain a degree from the ancient and famous University of Rostock.

The death is announced of Mr. B. B. Woodward, librarian to the Queen, at Windsor Castle. Mr. Woodward was for some time the pastor of the Independent Church at Harleston, Norfolk, and was educated at Highbury College, where he was a fellow-student of the Rev. Newman Hall. It is related that on his appointment to that important office, Mr. Woodward told the late Prince Consort that he was not only a Nonconformist, but that he was educated to be a Nonconformist minister, and that the Prince replied, "You were recommended to me for your great knowledge of literature—English and Foreign—and it does not matter to me whether you belong to the Church of England or are a Nonconformist."

A Protestant missionary, the Rev. J. Williamson, has been murdered in China, by a band of robbers who attacked him and his companions as they were sleeping on a boat on the Grand Canal near Tient-sin. The ruffians rushed upon the missionary, crying, "There is a hairy one,"—meaning a foreigner—"strike, strike!" Mr. Williamson is represented in the *English Independent* as having belonged to the Church Missionary Society, but we fear he is one of a family of three brothers, who devoted themselves to the work of foreign missions, and about six years ago went out from Edinburgh. If so, he was the agent of the London Missionary Society at Tient-sin, and only one of the three brothers now survives.

The Rev. Thomas Binney has been lecturing some of the young men at Birmingham on "English prose Composition and Public Speaking." In the course of his remarks, Mr. Binney expounded "the honest way of stealing." Referring to plagiarism, he mentioned a curious incident which had occurred in his own experience. In his "Service of Song" he had drawn a comparison between "prayer, preaching, and praise,"

and "faith, hope, and charity." A critic pointed out that some bishop had done the same two hundred years before, and remarked that either it was the most extraordinary coincidence in literary history or a gross plagiarism. "It was," said Mr. Binney emphatically, "a pure coincidence." "Some men," he also remarked, "refrain from reading at all, lest they should cease to be original; others read merely to steal. The one refuses to have pointed out to him the nuggets which lie concealed on his own estate, the second appropriates the purses of others filled with gold ready coined and stamped. The thing to seek is not what you can get out of an author, but what an author will enable you to get out of yourself."

The memorial stone of a new Independent Church has been laid by James Sidebottom, Esq., at Grantham. The Church is to accommodate from 600 to 700 persons. The Rev. J. O. Hill, of Hereford, has laid the foundation stone of a new Independent Church at Leintwardine. Henry Wright, Esq., of London, has laid the memorial stone of a new Independent Church at Cuckfield, Sussex.

The following ministers have accepted Congregational pastorates:—Mr. W. M. Bennett, of the Nottingham Institute, at Staithes, North Riding; Mr. J. Stapledon Webber, of the Bristol Institute, at Totton, Hants; Mr. W. A. Kyd, of the Edinburgh Theological Hall, at Amble, Northumberland; the Rev. W. McPhail, of Wickford, at Corsham, Wilts; the Rev. R. Terrell, late of Stockbridge, Hants, at Sidbury, Hants; Mr. S. P. Lyke, of Brecon College, at Neath; the Rev. R. T. Brown, of Heacham, at Wade Street, Lichfield; and the Rev. G. O. Frost, of Southwark, at Horsham.

The following have been recognised as pastors of Congregational Churches:—The Rev. W. Robertson, late of Bolton, at Clemens Street, Leamington; the Rev. L. Weaver, at Ruyton, Salop; the Rev. T. Carter, at Hammersmith; and the Rev. J. D. Thane, at Brill.

The following have been ordained as pastors of Congregational Churches:—Mr. T. Pearson, of Rotherham College, at Burton-on-Trent; Mr. J. Johns, of Brecon College, at Ystalyfera; Mr. G. Bailey, of Hackney College, as missionary to Jamaica, at Bridlington; Mr. L. Porter, of Lancashire Independent College, at George Street, Heckmondwike; Mr. W. A. Mills, of Hackney College, at Castle Hedingham, Essex; Mr. W. H. Stent, as co-pastor, at Commercial Street, Northampton; and Mr. E. Evans, at Dedham, Essex.

The following have resigned their pastorates:—The Rev. J. H. Ouston, at Bury, Lancashire; the Rev. A. H. New, at Islington; the Rev. T. E. M. Edwards, at Launceston; and the Rev. J. R. Goulty, at Belvedere, Kent.



